THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A°. D¹. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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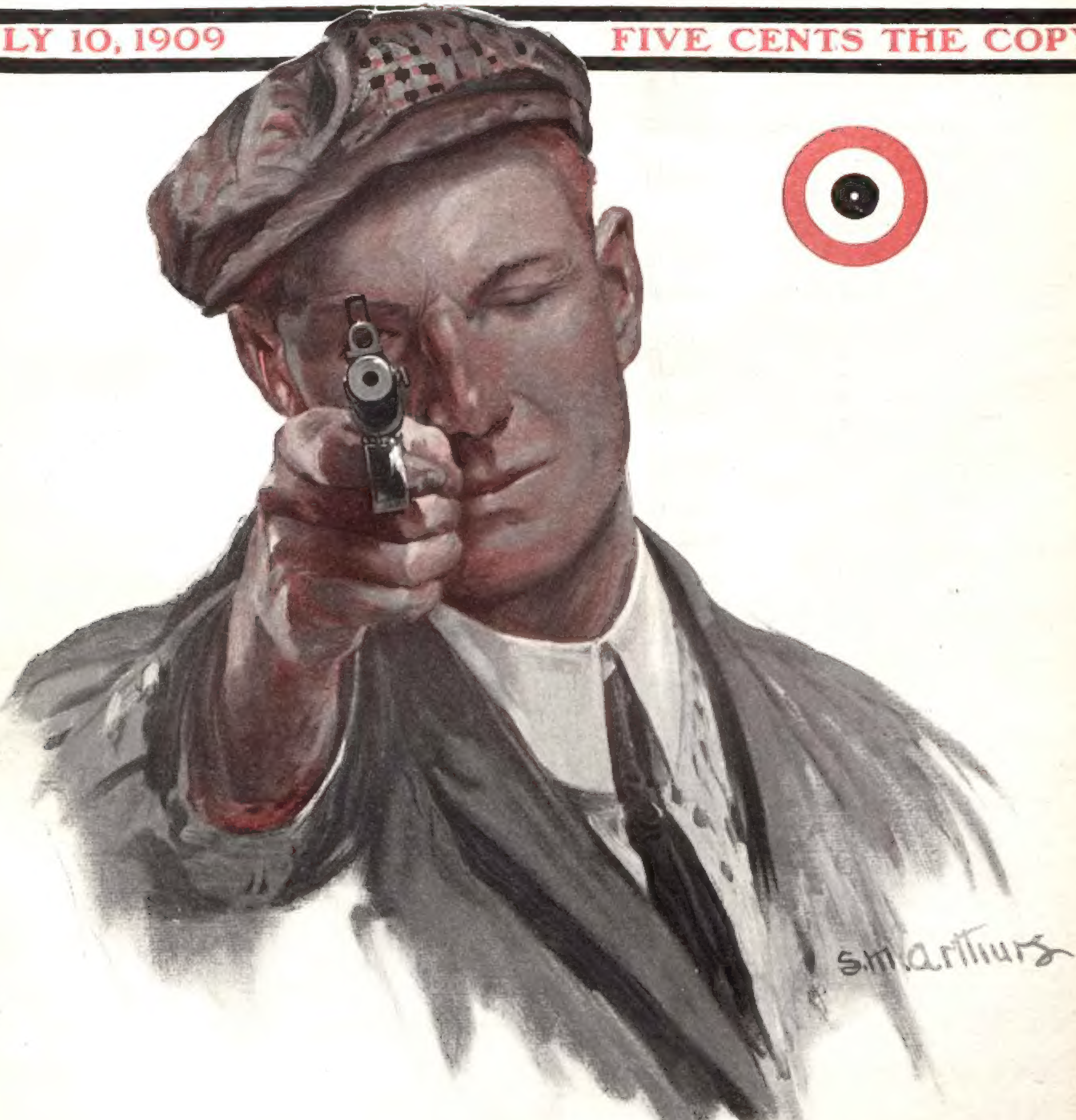

Beginning **BULL'S-EYE**—By Henry Milner Rideout

TRY a cooling fresh fruit pudding the next warm day.

¶ The simple ingredients are: A custard of eggs, milk and Kingsford's Corn Starch, poured over berries or any fresh fruit, and put on the ice to thoroughly chill. One box of berries will serve the whole family.

¶ Good cooks know scores of Summer uses for

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

It makes ice cream far smoother and finer grained. Some time, instead of dairy cream—try "mock cream" on fruits. Make it of Kingsford's, a little milk and fruit juice. *The book tells.*

¶ Send a post card today, and we will mail without charge our remarkable little *Cook Book "R"*—with One Hundred Cool Desserts for Hot Weather.

T. KINGSFORD & SON, OSWEGO, N. Y.
NATIONAL STARCH CO., Successors

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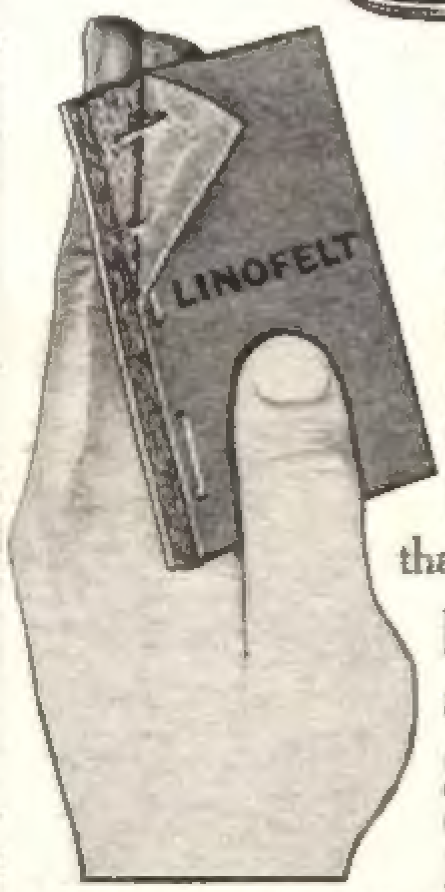
38 THICKNESSES of BUILDING PAPER
to give the efficiency of

LINOFELT

Linen Felt made from Flax Fibre



38 THICKNESSES OF BUILDING PAPER

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Not expensive—adds less than 1% to cost of building.

Keeps out cold in Winter and also heat in Summer

Superb Sound Deadener
(Used between floors in flats, public buildings, etc.)

25,000 Refrigerator Cars are lined with LINOFELT. The smaller heating plant required and the fuel saved will pay LINOFELT'S cost in two or three years. Don't argue—Don't infer, send for

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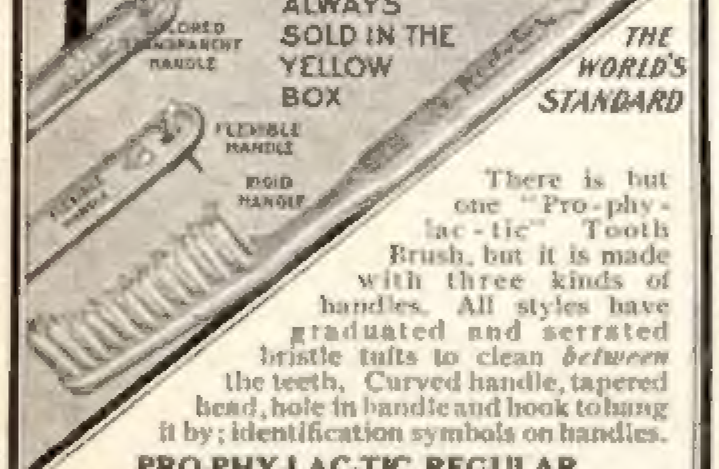
Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH



ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX

THE WORLD'S STANDARD

There is but one "Pro-phy-lac-tic" Tooth Brush, but it is made with three kinds of handles. All styles have graduated and serrated bristle tufts to clean *between* the teeth. Curved handle, tapered head, hole in handle and hook to hang it by; identification symbols on handles.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC REGULAR

With rigid handle. Three sizes and three bristle textures. Adult's 35 cts.; youth's and child's 25 cts.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC SPECIAL

Handle bends as the brush is used. Three sizes and three bristle textures. Adult's 35 cts.; youth's and child's 35 cts.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC DE LUXE

Delicately colored transparent flexible handles—emerald, topaz or ruby. Your brush identified by color. Adult's size only. Price 40 cts.

BE SURE TO ASK for the Pro-phy-lac-tic and get it in its yellow box. Any brush sent postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. *Write for free book, "Tooth Truths."*

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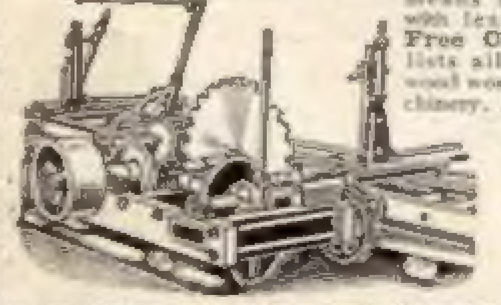
Lumber is high. A car load or two pays for an American Mill. Supply your needs and your neighbors'. No experience needed. Haul mill to timber if desired. **All Sizes—All Prices.** The Variable Friction Feed, Combined Ratchet Set Works and Quick Receder means most work with least power. **Free Catalogue** lists all kinds of wood working machinery. Ask for it.



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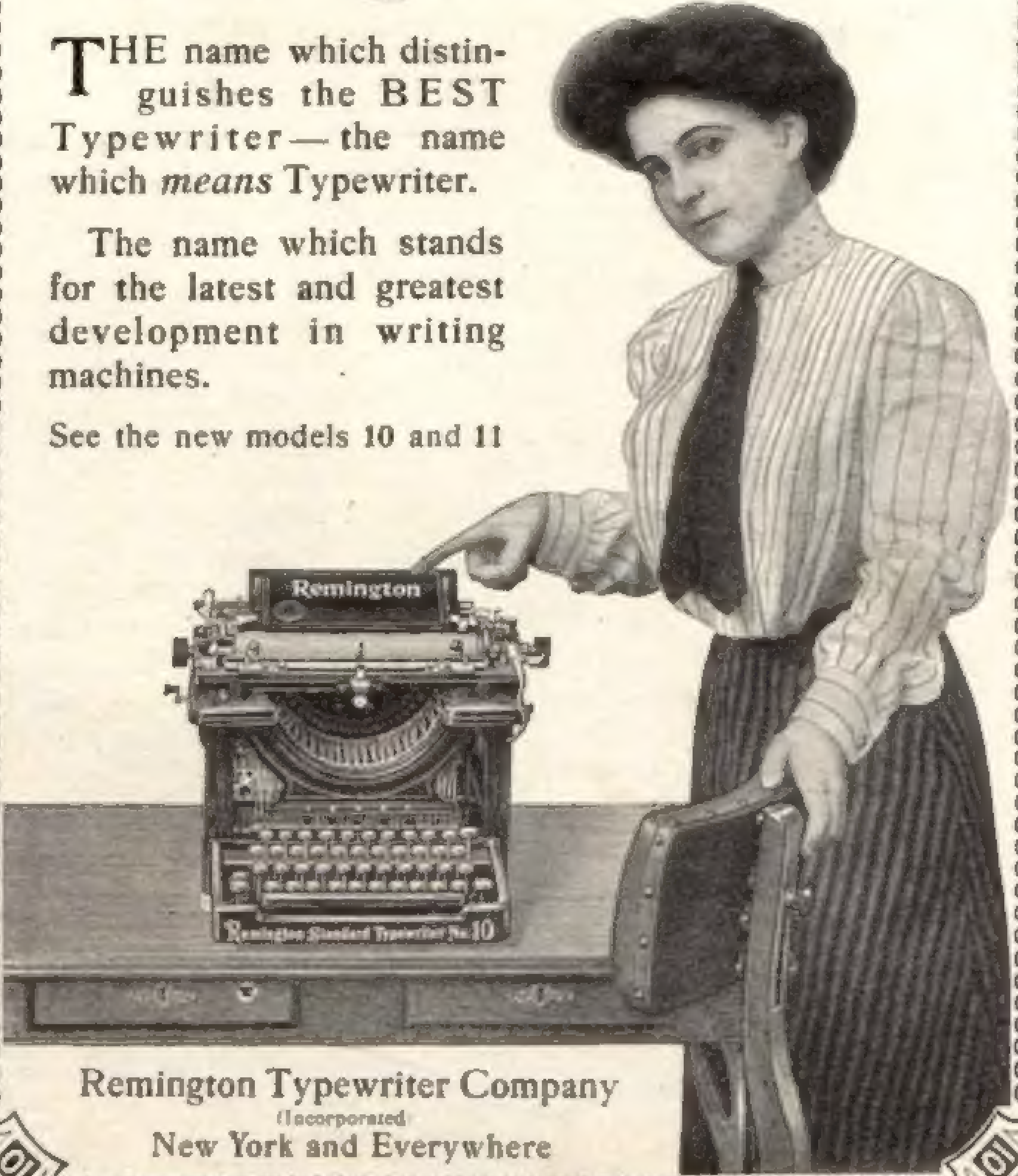
Remington

THE name which distinguishes the BEST Typewriter—the name which *means* Typewriter.

The name which stands for the latest and greatest development in writing machines.

See the new models 10 and 11



Remington Typewriter Company
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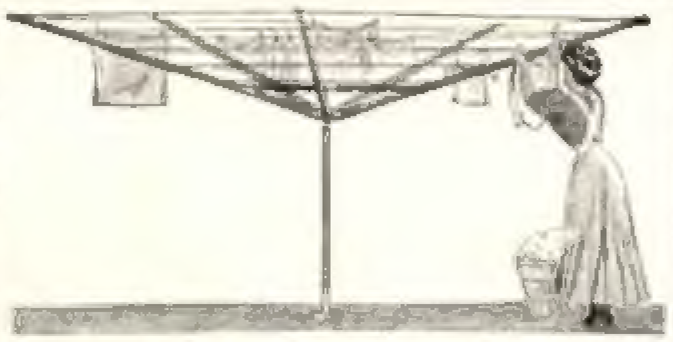
New York and Everywhere



Your Back-Yard on Monday

YOU can't be proud of it if it is disfigured with a network of clothes lines, clothes poles and miscellaneous family washing.

It certainly isn't a sight for any self-respecting home to be proud of. Besides the

HILL Clothes Dryer

for Lawn, Balcony or Roof has made it unnecessary. The Hill Dryer is a compact rotary clothesline that holds 100 to 150 feet of line and does away with all clothes posts and clothes poles. You can hang the sheets on the outside, hiding the articles of intimate personal appearance from public view.

No tramping up and down the yard through snow or mud or damp grass—

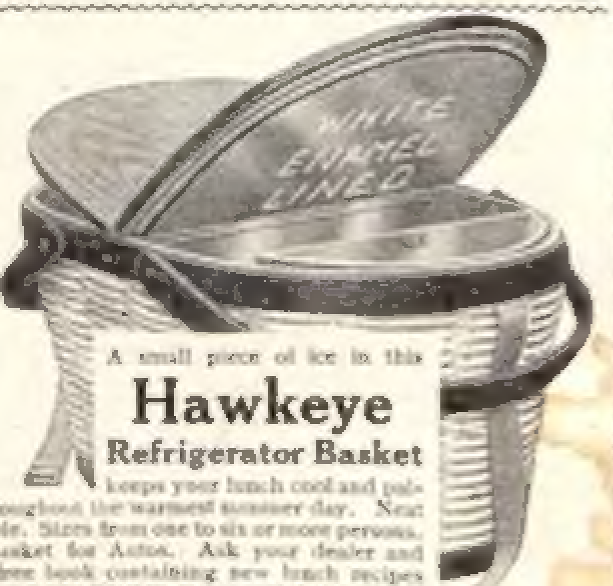
No ruined lawn—

When not in use the Dryer folds up like an umbrella and leaves but a socket beneath the level of the grass.

Hill's Balcony or Roof Dryer is one of the modern conveniences that distinguish an **apartment** from a **tenement**. Insist on your landlord getting one.

You should get our folder S. We want to send you Free our handsome Folder printed in colors showing the Hill Dryers in use. Gives full information. Sent free for postal request. **Get it to-day.**

HILL DRYER CO., 366 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.



A small piece of ice in this

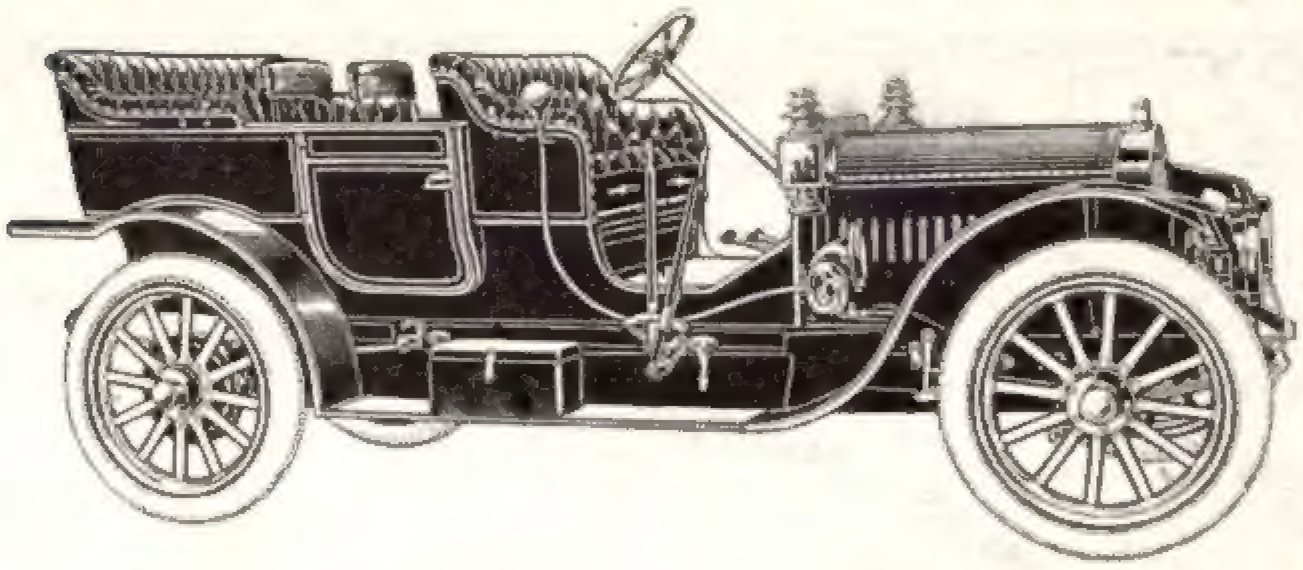
Hawkeye

Refrigerator Basket

keeps your lunch cool and palatable throughout the warmest summer day. Neat and durable. Sizes from one to six or more persons. Special basket for Autos. Ask your dealer and write for free book containing new lunch recipes

BURLINGTON BASKET CO.
103 Main Street, Burlington, Iowa

The 1910 Elmore
Four Cylinder
Five Passenger
$1750



The 1910 Elmore
Four Cylinder
Seven Passenger
$2500

Two new Elmore types for 1910 in which the power-development is increased approximately 33⅓ per cent

For three successive years — 1906 for 1907, 1907 for 1908, and 1908 for 1909 — we have printed in this same space an announcement, which recorded:

(a) That our output for the current season was exhausted — early in the summer.

(b) That the output for the ensuing season would be increased.

Precisely the same condition obtains at the present moment. Not one of the 1909 models remains in the factory. They have all been sold — 95% of them are in the owners' hands.

And on the heels of this splendid demand comes the most important announcement ever issued from the Elmore plant — the most important, in all probability, that will be made this year by any American manufacturer.

33⅓ per cent more power for 1910

In order that you may grasp its full significance, let us explain at once that it contemplates two new Elmore models, in each of which the power is increased approximately 33⅓% without any change of price.

In the one case you have a five passenger, four cylinder Elmore valveless two cycle car, which will sell for $1750.

This four cylinder car (bearing in mind the almost two-for-one power-development of the valveless two cycle engine over the four cycle) will be without a running mate in the world at the price.

There will literally be no car like it in America at an approximate figure — no car comparable with it in point of power and size, and efficiency and luxuriousness.

The most ambitious offerings in the four cycle field, which you may have accepted heretofore as examples of noteworthy value-giving, become commonplace in contrast to this superb car, first:

Because the best of these four cycle cars are small and stinted in size, and especially because they retain all the disadvantages of the four cycle type.

Second, because all the proven excellences of Elmore construction; all the virtues and advantages of the valveless two cycle engine are emphasized in this five passenger, four cylinder car. By reason of that engine and its continuous impulse, this $1750 Elmore will render more power-service, and render it more cheaply and with less complication than the average four cycle car selling for $2500.

Three years ago we ventured the prediction that the four cycle engine had reached the limit of its development.

That engine, we said, was subversive of progress because it tended toward complication instead of away from it.

We argued that there were only two ways out of the four cycle dilemma. One was to seek increased power through an increased number of cylinders. This meant going deeper into the mire of complication, because every cylinder added meant more valves and attendant parts. The other was to reconcile the buyer to the shortcomings of his engine by lower prices.

Both of these conditions have come to pass.

When we said further that the world must look to the Elmore valveless two cycle engine for truly scientific development, because it alone attained absolute simplicity — we merely forecast the arrival of these two wonderful Elmore cars for 1910.

Because it is this very simplicity of the engine and the entire chassis that has made possible the five passenger, four cylinder Elmore for 1910 with its magnificent power plant at $1750.00; and the larger, finer, seven passenger, four cylinder Elmore at $2500.00 with its power augmented a full 33⅓%.

The Elmore line for 1910 will consist of:

Model 36 (36 H. P.) — Five passenger, four cylinder touring car; four passenger detachable demi-tonneau; doctor's coupé; and landaulet.

Model 46 (46 H. P.) — Seven passenger, four cylinder touring car; seven passenger, four cylinder limousine.

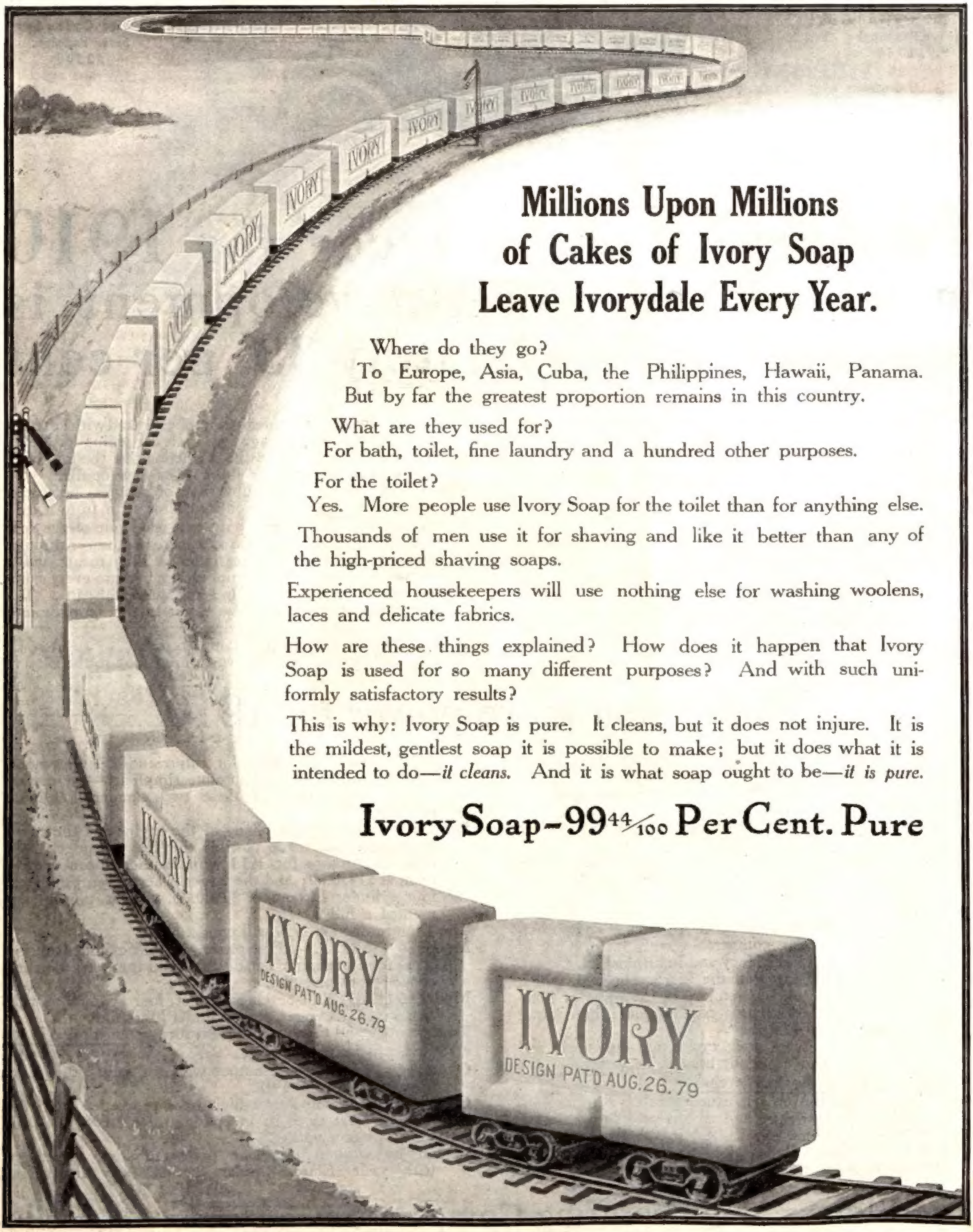
To the public and to Elmore dealers for the fourth successive year, a word of warning.

Once again our increased output will not satisfy the inevitable demand for 1910.

Of all the remarkable cars which have proceeded from the Elmore plant since its inception, these are by all odds the most noteworthy.

It will be wisdom on your part, therefore, to arrange with your Elmore dealer for an early inspection.

The Elmore Manufacturing Company 704 Amanda Street Clyde, Ohio



Millions Upon Millions of Cakes of Ivory Soap Leave Ivorydale Every Year.

Where do they go?

To Europe, Asia, Cuba, the Philippines, Hawaii, Panama. But by far the greatest proportion remains in this country.

What are they used for?

For bath, toilet, fine laundry and a hundred other purposes.

For the toilet?

Yes. More people use Ivory Soap for the toilet than for anything else.

Thousands of men use it for shaving and like it better than any of the high-priced shaving soaps.

Experienced housekeepers will use nothing else for washing woolens, laces and delicate fabrics.

How are these things explained? How does it happen that Ivory Soap is used for so many different purposes? And with such uniformly satisfactory results?

This is why: Ivory Soap is pure. It cleans, but it does not injure. It is the mildest, gentlest soap it is possible to make; but it does what it is intended to do—*it cleans.* And it is what soap ought to be—*it is pure.*

Ivory Soap – $99\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure

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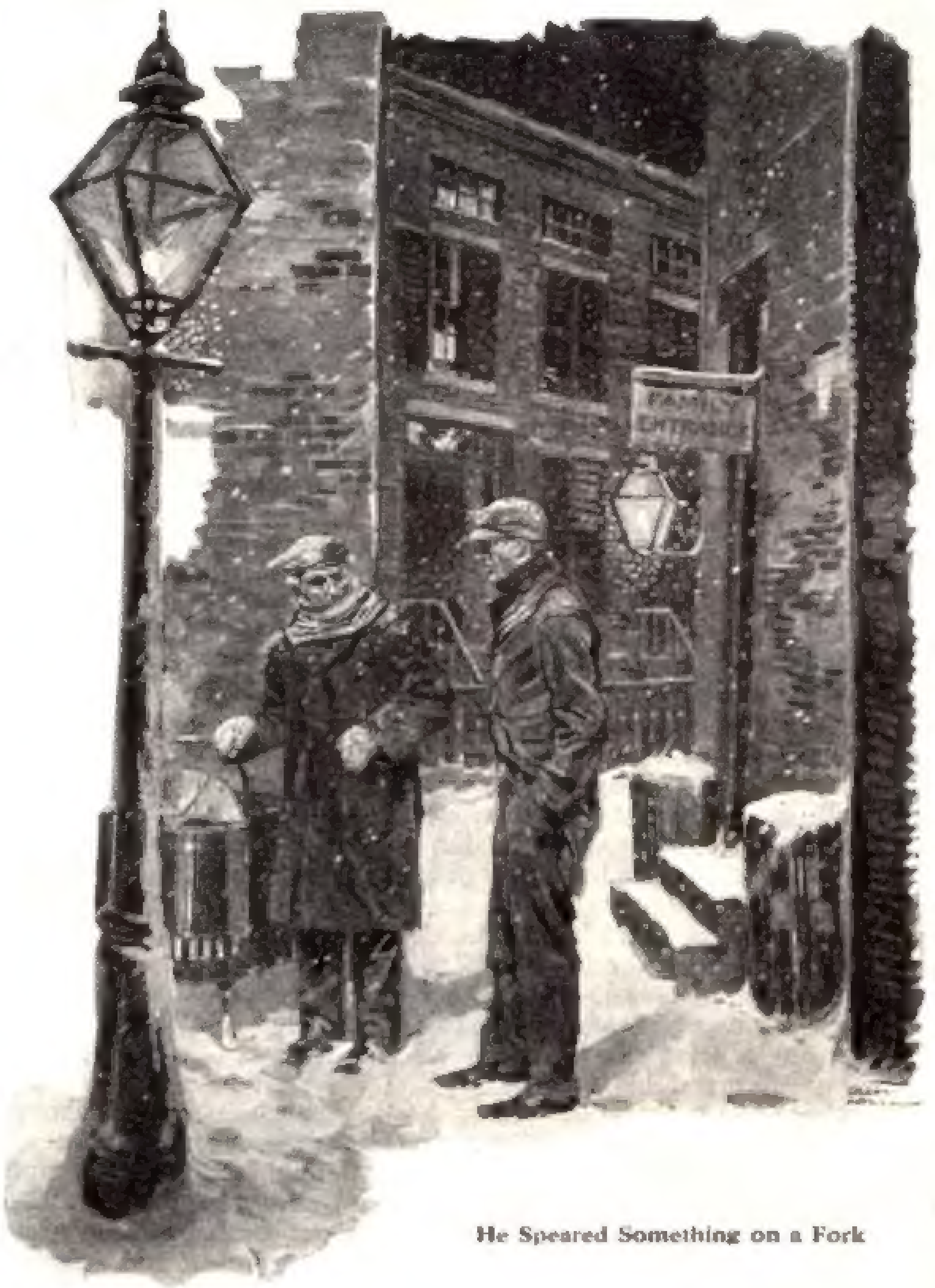
BULL'S-EYE

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY ORSON LOWELL



He Speared Something on a Fork

"NO NIGHT for our kind," grumbled the vender of sausages. His voice came thickly through his muffler, and as he stooped into the light which pierced the tin sides of his oven his breath, through the same woolen barrier, steamed luminous among the great, sleepy, white flakes of snow. "No night for us to be out in, hey?"

Paul Savage, his bare hands jammed into the pockets of his thin coat, watched the stooping figure with an odd sense of kinship to it, and to all other outcasts in the midnight storm.

"Good for freezin' to death," grumbled the hoarse voice through the muffler, "or starvin', but not for business." He opened a semicircular flap in his little engine, and probing the new cloud of steam which mingled with his breath, speared something on a fork. "Here," he said presently, "guess I'll give up and go home. Here, tamp that down where she fits best."

He blew out the lights in his wayside oven, hoisted it, with the slow movement of one who had stood still too long in the cold, and began to shuffle away through the white obscurity of the storm.

"She" was a cleft roll of bread, containing a limp sausage, moist and warm.

Paul, holding the gift in numb fingers, regarded it half in stupefaction, half in a queer emotion compounded of gratitude, rage and the desire to laugh. Charity, it seemed—honest, naked charity—was first to reach him in the shape of this incongruity which now smoked in his hand.

He ran heavily along the drifted pavement, sighted the bent shape toiling through the whirl of snowflakes, stumbled alongside, and shouted against the wind:

"What's your name? I want to remember it."

The pedler halted.

"Joe Carmody," he croaked. "It ain't worth rememberin'."

Paul clapped him lightly on the shoulder, dislodging a small epaulet of snow.

"I won't forget it! You're a good fellow, Joe!"

"Humph!" The shrouded pedler bent again to his burden and shuffled on. After a few steps he turned to call through the woolen scarf: "Eat her up! She'll get cold!"

Savage laughed, but obeying, quickly finished Her. The snow seasoned each bite with a chill powder. The whole process appeared solemn and ridiculous; this, the first meal he had ever eaten as a pauper, was also the first since breakfast.

He overtook the shambling Joe, and caught the handle of the oven.

"Let me carry it, anyway," he laughed. "It will help me keep warm."

His benefactor stared, but surrendered the load without comment, as though used to all adventures and vagaries of the night. The two men trudged on, side by side, through empty streets, mute with snow. At last, under a lamppost coated white and thick down its windward side, the pedler recovered his stock in trade and, peering up under wet eyelashes, studied his young companion.

Whether he saw that the thin jacket was of good cloth, or detected that the hands, before they slipped into hiding, were slender and shapely for all their red disfigurement, he spoke with a different manner.

"Sorry I can't do nothin', sir," he growled. "The's four men a'ready sleeps where I do. I tell ye," he considered sagely, like a benevolent and stormbeaten dwarf—"I tell ye: you can wait for trains, like, though them stations ain't none too warm. Worst comes to worst, you can always get yourself arrested. And—no, I tell ye: you go round the corner, and head for some lights you'll see, and go along till you hear shootin' inside. Well het, 'tis, usually. The Cap'n won't turn ye out, night like this. Good luck, sir!"

The storm swallowed up this friend. Paul, stumbling onward, was bitter cold in body; but in spirit, after this long day of uttermost failure, he felt a glow more cordial than success. Kindness, after all, ran through the roughest hours. The pedler, from his poor furnace, had fished out not merely a gift but a symbol—an absurd symbol, which, nevertheless, admitted Paul for the moment to the lighted circle of his living fellows, and held him from being blown down the wind, alone.

Into that wind he now staggered hopefully, like a ship beating, toward the yellow lights which, from the farther end of a narrow street, glimmered through the flying obscurity. He struggled nearer, in the lee of the buildings; and at last, where saloons held out their false lights of hospitality, he heard the sharp though stifled crack of small arms, fired at brief intervals.

A narrow doorway, sunk modestly among its neighbors, contained an oblong board on which flared, in garish colors, a target with a huge scarlet bull's-eye, a pair of crossed rifles, and the curt advice: "Learn to Shoot. You May Need To!"

"I don't," thought Paul; and smiled at the sudden reminder. "My accomplishments are not the kind a man can live by."

Footprints, some fresh, some half-obliterated, broke the little drift of snow in the entrance. With raw, unwieldy fingers Paul shook and beat his clothes, turned down his collar, and groped for the doorknob. He had not yet lost a strong repugnance to entering strange places casually. The shame of empty pockets hung about him, as vivid as though they were turned inside out.

He stepped into a rich, warm cloud of gunpowder and tobacco. A heavy bell clanged.

"Ho, ho!" several voices cried out confusedly, with boisterous laughter; "nailed her that time! Bull's-eye! His sight's comin' back to him. Bull's-eye, Cap'n! That's one out o' fourteen! Ho, ho! Keep after her! Say, if you see three holes, fire at the middle one; other two ain't there."

At an oilcloth counter, which ran from gunrack to gunrack, between walls gaudy with lithographs of war and the chase, a line of unsteady loungers applauded satirically. A pale young man in evening dress, his eyes glazed with inhuman fixity of purpose, followed with his rifle-barrel the unkind movements of some background.

"Ever'body kee' still!" he commanded thickly. "Got learn a gun, haven't you, Cap'n? Ever'body got learn a gun first like-a-book. Ever'body kee' still!"

The Captain, a weary little man, under a slouch hat bearing some bronze memento of the Spanish War, dodged the waving barrel with professional grace, and, jingling cartridges in his palm, intoned with passionless courtesy:

"That's right, sir. A little fine; slow pull, sir. Fine, always. Gun's a little strange to you——"

To the offishness of that weapon a pockmarked moon of white attested, in a rank of other moons that shone, hanging low, through the cloudy lane of the gallery.

"Hold up a moment, sir," begged the Captain; and, taking away the marksman's rifle as tactfully as from an infant, he traversed the gallery, paint-brush in hand. When he returned all seven moons glimmered immaculate, save for the black bull's-eyes staring, large and small, to suit all fancies and all comers.

"Now kee' still." The wan young sharpshooter again presented his wavering piece. Silence filled the murky room, except that a fat man in a teamster's cap tittered.

Paul, in the shelter of the smoke and of a tiny stove which gave out comfortable heat, found himself disregarded. Waifs and strays, it was evident, met at least with tolerance here. The young man spread his hands toward the stove, and with vagrant satisfaction prepared to secrete all that he might from this luxury of rest, warmth and mental respite. If his clothes had seen rough service, his face had seen more; and yet, in the smoky lamplight, the wanderer bore a frank and pleasant countenance. His lips, like his brown eyes, were still disposed toward humor, and below a somewhat defeated cap his close-cropped hair shone a merry, pugnacious and indomitable red. In the long fingers, now thawing from bitter exposure by day and night, there moved not only strength but a kind of delicacy or skill. They might, indeed, have been the hands of a musician turned to more robust and outdoor practices. In his whole body, even at rest, there were activity and resilience. He was a man down, but not beaten.

The marksman, tilted against the counter, continued his long series of involuted sights, the muzzle of his weapon performing gradual figures of eight in the smoke. Above the moon-faces of the targets, one by one a tribe of mechanical white rabbits hopped out of oblivion through a short curve into oblivion. Above them in turn, high on the same mysterious inky background, dangled row upon white row of clay pipes.

"Don't sight too long, sir," murmured the Captain, with professional tenderness. "Better rest your arm ——"

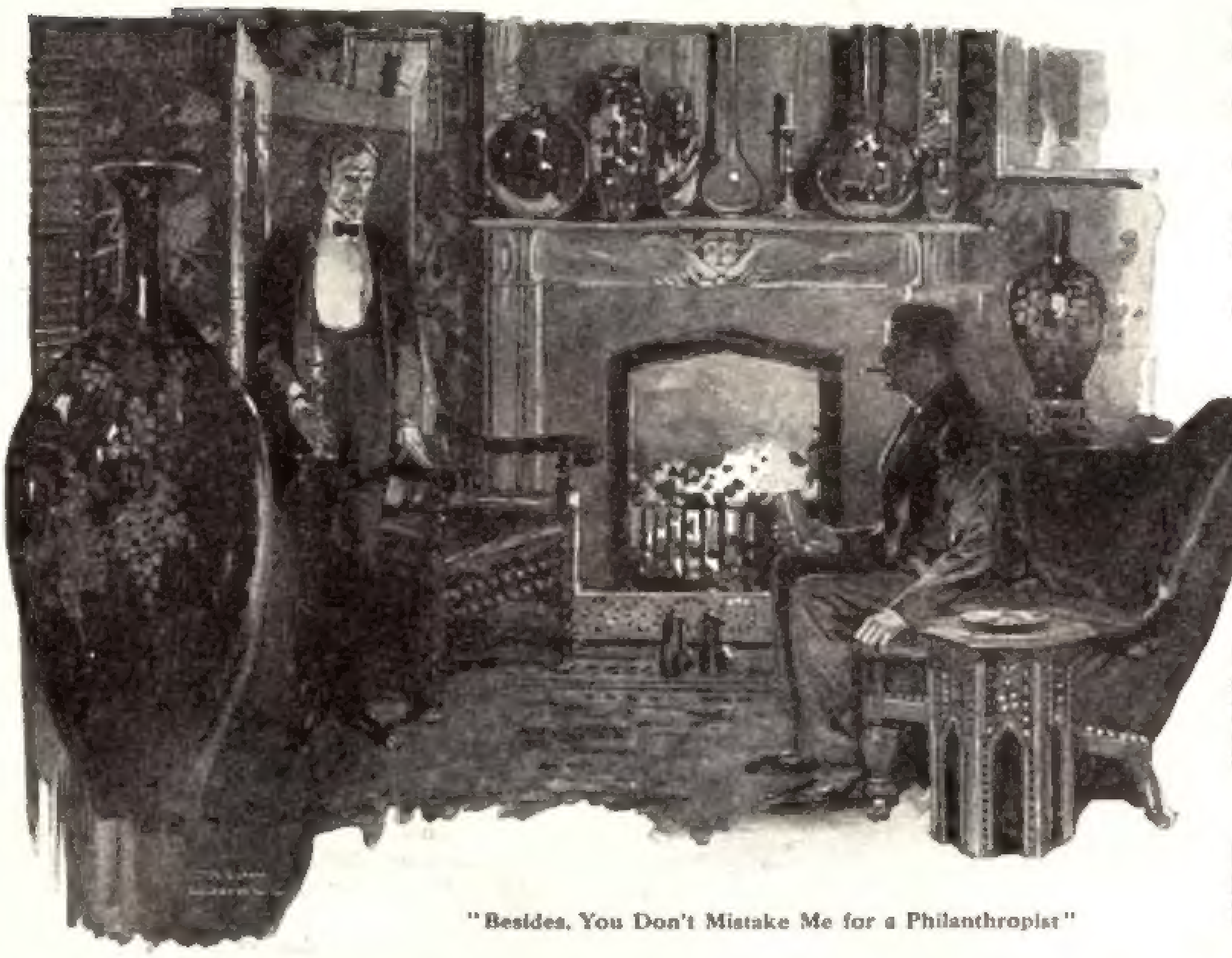
The rifle cracked spitefully.

In the sky of that confined and populous night splinters of clay flew tinkling. The seven moons shone fair and scathless.

"Ho, ho!" The fat man in the teamster's cap led the general uproar.

Laying down the rifle, the pale youth turned with excessive dignity.

"You do better," he urged the teamster. "Come now, you do better." He surveyed the company, while a vague light stole through the glaze of his vision. "You think



"Besides, You Don't Mistake Me for a Philanthropist"

you're ohly one can shoot? You do better. I tell you—we'll have li'l competition. I'll pay for it. Ohly li'l competition o' two. Captain, le' me pay li'l bi-contest o' two."

The stout teamster took up both challenge and firearm.

"Anything for a quiet life," he announced genially; "though I ain't no crack shot, either."

Planted solidly, with elbow crooked out, he fired, and even while the bell clanged, pumped and fired again. Six times the gong sounded, full and sonorous bull's-eyes. Once it gave forth the light, trembling vibration of a "split." Three other shots spotted the wet paint near the center at six o'clock.

"Pretty good, Will," assented the weary little Captain; "but not up to your usual."

The strayed reveler with the white bosom had apparently changed, in the meantime, the rules of his contest; for now he turned on each of the bystanders a stare of wise and cautious examination.

"Ohly le' me pick my man," he begged plaintively. "Ohly le' me pick my protagonish *pro tempore*. I'll appoint protemporish for li'l bi-contest." His eyesight swam round to where Paul sat in retirement behind the stove. "There's the man!" he crowed, and swooping with great precision toward his choice, he dragged Paul affectionately to the counter. "Here's 'ficial protagonish with red hair."

Paul took these honors in good part.

"I'll try it for you," he said. And, catching sight of a pistol lying below the gunrack: "Let me take that, Captain?"

"She's out of order," replied the Captain promptly. On second thought, however, finding in the applicant's face both judgment and sobriety, he relented. "Oh, well, seeing it's you ——"

Paul wrapped his long fingers round the pistol-butt. They were still red and cramped. The dark barrel, however, swung glistening into place, pointed, and became of a piece with hand, wrist and arm, level and steady as a taut wire.

The pistol cracked. A black spot leaped out on the painted disk.

"High to the right," droned the Captain, loading and returning the weapon. "Steady pull!"

Almost as he spoke Paul fired. Clang went the gong.

"Bull's-eye," said the Captain, without favor.

Again Paul fired.

"Bull's-eye," brazen gong and weary voice reported together; and each time that the pistol grew rigid, spurted its tiny flame, and lowered, the man and his bell announced, like twin automatons: "Bull's-eye! Bull's-eye!"

Growls of praise subsided into a yet more flattering stillness. At the final shot and clang, Will, the teamster, broke out with loud generosity.

"I never seen better in this gallery!" He clapped Savage on the elbow, grinning heartily through the smoke of their small battle. "I guess you're the man invented pistols, ain't you? Ho! ho! Boys, I guess his *name* is Bull's-eye!"

"That's right, too." The other men, drunk and sober staring alike, nodded solemnly to confirm the christening. "You'll do, boy. You ain't no slouch, Bull's-eye." As for the pale young man with the defunct eyes, he had wound one arm round Paul's shoulder and was declaiming sadly: "You sat there alongsi' stove, and I saw it in you!"

The Captain, however, unfolded this discoverer of genius, wrapped him in a huge fur coat, and led him sternly to the chair by the stove.

"You set there!" he commanded. "And don't you take that coat off again, for you to be tellin' me some one stole it!" The Captain ducked under his counter once more, and bobbed up quiet of eye and fair of speech, a man who had plucked the flower tranquillity from the nettle of his dangerous life. "Gentlemen, we'd all like to see a reckid set in this gallery." He counted out cartridges on the oilcloth, and turned persuasively toward Paul. "There's twenty-five. Now, let's see you. Jest for the good name o' the house."

Drawn out thus from obscurity to fame, Paul again took up the pistol. This time, however, he leveled at the first of the seven moons, which, pierced by a central dot no larger than a nailhead, invited none but daring riflemen.

"Humph!" The Captain forgot his official calm. "That's the talk! He's takin' Number One, Will!"

This was a right Ivanhoe, striking the Templar's shield. The loungers gave him room, crowding back from the counter, and peering keenly through the smoke. Shoulder to muzzle, Paul's arm became like an attitude in bronze.

The pistol spoke, the hidden bell rang thundering in the corridor.

"Bull's-eye," murmured each man to his neighbor, in grave approval. A grumble of disappointment followed the second shot, which cracked on flat metal, enlarging by a bullet's breadth the black dot on the target. It was the only miss; for the third shot, the fourth, the fifth stung the echoing brass into reply. The noise grew monotonous.

"Twenty-one," counted the voices, answering the bell. "Two—three—twenty-four ——"

As Paul settled his arm to the last shot, and all grew still, some person behind him stamped heavily. It was the spectators who flinched; for without a tremor Paul fired as before, and as before, pistol and gong were simultaneous.

"Who done that?" cried the Captain angrily. "Who went and stamped on the floor, to put him out?"

No one confessed. Will, the teamster, glowered suspiciously at a newcomer who stood beside him. But this person—a prim, elderly man in a hat and ulster of sober gray—returned his look coolly, and observed in a dry voice:

"Very good shooting. Steady nerves, that young man."

The snow outside must have ceased falling, for though the speaker's feet were still white from wading, his gray ulster was dry. In that noisy and stifled vault filled with acrid fumes of gunpowder, he seemed excessively neat and accurate, like a lawyer among ruffians.

"Capital marksmanship!" He conferred this opinion as a favor, studying Paul briefly with keen eyes of a dry and salty blue. His cheeks, thin but smooth, were even whiter than those of the young reveler in the fur coat. "A cool head," he went on dogmatically, "a cool head and steady nerves are valuable assets."

He smiled. Perhaps one corner of his thin lips pulled downward too far, as though the mouth were set askew; perhaps the scholar's pallor in his cheeks was somewhat too cold; but for one vague reason or another Paul felt that smile to be forbidding and sinister.

The praise, at all events, of Will, the teamster, of that wise diplomat, the Captain, and of all his nondescript clients, had a more honest and hearty flavor. Paul found himself, indeed, too much the man of the moment; he had come there to be ignored, and was being courted; so that presently, when general flattery had taken the sincerest form, and half the midnight crew were blazing away at once, like insurgents volleying from behind a barricade, the young man profited by all their smoke and noise, and slipped quietly out into the street.

The snow had stopped falling; the wind had gone aloft. The night air, still but piercing, drew sharp in his nostrils and tingled in his throat like needles of frost. After the smothering gunpowder of the gallery it came subtle as ether, heady as wine. Overhead, a few stars, of amazing luster, raced backward across the sky, burning and vanishing in intervals of the scud.

"A long time till daylight," thought Paul; then, driving his hands deep into his pockets, he plowed forward through the dry, imponderable whiteness.

He had no more plan for the new day than for the old. With chin sunk under his collar he went on, slowly and aimlessly, seeing himself in imagination going thus, and no otherwise, through the next daylight and the next darkness.

"Just a moment." A voice, dry as the snow, hailed him from close behind.

The elderly man in the gray ulster came alongside.

"I'd like," he continued precisely, plodding with equal step—"I'd like to talk with you. Do you object?"

Paul laughed easily, as a man whose objections have little weight. The other, silent and unaccountable, waded beside him to the next corner.

"They say I'm an eccentric person," he began, halting where the street lamp shone full upon his white face, crooked smile and eyes of salty blue. "Dare say I am; but when I see cool nerves I value them. 'Three-o'clock-in-the-morning Courage,' Napoleon called it? Unless I'm mistaken, you have it." He nodded sharply, and pulled his smile a little more askew. "I make very few mistakes."

"Well?" said Paul.

The stranger's eye took him in, length and breadth, features and clothing. It seemed to discern the bare hands in the empty pockets.

"I want to hire a man," continued the dry, accurate voice, "who's cool and steady. I want a man with the proper amount of courage. Will you work for me?"

Paul started with incredulity. Fortune, whom he had hunted in vain by day, now by night came following him. It was her turn to do the asking. Yet by some nameless whim he stood here ungrateful, disliking the pale face of her messenger.

II

"WORK at what?" Paul replied. Faint and hollow, he stood shivering, kicking one foot with the other, contracting his shoulders. Only the wry smile on that cold and legal face made him commit the folly of hesitating. "What sort of work? It depends."

The stranger in the gray frieze ran his arm through Paul's and started on, like a tug fuming obstinately beside a tall ship.

"Warm up first, talk afterward. Keep your eye ready for a cab." Suddenly he burst out in vexation: "Depends? Of course it depends! I'm not a fool, young man; I only lay hold of things by the middle. Come along and see, and choose for yourself."

The two men hurried along through the snow, the elder showing the more impatience, and wading, indeed, with an agility which the younger found by no means contemptible.

"Mustn't freeze to death, Mr. Bull's-eye," cackled the dry voice from time to time. "Men of your stamp have no right to roam the streets without an overcoat. Ha-ha! Unfair world, isn't it? But we'll soon remedy that. The coat, I mean, not the world."

At last down a side street gleamed the twin lamps of a cab, which came still as a ghost, the jaded horse plowing heavily, the wheels raising and dropping caked segments of white.

"Here we are," cried the stranger, signaling with a prompt and nervous hand. "In you go, Mr. Bull's-eye." He dodged round the lamp, gave some order to the driver and nimbly hopped inside.

The cold little box, smelling potently of stables and worn leather, moved steadily forward in darkness and silence.

"I'm the man that stamped on the floor," Paul heard his companion chuckle as in soliloquy. "Never shook you a hairbreadth, did I? That decided me."

He spoke no more, but shrinking deep into his ulster, whistled some endless, inaudible tune. The cab moved on, as though flowing down a gray river through a cañon of houses. At last it stopped beside the hidden curb.

"Now, Mr. Bull's-eye," chuckled the mirthless voice, "now you shall see for yourself."

The drowsy lamps of the carriage, and a few sparse yellow jets of gas, disclosed the street as one among those uncounted streets in the world where dull repetition of stone houses, narrow and uniform, is marked off by flight after steep flight of doorsteps, slant after slant of railing, all dismally the same—the ordered "coolie-lines" of respectability.

This and no more—a dim perspective sketched in black and white, down which the departing cab strayed solitary—Paul saw as he mounted to the nearest door. In a dark vestibule the stranger halted, chinking a bunch of keys.

"Bull's-eye," he chirped, "let me test your ears, also. Listen!"

A key slipped into the hole. The wards turned slowly, with a peculiar whine that ended in a click.

"Should you know that noise again if you heard it? Fairly loud, eh? Should you?"

"I think so," Paul replied, wondering.

"Good. Remember it!" commanded the other, swinging open the door. "Don't forget that sound."

A sickly point of flame, turned low in a globe overhead, gave obscure light to a bare hall, high and narrow as a well. A stairway, its brown handrail glistening, curved steeply up into darkness. Flanking this, at newel-post and wall, two huge jars—large enough to contain a pair of the Forty Thieves, but slender at the neck, like those in the fable of the stork's feast—guarded the lower steps.

"Now, then, up with you," said the man in the gray ulster. "We'll soon have you warm."

The bare steps, as the two men ascended, started faint echoes flying upward as in a hollow obelisk. Under Paul's foot, suddenly, one loose board and then another surprised him by tilting with a sharp creak.

"That," explained his guide, who paused at the landing—"that is my burglar-alarm. Another sound to remember."

From the square platform of the landing a short flight of steps bent at right angles and rose dimly to a long corridor or narrow hall. Tranquil orange light, through an open door ahead, glimmered on the polished curves of many more tall jars which, hiding the banister and lining the opposite wall, made the corridor a strange alley of lurking porcelain.

"Bachelor hobbies, you see," discoursed the stranger, pulling off his long coat as he steered Paul to the lighted door. "Mine was Oriental pottery. This in here, for example, is genuine *tsang*, I am told."

The speaker had paused beside a low tabouret on which burned a single candle. The light struck from below his white plastron of linen, nailed severely flat by two points of gold; his pale face, with the same thin smile escaping cornerwise from his lips; and his hands, all corded shadows and white knuckles, touching the high bosom of a slender vase.

"Serpent green," he added with sly complacency. "Genuine, surely. Serpent green."

His hand, Paul fancied, stroked the enamel more delicately, as though the name of the color pleased him. Next moment, however, taking up the candle, he crossed to where a coal fire glowed ruddy in a grate. The candle, as he placed it on the mantel, disclosed another line of colored porcelain, perched high like glossy owls. Two chairs, beside a black screen traced with golden storks, confronted the cheerful radiance of the fire.

"Be seated, Bull's-eye," ordered the collector of porcelain, with glib courtesy. "Pull off your boots and dry them—slippers down there behind that piece of *flambé*." He bustled away into the darkness, groped somewhere among tinkling bottles, and returned with a plate of biscuits and a brimming glass. "Eat those, and drink off your toddy. I could hear you shivering in the cab."

Paul obeyed gratefully. This eccentric made no attempt to speak kindly, but performed his good deeds, it would seem, with a gruff and negligent air which made them, on both sides, the more effective. Indeed, for a time, his sole motive might have been some whimsical flash of charity; he watched the young man eat and drink, silently handed him a cigar, silently held the candle-flame to light it, and against the background of golden storks stood nodding with a kind of elderly vicarious enjoyment. When at last, however, Paul roused from all this welcome lethargy of warmth and turned to begin his thanks, the man swung briskly into the opposite chair and faced him as though for business.

"Yes, yes," he cut in roughly, raising a thin hand to forestall compliments. "Consider it said, Bull's-eye, my dear fellow; consider it all said. Besides, you don't mistake me for a philanthropist. Could see in your eye you didn't, all along. I want to engage your services. Very well. You want to know—what for? Very well. Here we are."

He leaned back, crossed his thin legs, and waved one foot slowly in waggish meditation. His blue eyes, dryly speculative, followed some humorous idea loitering in the smoke of the cigar.

"I am sorry," declared the young man, "if I seemed to you ——"

"Quite, quite!" the other nodded absently. "Consider that said, too. Dubious? Of course, out of a clear sky—street corner—dead of night! My way, that's all!"

He rose suddenly and strayed off into the gloom, where the crowding bodies of many other jars, great and small, glistened, shadowy, in melting curves. One raised hand, moving white and vague, seemed to explore the edge of a bookshelf. He came back into the candle-light, chuckling softly.

"My niece's key." He laid on the mantel a small, flat strip of bright steel. "She—er—she won't use it any more." His smile twitched a little further askew. "I can tell when most men are lying, but never when a woman's telling the truth. Hence the revocation of this key." After a pause he reached down the candle and, stooping with it beside Paul's chair, held before him, gingerly—as if to display a gem or scarab—some tiny fragment in his open palm.

"What do you make," he asked, "of this?"

It was a thin, irregular scrap of some queer substance, like dough kneaded between very dirty fingers, or candle-grease mixed with soot.

"Wax?" ventured Paul, and then, deciphering a shallow tracery notched in faint rectilinear ridges: "Somebody taking an impression?"

The collector expelled a sharp breath through his nostrils, in grudging mirth or admiration.

"Exactly." The smile stole outward and downward, to be twitched in again severely. "Bull's-eye again for you. A wax impression of the key."

Once more he sat down, crossed his thin legs, and wagged his foot in time with some slow air whistled in dumb show.

"I feel sure, now," he continued, breaking off this unheard melody; "I feel sure you have average intelligence. Let me, therefore, suppose a case. Please attend closely. Suppose you lived alone in a house where—a house not without valuable or valued contents. Suppose, by a singular chance, you discovered the key of its main door to have been probably copied by some person or persons unknown, as the phrase goes. Suppose, further, you were suddenly forced to go abroad. What steps would you take?"

Paul smiled at this elaborate indirection.

"Put in a caretaker," he replied, "and a new lock."

The salty blue eyes regarded him with approval, but without warmth.

"Excellent!" The suspended foot beat out a few more measures deliberately. "But suppose you felt some natural curiosity to know who this unknown modeler in wax might be?"

"Keep the old lock," Paul answered readily, "and catch the fellow red-handed."

"Capital!" His catechist again signified laughter by whiffing sharply through the nostrils. "I think you understand my offer now. My name, young man, is Sidney Viles. That means nothing to you; but after I am dead, if my ambition holds"—he drew his thin lips aside and down, as though mocking all private ambition—"then, perhaps, you may hear of the Sidney Viles collection. Never mind; what I want now is a caretaker. Perhaps a thieftaker, as you suggest. To catch a man red-handed, set one red-headed!"

This time the short laugh permitted itself to be audible.

"Pardon the joke," continued Mr. Viles, dropping all vestiges of humor. "I make no bones of being eccentric. Seriously, I took a liking to you at sight. If you'll come watch this house I can, and will, at once go abroad. Danger—there is that element, possibly—but men of your complexion rather enjoy danger. This matter of the key may lead to nothing. At all events, I'll pay well. What say you?"

Paul considered. Fortune had picked him out of the snow, set him in this great chair by the red fire, given him food and drink, and woven around him in floating layers of blue the magic of good tobacco. Yet now, as when he stood at the corner, ankle-deep and shivering, he could not regard these benefits without something of a Trojan mistrust.

"What," he began, capitulating—"What would be my duties?"

Mr. Viles, watching the candle-flame, puckered his eyes till they shone as mere points of mica in the ivory pallor of his face.

"You would watch this house," he answered. His slow precision, like the silence, filling in his pauses the crowded darkness of the long room, became vaguely sinister. "You would see that nothing was taken from it—nothing. You would sleep, literally, under arms."

He rose, once more explored the bookshelf in the dusk and, returning, set beside the candle a small, green cartridge box and a slim revolver, black and shining. "Under arms, literally. You understand the risk. On the other hand, however, your days would, virtually, be free, for your own work or play. But you would pass me your word of honor, without fail, always to reach this house before dusk and never leave it before daylight. In short, you would be night watchman; I may say, night watchman extraordinary."

Still Paul hesitated.

"Extraordinary's not a bad word," he rejoined. "Frankly, Mr. Viles, the offer looks strange."

His host eyed him with manifest anger.

"'And, therefore, as a stranger give it welcome!'" retorted the dry voice contemptuously. "My young friend, I thought there was more courage and energy in that fiery top of yours."

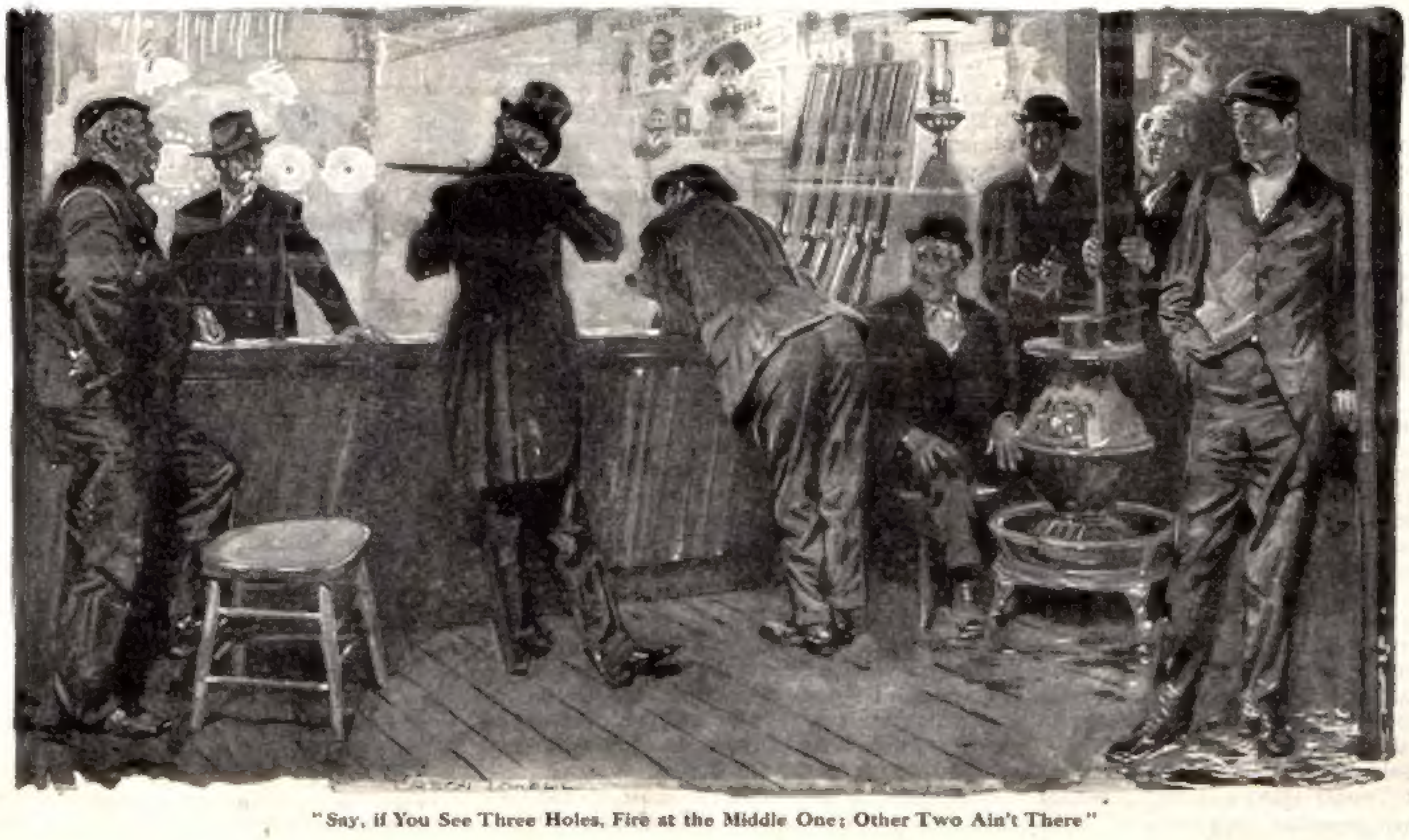
Paul, though himself rather nettled, became aware that the gift-horse was showing his teeth. The winter streets, moreover, unrolled suddenly to his imagination a vista of anything but promise.

"Very well," said he. "When shall I begin?"

Mr. Sidney Viles reached down the key from the mantel and laid it in Paul's hand as formal token of alliance.

"On Wednesday evening." Still brisk and accurate, he had changed at once into the austerity of the master. "I shall leave on Wednesday morning; you will come here, without fail, before dusk. I mentioned an advance; the money is in my strong-box." He sidled away but, pausing at the corner of the screen, "I think," he added sourly, "that, with your acute nose for the extraordinary, you might have thought my confidence in you to be worth sniffing at!"

Stung by this rebuke, Paul, who had also risen, watched the speaker, candle in hand, thread a devious course down the long room among the little promontories and huddled islands of pottery. The tawny light called forth from all levels and from every cranny soft, flickering gleams, with now and then a fugitive glory of scarlet or topaz or



"Say, if You See Three Holes, Fire at the Middle One; Other Two Ain't There"

(Continued on Page 20)

Trust Methods for Retailers

BIG IDEAS THAT WILL HELP SMALL BUSINESS MEN

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ALMOST any day you can see a man standing on a street corner in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia or some other city with a register in his hand, clicking off the number of men who pass. He is not a census-taker nor a statistician, but an animated cog in what, perhaps, is the most remarkable retail machine in the world. On the number of men that pass the point where he is stationed is based the decision to open or not to open a new store there. He is in reality the outpost of a many-roofed store, the fronts of which would make a line nearly three miles long, which has reduced cigar selling to such a science that a man can sit in an office in New York and figure out the tobacco consumption of Tacoma or Galveston.

"The Butcher Says: 'It's the Fault of the Beef Trust'"

One man created and built the business system of this organization. Scarcely fifteen years ago he owned a small cigar stand in a Syracuse hotel, where he had a regular trade among the guests. Then a new hotel was built and the people flocked there. But the new hotel burned down and the trade came back. Then he saw that if the hotel was well conducted his business was likely to be good and that, otherwise, he suffered. He made up his mind that thereafter his business should not depend upon others, so he started a store of his own. Today he has more than six hundred separate stores and is one of our comparatively unknown, self-made millionaires. His name is George J. Whelan, and he is president of the United Cigar Stores Company. Behind his methods is a lesson for every man who sells goods over a counter.

When Mr. Whelan went into business for himself the productive and wholesale distributing business of the country had been well developed; but, with the exception of scattered department stores, the retail end had not been organized. A store like Marshall Field's or John Wanamaker's had a system of adequately reaching the retail buyer who bought many articles, but it was all under one roof. The problem was to make the system effective with one article under many roofs. "The biggest development in American business during the next twenty-five years will be along retail lines," said Mr. Whelan. So he set to work to point the way.

In any retail business the first task is to get the best site. The average retailer often thinks that any street where the crowd is big is a good business neighborhood. But crowds are deceptive. A small but steady crowd is much more profitable for the retailer than the great rush-hour throng, because the latter is hurrying to or from a train, car or boat. The leisurely crowd is the buying crowd. Mr. Whelan laid down this rule at the start, "Get the best location or next to it." Later, when he spread from city to city, he added to his rule, "If you cannot get such a location stay out of the town."

This rule suggests the question, What is the best site? And the answer to this furnishes a real first-aid to the average man's business, be it drugs, cigars or groceries, the final aim in each and all of these being to reach the largest number of people with the best quality of goods.

How to Judge Sites for Shops

ALL retail trade naturally gravitates to corners, because a store on a corner, as one great American merchant once put it, "is a headlight that attracts business." People can see it from a distance, and it has windows on two sides. But the value of a corner depends upon the density of the traffic that passes it. To find out the volume of this traffic Mr. Whelan devised the plan of posting sentries to count the people. These sentries work in periods of three hours each. On account of varying local conditions in cities and towns no regular standard of crowd density can be fixed. The passing crowd must never be less than a hundred men an hour, and during mealtimes it should be larger.

Here are two concrete cases in New York that show how the idea works out: At Twenty-third and Sixth Avenue less than six hundred men passed at the noon hour, while at Eighteenth Street and Fifth Avenue the crowd for the same time numbered five thousand. Yet there was more business at the Twenty-third Street corner than at the Eighteenth Street one. Why? Simply because the Twenty-third Street crowd passed steadily all day, averaging more than four hundred an hour from seven in the morning to seven in the evening. The Fifth Avenue men averaged less than three hundred an hour during the day. The five thousand at noon were disgorged from the clothing shops in the vicinity. These men were given little respite at noon, and they spent most of this time eating lunch. At night when they quit work they hurried home past the retail shops of the neighborhood. The crowd at Twenty-third Street warranted paying a rent of seventy-five hundred dollars a year, while the Eighteenth Street crowd justified a rent of only three thousand dollars a year.

By means of a per-capita system Mr. Whelan knows what the tobacco-purchasing power of a town is. Based on his sales and the total population, every man, woman and child in Greater New York has a tobacco-buying capacity of $1.74 a year. In Chicago it is 63 cents; in Philadelphia, 47 cents; in San Francisco, $4.06; in Atlantic City, $2.55; in St. Louis, $1.21; in Rochester, 99 cents; in Albany, 93 cents; in Grand Rapids, 75 cents; in Boston, 66 cents; in Galveston, 65 cents; in Spokane, 60 cents; in Washington, 52 cents; in St. Paul, 47 cents; in Kansas City, 46 cents; in Cleveland, 33 cents; in Cincinnati, 32 cents; in Milwaukee, 22 cents; in Newark, 84 cents; and so on in the hundred cities where he does business. This shows Mr. Whelan to what extent he is getting the town's trade, and the information is the basis for widening operations. A town with a few stores judiciously placed at points of congested traffic will have a larger per-capita return than one with more stores less wisely located. A corner with ideal retail conditions is Fifth and Walnut Streets in Cincinnati. All trolley lines dump their passengers at that place, which is a central transfer point.

This per-capita system enables Mr. Whelan to find out if his business is keeping pace with the city's growth and development. One month his sales may have increased, but in the same time the population may have increased at a greater proportionate rate, and that would mean that he was not holding his own.

Larger per-capita sales also indicate, of course, that the business is well organized in the town in question. New York's tobacco-buying rate being $1.74, Mr. Whelan asks the question, Why is not Milwaukee's also $1.74, instead of 22 cents? And to answer the question he investigates the way the business is organized in each of these cities.

In running down the best retail corners there has been established a sort of gallery or "best sellers." The average man who passes the corner of Forty-second and Broadway in New York every day, for instance, does not realize, perhaps, that it is, so far as retail cigar selling is concerned, "the best corner in the United States." The same would be true of half a dozen other kinds of business. The reason is that during every hour of the twenty-four more people pass there than any other corner. The second best corner is Broad and Market Streets, Newark; the third, Broadway and Cortlandt in New York; the fourth, Broadway and Wall in New York. Fifth in the list is One Hundred and Forty-ninth and Third Avenue, New York. This is the center of a great elevated-train traffic. Next in order come: Niagara and Main in Buffalo; State and Madison in Chicago; Salina and Fayette in Syracuse, and Fifth and Walnut in Cincinnati.

This country-wide corner and good-site campaign has uncovered, among other things, one striking fact which is of value and significance to every retail business man and every prospective retail business man. Summed up, it is, "Avoid the streets where banks are located; they retard retail growth." In explanation of this deduction, Mr. Whelan says:

"No rule for the retailer, no matter what his business, is more valuable than the one which makes him wait to make the selection of a site until he knows if there are banks, or if there are to be banks, on the block or even in the neighborhood. Banks kill the retail life, and the reason is very simple. After three o'clock in the afternoon in their vicinity trade is dead. Bank buildings have made more one-street towns than any other cause. Take the case of Buffalo: You will find big banks all up and down Main Street, and Main Street is the one street of the city. Now, if there had been big, live retail stores on the corners that the banks occupy traffic would turn at the corners and run off to the side streets and make them busy. Thus, new retail channels would have been created, and these in turn would have drawn upon others. At the same time, real-estate values would have been improved and the whole business life of the community broadened and benefited. I have never seen this fail. Syracuse has been made a one-street town like Buffalo, and for the same reason. One bank did it. It took the site at the intersection of Salina and Genesee, where the meeting of the streets formed a flatiron. The result was that the retail traffic stopped short there, and Genesee Street suffered. On the other hand, in Rochester, the banks went to side streets and left the retail corners for the retail stores. The town now has many retail streets."

Getting Shops Rent-Free

WHEN Mr. Whelan cannot get the corner he wants he gets one or two stores near it and waits. When he does get the corner he frequently gives up the other stores already established in the vicinity, because family competition is sometimes as destructive as foreign. But some disposition must be made of the abandoned stores, and it was to accomplish this that he organized two real-estate companies which rent, construct and lease stores. They have a twofold duty in this renting. First, to get a good cigar-store site; second, to obtain a site that may be equally good for some other business in case the property is thrown back on their hands for renting. These companies have had to rent a whole skyscraper in order to get the corner store on the ground floor. An example of this is furnished by the building at Broadway and Cortlandt Street, New York, which rents for eighty thousand dollars a year. In such a case the company resolves itself into a general landlord.

One economic result of this renting of huge buildings is that when well managed they provide free rent for the cigar store, thus eliminating the largest fixed charge. This has been the case in practically every instance, because good judgment was employed in selecting the site.

Mr. Whelan's ideas about store space are interesting. He never uses more space than is absolutely necessary. He has proved that this is good business. If he has a store forty feet wide, and a width of only thirty feet is required, he will either sub-rent the extra ten feet or not use it at all. Here are his reasons: "I believe in small stores because they bring goods within quick reach of the customer. This means swift service, and the man who gets this is liable to come back. Many retailers have been ruined by big stocks in stores that were too large. Big stocks require many clerks, who impede rather than help business. In addition, they cost money.

"A good example is a store which had been occupied by a druggist who did a good business, but he had too many clerks and his expenses were heavy. The result was that he failed. We took that site, made three stores out of one, and from the rent of the two new ones we get our rent free. Besides, we do a bigger volume of business in a smaller space than the drug-store did."

People Do Not Want to Buy Goods From Clerks Who Look Cross

This leads to the subject of the ideal retail store. Out of the establishment of more than six hundred stores Mr. Whelan has developed these ideas:

"A retail store that sells one kind of article should not only be small but should always be on the street level. Customers shy at steps, especially those that go up. A store should have a lot of window space. When you pay one thousand dollars a foot rent, as you do on Broadway, New York, you do not want any part of that foot obscured by pillars. There ought to be use for every inch of space. A store should be so arranged that the customer walks right up against the showcases the moment he enters the place. This is why we always have our cases on the same side as the door."

Mr. Whelan's conviction about shop windows is summed up in the sentence, "Goods well displayed, with signs and prices in plain sight, are half sold." He runs a sign factory that would supply a whole town. He believes that the window display should never be higher than the average man's vision. "A well-dressed window," he says, "is the best signboard. It is the thing that the foreigner, first coming to the United States, most wants to see. He can look at plenty of fine buildings and statuary at home. In our store windows he finds revealed the intimate life of the people as shown in their intimate needs."

Uniformity is observed in the fixtures and arrangement of stock. And this has been shown to be especially valuable when a chain of stores is established, for the reason that a clerk going from one store to another feels at home all the time. Such a system also means that fixtures can be transferred from store to store with little or no remodeling.

In any large business, especially one that employs several thousand clerks, the question of increases in salary is an important and difficult one. Mr. Whelan solved this in a very simple way. He says:

"In the case of a department store the proprietor can get in touch with his customers and thus inject his personality into his business, because it is confined to one area. When you have more than six hundred areas the task is more difficult. It occurred to me that we could have partners in every store by introducing what we call mutual ownership. We rent the store, pay all fixed charges, such as rent, light, porter and heat, stock it with goods, and then turn it over to a chief clerk, who operates it on a percentage. He is our personal representative with the customers. He hires his clerks and fixes their salary, which is based on the store's receipts. He is required to send us a schedule of salaries, however, so we can see if he is paying himself too much and his men too little. For salaries the chief clerk usually takes out six per cent of the gross receipts. This plan makes the clerks feel that they have an interest in the business and stimulates them to great activity."

Salaries Based on Sales

"THERE is a larger result in this than merely boosting business. Each clerk realizes that he is a partner of the officers of the company. What is equally to the point, it discourages him from coming to us and saying, 'I want a raise in salary.' All that we have to reply to such a demand is, 'Go and earn it, and you will get it.' When a clerk shows marked efficiency in a small store he is sent on to a store where the receipts are larger. This is our way of increasing his pay. There is no better evidence of its success than the simple statement that from two hundred stores in Greater New York last year we did not lose a single clerk."

Every chief clerk ends his business day at three o'clock in the afternoon. He deposits the receipts for the day in bank and sends the deposit slip, together with the tape of the cash register, to the home office in New York. All clerks are paid by check sent from New York.

The most significant commentary on the mutual-ownership system is offered by the fact that when Mr. Whelan went into New York City there were not ten cigar stores there that took in one hundred and fifty dollars and over a day. Now he alone has more than two hundred stores, each of which does that much business daily.

How was this accomplished? Largely by establishing a school of salesmanship in which tuition is free, and the motto of the school is the two words, "Thank you." On this motto Mr. Whelan has reared the structure of an extraordinary sales-service. Here is his theory and the practice:

"We conduct a corporation, and the general attitude of the public toward a corporation is inclined to be unfriendly. Many people think that a corporation is not human. It was my belief from the start that the representatives of any corporation, no matter what it produces or sells, should develop a personal relation with customers. This must begin with courtesy, which is the cheapest commodity in the world and yet the most far-reaching in its effect. Incidentally, courtesy is the basis of good retail service. So I laid down the rule that not only should every salesman say 'Thank you' to every customer, but also should say it as if he really meant it. We have spent fifty thousand dollars hammering this idea in. So thoroughly do I believe in it that one day last year I sent the following telegram to every clerk in our employ: 'Did you say "Thank you" to every customer you waited on today?'

"That message was an investment in human nature, for I received hundreds of replies assuring me that the writer not only said it, but believed in it as well. The clerks were pleased to receive a personal telegram from headquarters. It made them feel that there was a bond between us."

The first requisite in this school of salesmanship is a sound body. In order to discover and develop this Mr. Whelan established medical departments in New York and Chicago. In each place is a completely-equipped doctor's establishment. Every applicant for a position as clerk must undergo a thorough physical examination. The reason for this, as stated by Mr. Whelan, is as follows:

"Every sound man is worth building up in business, but a sick man or a man with a contagious or fatal disease is not. You must have something to build on. A man who is ill or weak cannot be cheerful, and a good clerk must be cheerful. People do not want to buy goods from clerks who look ill or cross. Hence the employer must not take chances in hiring sick people, and he must safeguard the health of those who work for him. Take any good clerk: he is liable to catch cold, neglect it and keep on working; sooner or later he must give up and go to bed. If he knows that he can be treated by a doctor, free of charge, and also get his medicine free, he will not neglect himself, but go to the doctor at once. This means that he will not lose much time and his whole working efficiency is improved.

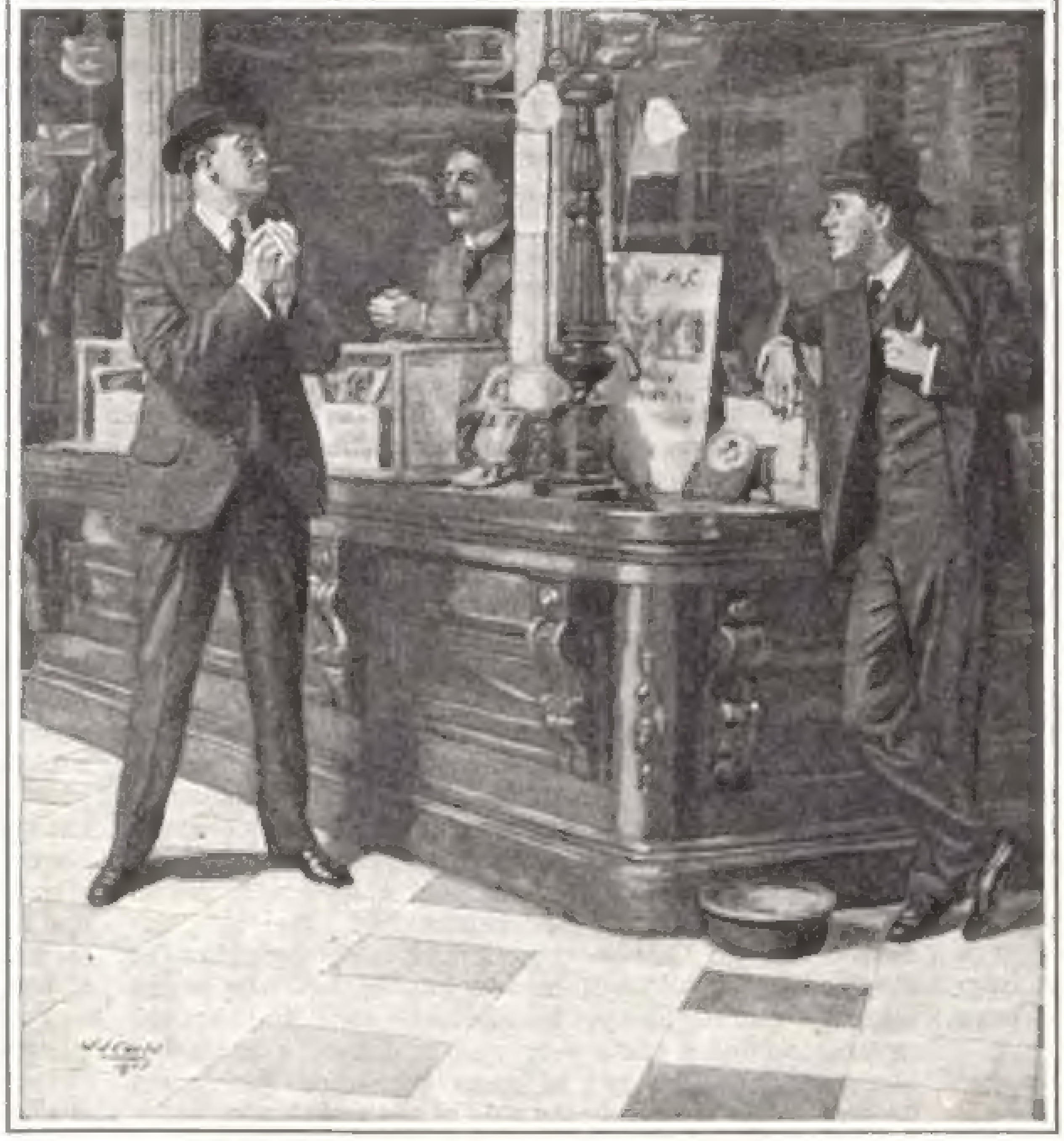
"Next to his brains, one of the chief assets of a clerk is his feet, since he has to stand all day. We have a force of chiropodists who do nothing but examine and treat our clerks' feet. If a man has bad feet we do not hire him.

"The net result of the operation of the medical department is that, since it was established, we need only one-fourth as many extra clerks as before."

The Whelan school of salesmanship has all the trimmings of a regular educational institution. There are books, lessons, examinations, reprimands and good marks. Altogether, it is unique in business procedure.

Every clerk is required to have read a manual which contains instructions and lessons in retail selling. The keynote of this manual is struck in the following:

"Every salesman must always bear in mind that increased earnings for himself can only come with increased business, and increased business can only come by increasing the number of customers for his store, and the only way ever discovered for increasing the number of customers for a store is to please every customer so well that he will come again and bring his friends. This is the sum and substance of salesmanship."



Fifteen Years Ago He Owned a Small Cigar Stand

Here are some of the rules about making change:

"Salesmen must, on receipt of money from customers, *call out* the denomination of the bill or coin received and the amount of the purchase. This will usually obviate mistakes as to the amount to be deducted and the money in hand.

"Especial care should be taken in making change from bills of large denomination, such as five dollars and upward, inasmuch as most claims of 'short change' arise from these cases. Remember that when these claims are made suspicion always rests against the store and the salesman.

"Change must be handed to the customer, or should the customer's hands be engaged it must be placed on the mat in front of him. Never lay change on the showcase."

Another piece of advice which would hold good in any business is this:

"Customers in asking for brands of cigars, tobacco or other articles, particularly those bearing foreign labels, often mispronounce these names. Salesmen are cautioned against correcting these mistakes unless asked to do so, and then they should be sure they are right. Unless you know, don't pretend to know. If it is not possible immediately to get the information from an associate be sure to seek it elsewhere."

With regard to the names of customers, the manual says:

"The salesman who familiarizes himself with the names of the regular customers and greets them in a friendly but unobtrusive way will not go far wrong. Never ask a customer bluntly what his name is. Play no favorites. The salesman who drops one customer to take up another because the latter is one that he calls his own is not building a business for the store."

Hints for Salesmen

"LOOK the customer straight in the eye when you address him. Show him that he is your sole concern for the time being. Be most careful about trying to persuade a customer to take something in place of that for which he inquires. A customer asking for something not in stock should never be told in so many words that there is a substitute 'just as good.' Cut out that phrase. Earnestly recommend as possibly acceptable whatever you think will satisfy, but leave the impression always that the customer better knows what he wants than you do."

Here are some hints for salesmen:

"Know your stock as you know your way home.

"Try to remember just what your customer wants. He will appreciate the fact that his preferences are kept in mind.

"A salesman's friends should be the store's friends.

"Fight dust. It is the microbe of laziness.

"Read the trade journals at home and keep yourself posted in the details of your business. A man who succeeds in this or any other business is the man who realizes that he does not know it all, but takes advantage of every opportunity to acquire useful information.

"Step forward to meet your customer. Never make him come to you.

"Never ask a customer to follow you to another part of the store to see anything for which he has inquired or which you have suggested showing him. *Bring the article to him* and make him feel perfectly aware that this is what you are there for.

"In showing goods endeavor to make your customer take in his own hands the article you wish to sell. You will find it easier to make the sale than if you kept possession of it.

"In using individual wrappers or compartment bags do not open them by raising them to the lips; use a lead-pencil if necessary. Do not handle goods with your fingers any more than is necessary. People do not want goods they put in their mouth pawed over.

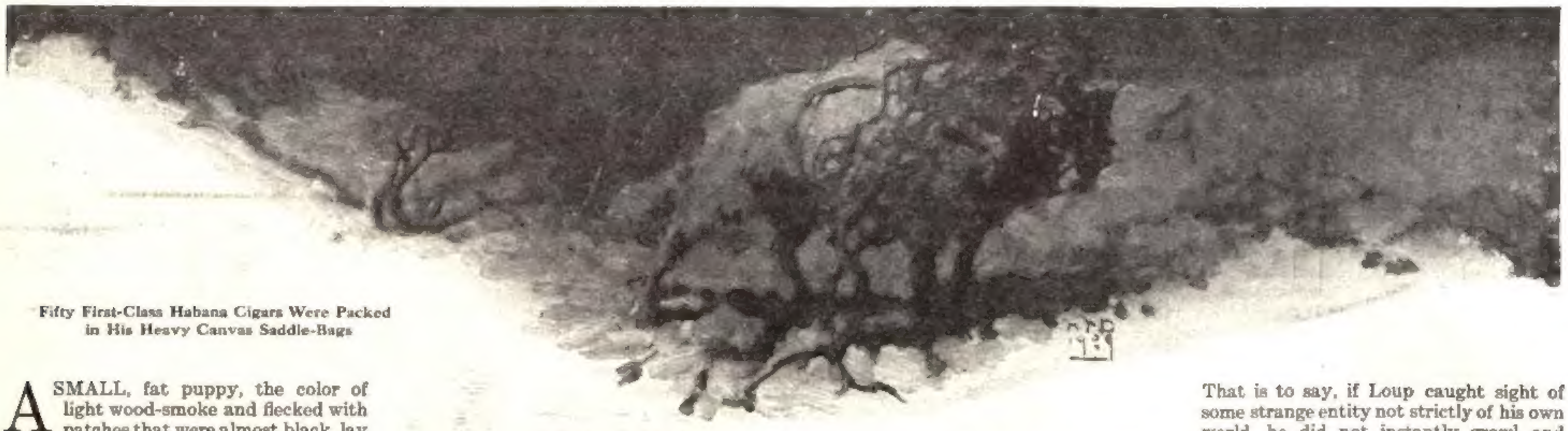
"Talk *with* your customer, not at or to him. The pleasanter you look, the pleasanter you will be. Treat him as you would like to be treated and keep thinking what he will say when he gets out of the store. Use the word 'we' in talking about the business, because you are we."

The manual is only part of the salesman's education, for Mr. Whelan leaves no loophole for ignorance. A further aid is provided in a "brand book," which is a salesman's dictionary. In the preface occurs this paragraph:

"If constantly referred to, this book will enable the men in our service to acquire a correct general knowledge of our goods and the retail business in a very short time. But its greatest value lies in this: that no man representing the company can find excuse for not knowing the facts about the goods he handles."

(Continued on Page 22)

LOUP, THE DOG SMUGGLER



Fifty First-Class Habana Cigars Were Packed in His Heavy Canvas Saddle-Bags

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

A SMALL, fat puppy, the color of light wood-smoke and flecked with patches that were almost black, lay sleeping peacefully in the hot dust under the sunny wall of a hut on the lower slopes of the French Pyrenees.

Above towered the precipitous flank of the mountain, gaunt and rough with patches of dull-green marking a cluster of olive trees about the cottage of some herder. Below, the ground fell away more evenly to the already verdant valley of the Nive. Many sheep dotted these higher slopes, but in the river valley cream-colored cattle grazed right to the brim of the freshet-swollen flood.

Up the washed-out path to the hut came two shepherds, swart and shaggy Basques. They were talking in their ill-sounding tongue and it would have taken a practiced ear to have picked out phrases of French or Spanish.

Before the hut they halted, and the younger man poked the puppy with his rawhide-sandaled foot. At the touch the pup uncoiled, stretched voluptuously, yawned, then blinked up at the shepherd, and revealed a pair of eyes, pale as the white of a hard-boiled egg and having the same tint of green.

"Hu!" exclaimed the young man, startled. "He is blind!"

His companion laughed.

"No fear! These white-eyed dogs have sight that is of the keenest. And it is said"—he dropped his voice—"that they can see things which men and other animals cannot."

The young man crossed himself, then looked down with greater interest at the puppy, which was hunting a flea with a freedom of snobbishness singular in one so richly endowed.

"He will be a big dog. See his feet! Where did you get him, Jean?"

"My sister's husband, who is a sailor, brought him from Saint-Nazaire. He is what they call a *chien-loup*. I have named him Loup."

The puppy curled up again in the dust, looked rather more the fat grub to be found in a chestnut than he did like a wolf. But when his master tweaked his tail, and he looked up with his pale, sinister eyes, the younger man "made horns" with his fingers.

"They are wonderful sheep-dogs, these," said Jean; "and they are not vicious, as one might think from the eyes. My little nephew dragged him about by the ear, but he did not snap. When such a dog is trained he cannot be bought for less than three hundred francs!"

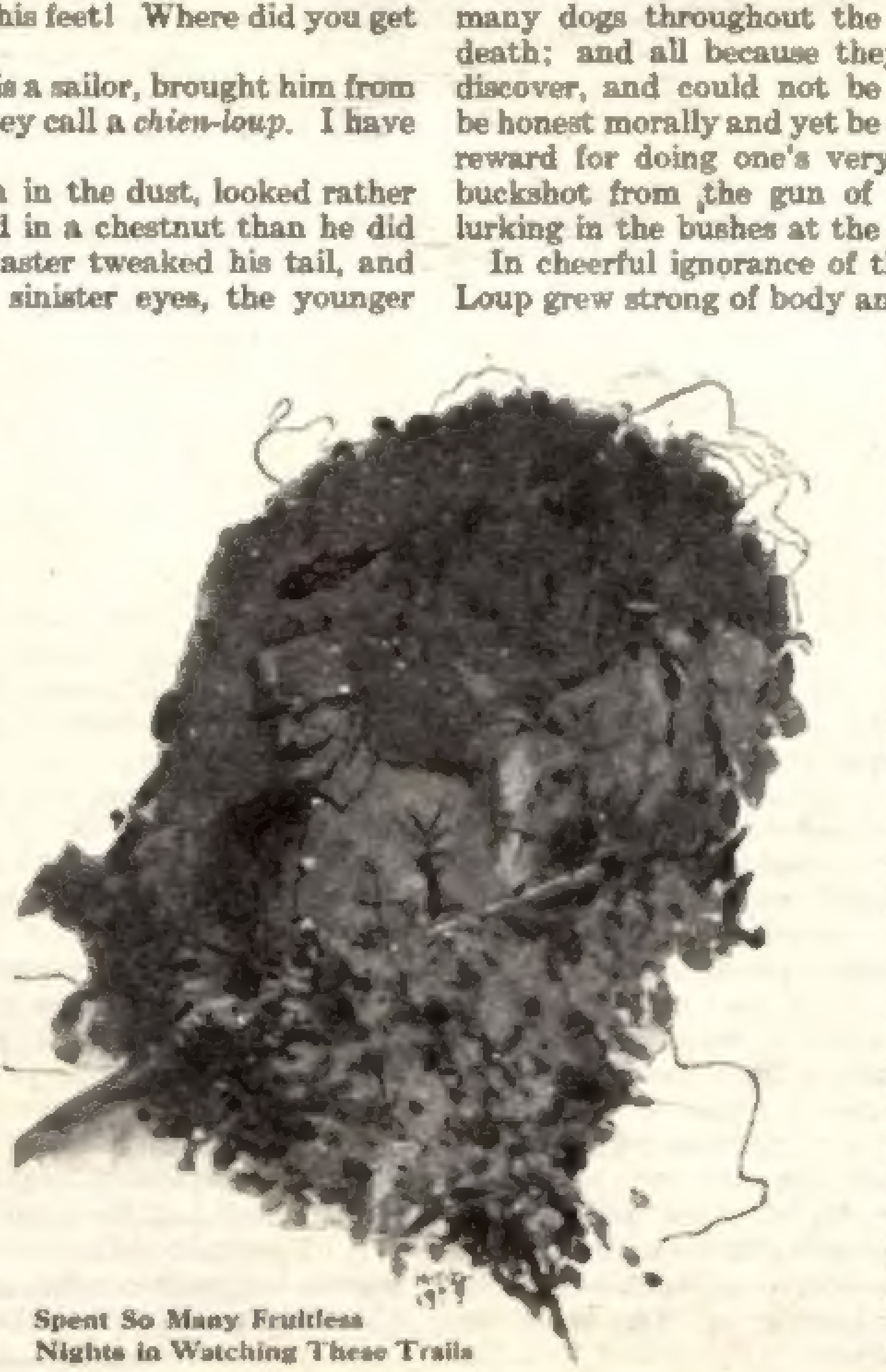
"That is a big price," said the younger man, "but I would like him better if he had dark eyes."

Poor Loup! Many men and dogs would have liked him better if he had had dark eyes. But if he lacked friendship, he missed also many of the outward expressions of enmity, for none attempted to molest him when his pale eyes were fixed unwaveringly on a point a few inches from the individual's head.

Loup thrived and grew and attained mastery of most problems of young doghood. He learned that a wasp was very pungent to the taste; that offal was indigestible; that the hind hoof of a pack-mule was an untrustworthy plaything; that deep water was not of necessity fatal, and that it was not always safe to hunt a cat because she happened to run.

Being naturally observant and having a retentive memory, these elementary lessons were quickly learned. Nobody had to teach him anything about sheep; that knowledge was his birthright, and the hints that he picked up from watching the three other dogs belonging to Jean were enough to render him a finished herder almost before his puppyhood was over. His master watched his progress in silent satisfaction, not because of his aptitude with the sheep, but at his general intelligence, his strength, speed and—color. For in a half-light Loup's peculiar disappearing gray made him practically invisible—scarcely more than a dim phantom shape drifting past rock or bush like a wisp of smoke caught in an eddy of the breeze. Jean had decidedly different plans for Loup than the policing of mutton. Buffon, the big, mongrel Pyrenees spaniel, that for faithfulness and industry would have made the lighthouse keeper of romance a shiftless fellow by comparison, was quite able to look after the flock and keep his two assistants up to their work. Loup's occupation was destined to be something highly dangerous to himself and profitable to Jean, and a service in which many dogs throughout the district had come by their death; and all because they lacked the imagination to discover, and could not be taught, that a duty might be honest morally and yet be criminal legally, and that the reward for doing one's very best might be a charge of buckshot from the gun of some keen-eyed guardsman lurking in the bushes at the side of the road.

In cheerful ignorance of the illicit work ahead of him, Loup grew strong of body and mind, developing his intelligence chiefly by observation, for he was much alone. Early in his youth he discovered that every animate thing, and some inanimate, was surrounded by individual atmospheres of movement and color, from the study of which much might be learned. What Jean had said in regard to his peculiar gift for seeing more than humans and other animals was to some extent true. This was not by virtue of any quality connected with the pale color of his eyes, for that was a peculiarity of his breed and merely due to lack of pigment in the iris. But Loup's race was pure and possessed of many higher instincts. Sight, smell, hearing, taste, touch—all ran a scale far beyond that of most dogs, and were more efficient than the senses of a wild animal in that the results of impulses thus received were not reflex but voluntary.



Spent So Many Fruitless Nights in Watching These Trails

That is to say, if Loup caught sight of some strange entity not strictly of his own world, he did not instantly growl and bristle and glare and frighten nearly out of his wits the less-gifted human who happened to be present. Again, if he observed some hostile or displeasing quality in a human, or other animal, he kept it to himself. Loup had that quality which comes of a higher evolution—namely, self-control, not merely of action, but of impulse. Even as a youngster there were certain secret cravings which he would never permit himself to indulge—among others, the temptation to think of how it would feel to bury his strong white fangs in the throat of a fleeing sheep, then give a sharp, sidelong twist.

All intelligent dogs learn to some extent to read the meaning in the changes of the aura surrounding individuals, and once while tending the sheep Loup saw a striking example of this. Loup and Buffon and a dog called Le Pluvier (plover), from a peculiar piping sound he was wont to make when sad, were gathering in the sheep on a rocky hillside. Le Pluvier, a swift, lithe animal and extremely active, leaped over a flat boulder and landed on top of a ewe, asleep on the other side. The sheep scrambled up with a terrified bleat, her foolish body wrapped in a mist of the stuff which every carnivorous animal recognizes as mortal fear, and which aroused all his latent ferocity. Taken by surprise the blood-lust rushed through Pluvier in a sudden, scarlet wave. Loup saw it swirling about him, and so did Buffon, but Jean saw nothing but a frightened sheep and a startled dog, and merely laughed. Pluvier recovered himself instantly. He did not snap, did not even yelp, but he looked fearfully at Jean and dropped his tail and ears. Jean laughed even harder, and Loup glanced at his master in surprise and some disgust. But old Buffon marched straight over to Pluvier and proceeded to thrash him, much to the shepherd's surprise, although all three dogs knew what it was for. If Buffon had not thrashed him it is possible that the next time Pluvier might have snapped—and the next time killed.

Dogs soon ceased to puzzle Loup, but the more he studied men the more mystified he became. At first, like all loyal dogs, he accepted the aura of his master together with his scent as the standard of human perfection, and judged other men from that. Many dogs never get beyond this bigotry, but Loup had imagination, and he had seen his master do and feel things that no self-respecting man or dog should do or feel. On the other hand, Jean was kind in his rough way and far more intelligent than most of his caste. But the qualities which bound firmly to him the allegiance of his dogs were those of firmness, justice and patience. Jean never let the slightest hint of insubordination go unpunished, nor did he ever lose his temper when training the dogs.

Now, Jean had destined Loup to become a tobacco smuggler, and as the dog had shown so many evidences of a more than merely canine intelligence, the shepherd had decided that it might be possible to make him understand the peculiar dangers of his duties and how to avert them. Usually, the smuggler-dog had been merely taken across the frontier, the packets containing the tobacco secured to him, when he was sent home. As the journey was made at night the dog often got through a good many times before being ambushed and shot. But sooner or later the *gabelou*—revenue officer—discovered the dog's route, and as this was usually the same when coming from the same general locality, and as there was no apparent way to teach the dog that the work which he was so honestly doing was nefarious, a gunshot would echo through the hills, and the majesty of the law be vindicated.

Sometimes, also, the dog was poisoned, and attempts made to punish the animal's owner, until finally this method of smuggling became pretty generally abandoned. But to Jean it had occurred that if a dog could be taught that the *gabelou* was his enemy and to employ his animal cunning against the wit of the man, much might be profited by his master. So with this object in view he set about Loup's peculiar education.

The first step was to inspire Loup with a dislike and distrust of *gabelous* in general, and of the men of the guard at the frontier station on the highroad, about five kilometers above his hut, in particular. This was the corps which Loup would have to outwit, and which, failing to do so, would deal him his death, while Jean might lose his liberty

Just how to inspire Loup with animosity for the *gabelous* puzzled Jean considerably. The dog was dignified, but invariably courteous and friendly until there was some reason to be otherwise. The revenue men were accustomed to going to town by a short cut which passed not far from Jean's hut, and for some days the shepherd tried to arouse Loup's hostility by uttering the low, warning hiss whenever one of the men passed. At first Loup would prick up his ears and bristle a little, having learned to associate the sound with trouble; and had he been a stupid dog he might have been persuaded in the end that the guardsmen were enemies. But Loup was too finely sensed for such coercion, and, his own inspection satisfying him that there was no harm in these passers-by, he merely decided that Jean was mistaken, as he had often known him to be before.

The shepherd had wit enough to appreciate the discrimination shown by the dog, so he hit upon an ingenious stratagem for making the *gabelous* themselves teach Loup to hate them. With this object he called Loup one day, and climbed the steep path which struck the highroad not far from the post. Several of the men were lounging about; with these Jean paused to pass the time of day.

"That is a handsome dog," observed the chief, looking a bit quizzically at Loup, who was standing quietly at his master's heels.

"Yes, commandant," Jean answered "He is handsome, but he is very treacherous"

"One could tell that from his eyes" said one of the men.

"There is something odd about the animal," observed Jean. "He is possessed of second sight." And he proceeded to tell tales of Loup's diabolic gifts that sent shivers down the backs of the superstitious group. "There have been times," he concluded, "when I have felt tempted to put a bullet through his head!"

"That is what I would do!" growled the chief. He looked narrowly at Loup, and the sensitive animal, feeling the hostility and suspicion, began to grow restless.

"The trouble is," said Jean, "that if a man shoots an animal which may be possessed of some devil, he is apt himself to become the abode of the evil spirit when it leaves the dead body of the brute."

Two of the men crossed themselves. Loup had dropped down on his belly, and with his jaw resting diagonally across his foreleg was watching with his pale eyes the peculiar changes in the aura of the chief. It was quite evident to the dog that, for some inexplicable reason, these people who at first had been indifferent to him were rapidly developing an almost murderous hostility. The chief looked at the dog and noted the intent expression of the colorless eyes, peculiarly sinister when turned upward from the dropped head.

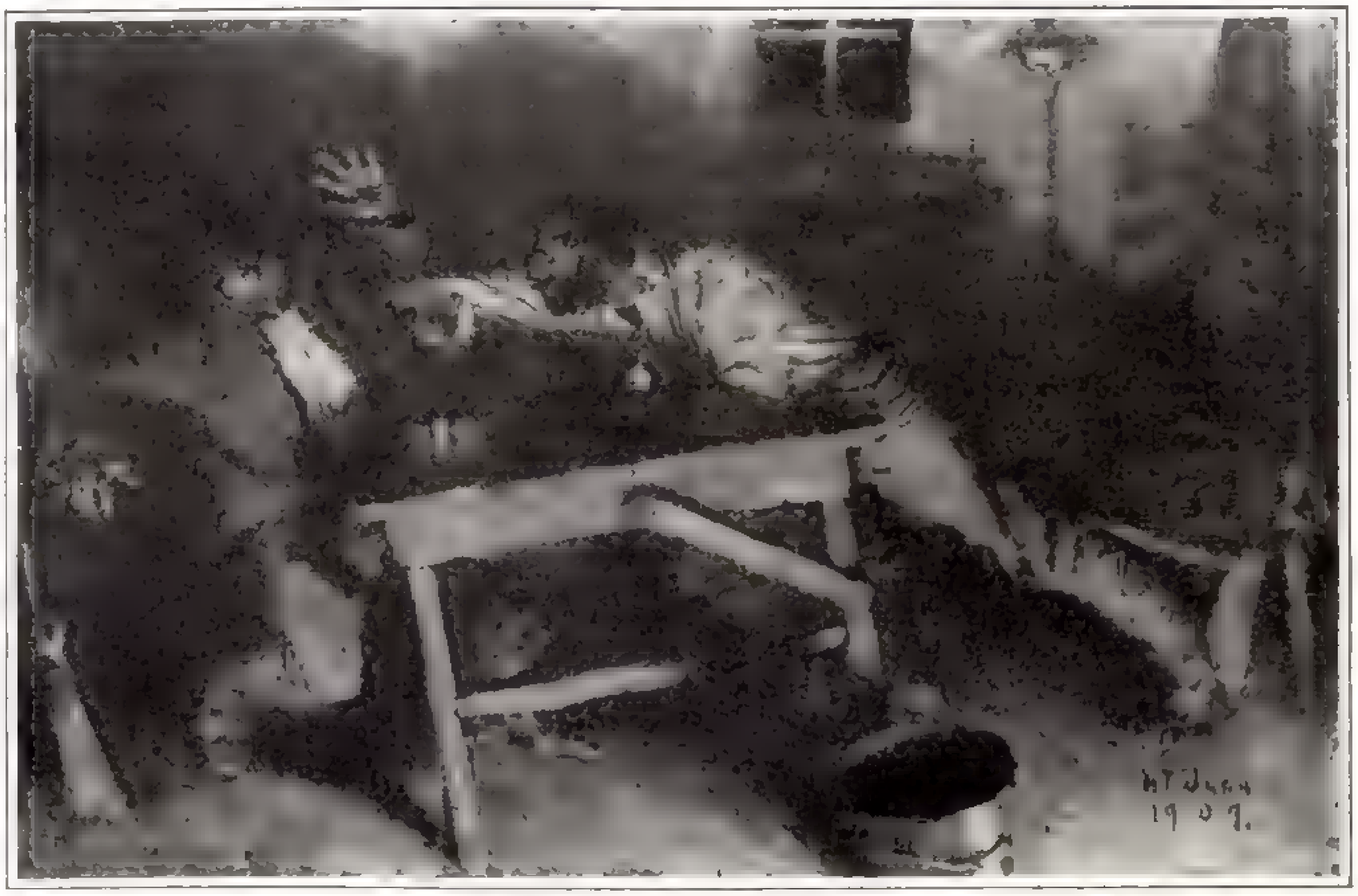
"What is the brute looking at?" demanded the chief of Jean. "One might think that he had the evil eye!"

"So it is said that he has!" answered Jean calmly.

"Hu!" cried the chief. "Has he, indeed! Then why the devil do you bring him here? Is it that you want to give us all bad luck?"

"Myself," said Jean with a disagreeable air of superiority, "I do not believe in these superstitions"

Nobody answered immediately. Then a man who was standing directly behind Loup observed



Just Beneath the Shoulder-Blade

"Then you must think that you know more than the priest! In my opinion, your dirty beast is not a dog at all, but a *loup-garou*'"

Nothing more opportune could have occurred. At the sound of his name, which the *gabelous* did not happen to know, Loup slowly turned his sinister head and fixed his white eyes directly on those of the man, then shifted his gaze to a point about six inches from the speaker's head.

A ripple passed through the onlookers. Every man crossed himself, and the one who had spoken changed countenance. Loup was staring intently, watching the peculiar wave of fear and anger which, despite himself, found reflection in his own sensibilities. The long hackles of his ruff raised slightly, and his lupine face set in rigid planes.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" cried the man. "But the devil understands!"

There was a quick, uneasy stir among the *gabelous*. All eyes were fastened on the dog, and at the swift projection of fierce, hostile impulse, Loup rose straight up, all four legs stiffening together, and stood rigid and alert.

The chief turned his angry, lowering eyes to Jean.

"Your dog has a devil in him," he said harshly "No good Christian has any right to harbor such a brute."

Jean nodded sulkily.

"The commandant is right," he answered. "I have often thought so myself. But how am I to get rid of him?" He threw out his hands, palms upward. "Three times I have sent him away, and each time he has returned. He would return from Paris itself. I dare not kill him—but if one of you ——" He glanced around at the men.

Then occurred one of those queer events which are called coincidences. For hardly had the shepherd spoken when there came the blare of a motor-horn and a big touring car trundled around a bend of the road and drew up before the station. While the customs men were making their examination and receipting for the return of the car into France, a tall, fine-looking man, who with a lady was sitting in the tonneau, happened to catch sight of Loup standing beside Jean at the side of the road.

"*Sapristi!*" cried the gentleman, "but that is a splendid dog. A *chien-berger, ma chère*, and one of our own Chartres breed!"

He threw open the door and stepped down to examine Loup more closely.

"Where did you get him, my good fellow?" he asked of Jean.

The shepherd, flattered at the attention, pulled his cap and told of how Loup had come to him.

"I would like to buy him," said the gentleman. "I breed these dogs at my château, and this one of yours is very fine. What shall I pay you for him?"

Jean saluted again, but shook his head

"I cannot sell him, monseigneur," said he "The beast is only a handsome dog to you, but to me he is one of my family and very valuable for tending the sheep."

The gentleman smiled.

"I well believe you," said he. "I have had many of his breed, but never one so handsome. I can understand that you are a man of heart, and that you feel an affection for the animal. But you are also a poor man, and perhaps—for a certain price"

Again Jean shook his head. The *gabelous* were crowding close to listen.

"It is true, monseigneur, that I am a poor man," he answered. "But I am nevertheless honest. This dog would not remain with you. At the first opportunity he would come home."

The gentleman nodded and looked thoughtfully at Loup.

"I am willing to take the chance," said he. "My château is a long way from here—near Chartres, which, as you know, is not far from Paris. If I were to take the dog in my car he would not remember the route. Besides, my park is surrounded by a wall. I would like to buy this dog, and as we have no time to spare"—he turned and glanced at his chauffeur, who was putting away the papers—"I will make you an offer of a thousand francs for him."

Jean gasped. So did the *gabelous*. A thousand francs! One could buy a farm, a flock of sheep, an annuity, for that! The gentleman was getting back into his car with as much indifference as though he had not that minute waved a fortune before the eyes of a dazed and startled Basque shepherd. But some instinct told Jean, in spite of his shock, that a man who treated fortunes so lightly might bid yet higher under opposition. He was about to haggle, when the gentleman, who knew what a thousand francs meant to a Basque shepherd just as well as did Jean, asked indifferently:

"Is he kind?"

Before Jean could answer, Loup, quick to feel the change in the sentiments surrounding him, answered for himself. For no fault of his the *gabelous* had begun to hate him. In the midst of his perplexity had come a human of a parallel plane to Loup, as a dog. One gentleman understood the other, so Loup walked with great dignity to the human of his caste, and raising his fine head, looked at him with friendliness and waited for the caress which was due him as a brother. It came, of course, and the Frenchman was delighted.

"Look, *ma chère*!" he called to his wife. "He knows his friends!"

Madame, like all of her race, was a true lover of dogs.

"You will buy him, *mon ami?*" she asked, and her husband looked around inquiringly at Jean.

"I am a poor man, monseigneur," said the shepherd. "I cannot refuse. But"—he glanced at the *gabelous*—"what if he were to return?"

"If he returns to you," said the gentleman, "you may keep him. The loss will be mine. But there is no danger of that. The distance is too great. It is six hundred kilometers as the crow flies!"

So the money was paid over on the spot, the *gabelous* being witnesses to the transaction, and Loup was taken into the tonneau, and kissed my lady in his polite, French way, and the big car rolled down the mountainside, leaving a very much excited Basque shepherd surrounded by a cluster of envious customs officials.

* * *

Loup *en route* conducted himself like the gentleman that he was. At first the noise and motion of the car frightened and excited him. But his instinctive politeness and a high regard for his new friends prevented any demonstration.

Before long his interest was aroused, and he began to take the pleasure so oddly shown by dogs in motoring. His new master was proceeding straight home, and during the nights spent *en route* Loup occupied a room with the chauffeur, for whom he had come to entertain high regard, as for a craftsman who understood his trade

When the party arrived at the château Loup was proudly occupying the chauffeur's seat, quite at home, his head up, his splendid ruff blown by the breeze, and with the general air of one who owned the car. Many dogs welcomed them as they rolled up the stately avenue of chestnuts. For Loup this welcome was less cordial than one might have wished, coming as he was from a far country back to the land of his race. One poodle he found it necessary to fling yowling into the dust, but he did not strike to maim, and the wails of the pampered brute, together with some quality in Loup's erect, finely-muscled figure, prevented any further demonstration of hostility. In two weeks' time one would have thought him as happy as dog could wish—kindly treated, frequently caressed, with the run of the house and stables and big surrounding park of some twenty hectares.

But as time wore on Loup became more and more conscious of some unfilled want. Perhaps he missed the sheep. Perhaps it was the sunny cottage door where as a puppy he had rolled in the hot dust. More probably it was the steep mountainside, with its wild thickets above and sweeping slopes below, with the river, a silver band in the lush valley. No doubt the limited confines of the park were too narrow for his wild though highly-cultivated nature. At any rate, Loup began to pine for greater space. His imagination was against him for mere comfortable contentment, and so was his powerful memory; for as the weeks passed he found himself thinking more and more of the home of his youth. The other dogs on the estate bored him. Several times he had been almost guilty of brusqueness to his mate, the trim, smoky-colored, aristocratic Rita. Old Buffon, thought Loup, had more real worth in one strong paw than had all this pack of yapping idlers with their silken coats and selfish natures. Loup dreamed of the good old days when he had helped tend the sheep. For Jean he had never felt a real affection, but he missed the human authority and, perhaps, the occasional blows. On the contrary, he was much devoted to his new master, the Count, and that alone was all that kept him from meditating on escape.

Then, in the late autumn, the Count went off to hunt in Russia, and Loup became very bored and discontented. One day, as he was dozing in the sun on a pile of dead leaves, there came suddenly to his nostrils the scent of a peculiar sort of wood-smoke—the kind that he used to smell in the Pyrenees; and suddenly Loup was up and quivering and filled with a swift resolve.

Without a farewell to anybody he loped across the park to a place where he knew the encompassing wall to be slightly crumbled. Aided by a foothold in the eroded cement Loup made the ten-foot spring with one of those magnificent leaps for which his breed is famous, then descended lightly on the other side. It was early morning, and he turned his face unerringly southward, crossing the open *chasse* and snapping up a young rabbit by the way for his breakfast.

Nearly four hundred miles south lay his goal, but Loup gave never a thought to distance nor direction. He was merely going home, wherever that might be, and meant to travel until he got there. He did not hasten, but merely loped along, southward, guided by the locality-sense—the instinct which brings a seal or a turtle or a wolf back over hundreds of intervening miles to a native haunt. A country abounding in carefully-preserved game furnished him abundant forage, and he slept when the sun was high, usually in some cozy hedge corner. Instinct told him that, as a masterless dog, it was better to avoid towns and villages, but there was nothing stealthy in his journeying. Once he even stopped to assist a shepherd who was having some difficulty with his flock; another time he surprised and killed a fox which was stalking a cock pheasant. All food but that which he killed himself Loup carefully avoided, nor did he ever demean himself by plundering small domestic animals, poultry or tame rabbits.

Loup did not permit himself to become bedraggled or dirty; he was a gentleman on a tour, and kept himself as such; and when at last he looked down into the valley of the Nive and across at the old, familiar hills beyond, he was splendidly fit—a little lean, but hard and sound of foot and limb, and very glad to be home again. He swam the river, and half-way up the opposite slope paused for a moment to greet Buffon, who seemed mildly pleased to see him. Then he went on to the cabin, where he found Jean cutting wood. As he sighted the dog the shepherd dropped his axe and stepped back with starting eyes.

"*Madre de Dios!*" he gasped; "it is Loup!"

Loup trotted up and gave the man's rough hand a friendly lick. He was glad to see Jean, but not demonstrative over it. The place, not the man, was what had claimed him. Old Buffon was mad about Jean, and would cheerfully have laid down his life for him, but for Loup there was too much mud in the shepherd's composition to inspire such devotion. Far more he loved the Count, an aristocrat like himself, but the Count had neglected him.

If Loup was not demonstrative, then Jean was. It struck the Basque as being uncommonly decent of the dog, after having been sold for a large sum, to quit a fine home and travel over some six hundred kilometers of strange country to smuggle tobacco for his old master. Also, he reflected, he might sell Loup again. Indeed, with Loup's marvelous homing instinct, Jean might go into the business of selling him!

So he threw his arms around the dog's neck and kissed and caressed him until Loup was rather bored. Then Jean became infused with a desire to brag about the performance, and remembering that the *gabelous* had been witnesses to the Count's statement that if the dog returned Jean might keep him, the shepherd called to Loup and started up the mountain.

As they neared the station Loup, who was trotting on ahead, suddenly remembered the disagreeable reception which he had previously received there. He stopped in his tracks; then, with his hackles slightly raised, turned to look at Jean. The shepherd guessed at what was the matter and chuckled, but he grew thoughtful.

As they approached the station Jean began to make his low, sibilant sound of warning, and the dog responded by a slight rumbling, deep in his throat. He expected enmity, but, as they reached the station and the guard recognized the dog, Loup's keen senses were fairly startled by the

(Continued on Page 29)

A MINISTER'S MAIL

Telling the Pastor What You Think of Him

By CHARLES F. AKED, D.D.

MINISTER AT THE FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY)

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

A CLERGYMAN'S letter-bag is a fearful and a wonderful thing. None but the initiated could believe that it contained such elements of comedy and tragedy. If variety is the spice of life, surely the existence of the busy pastor is the most richly-flavored in the world! For he passes every morning, as he tears open the envelopes that lie on his study table, from one extreme to the other of love and hate freely offered to him; from admiration to disgust, and from grateful recognition of quiet heroism to pity for lives which are such stuff as dreams are made of.

The insight into human nature afforded by the formal pastoral call is little compared to that supplied by his morning mail. Persons spruce themselves up in body and mind when the clergyman calls upon them. Metaphorically, they put on their best bib and tucker to receive him, and dress for the part they have to play. When they get a pen between their fingers they let themselves go. And the clergyman knows about it! Everybody comes to him sooner or later. Every crank in the world finds him. All the spring poets, all the aspirants of literature to whom the publishers are cruel, all the inventors of pocket gospels warranted to redeem mankind between sunrise and evening, all the adventurers, swindlers, humbugs of the land, all the down-at-heel and down-at-elbow impostors come to him with a laudable desire to show themselves the friend who sticketh closer than a brother. And in addition, there are the people who have a genuine claim upon his sympathy and those whom he lives to help and loves to help. A strange crowd they are in truth, and a dip into the minister's morning mail brings queer things to life.

These paragraphs must needs be personal. They cannot be written except in the first person singular. The writer must take up letters addressed to him, one by one, and let their interest excuse his egotism.

There are, first, the letters which may be called "business letters," and which belong to the routine of the minister's calling. Each one is simple in itself. The great majority of them are entirely proper. Only now and then is there one at all out of the ordinary. And yet the accumulation of them constitutes a burden and an infliction of which nobody but the victim can form the remotest conception. There are, let us say, the invitations to preach on Sundays and in the week; to preach in churches which have no minister and in churches where the minister is sick or on holiday; to preach special sermons, anniversary sermons, sermons on the occasion of the opening of new churches, on the installation of a pastor, and the like. There are the invitations to week-night gatherings of every description, Sunday-school functions, men's clubs, annual banquets, meetings of learned societies, and many more.

My own experience cannot be different from that of other men. And it is simple truth to say that for the last twenty years there has not been a year in which I have not been asked to preach away from home on many more than the fifty-two Sundays of the year, or to speak in the week on many more than its three hundred and thirteen days. So that the kindly soul who accepted the invitations offered him would never once preach to the church which paid his salary! Very few of the people sending these invitations dream of inclosing a stamped and directed envelope. And a fair estimate would place the cost in time occupied in writing refusals at two hours a day, every day of the week except Sunday. The cost in stationery and in postage I have never dared to reckon.

Also in the way of routine may be said to be the letters from persons in distress. The writing of this article, for instance, at this point has been interrupted by such an application—this time perfectly genuine, and one which has taxed both time and pocket. Poverty is the commonest form of distress brought before the clergyman, but there is no known or conceivable form of human suffering which does not come to him. Yet about these things he must say little. Only those which have ended in death can be referred to, for the sorrows are sacred, and so are the confidences made to him.

Here is a father whose daughter is a professor in a foreign university. He believes that she is doing magnificently. She is sending money home regularly to help support the old folks. He buys his evening newspaper to read under great scare-heads that she has been found in a bedroom in a hotel, shot dead; a dead man, also shot, by her side. And her lover at home, the man to whom she was engaged, is expecting to marry her within the next few weeks. And here is a girl who is expecting her sweetheart home from his last trip. He is a deck steward on one of the big boats, and on a calm summer evening he is shaking a rug at the side of the ship when the boat gives a roll and he goes over. She, too, reads the dreadful story in the evening newspaper. And here is distress of another kind, and the confession of a sordid and loathsome sin:

I had preached on the tragedies of Pilate's life and told the often-told story of his past sins which rose up against him and paralyzed his nerve, forbidding him to do the just thing he knew was just, and emphasizing, of course, its warning that men, and especially young men, should not do that in hot blood which might rise up against them in after years. And so there comes from an unknown man in the congregation a confession of unutterable vileness, with a demand for my opinion as to whether this secret sin will awaken to condemn him in the years to come.

And here is distress of still another character: A woman, the shadow of whose life is lengthening toward night, possessed of a little, but only very little, property, has become surety for her son who is in business. And the son has fallen into drink and dissipation and finally fled from the city with a woman, leaving wife and children destitute and the creditors claiming from the widowed mother payment on her bond. But these stories are endless, and sometimes the minister is brought to tears and to despair by the very sense of his own futility. How he would help if he could!

Routine also may be said to be the letters of appreciation and thanks. Yet what a different atmosphere is here! One hardly likes to dwell upon these tributes from the generous hearts of men and women lest one should exaggerate the value of the little service he can render. One knows, of course, how affection will make the small thing appear great in the eyes of the one who loves; and the minister's prayer or his sermon, his word of sympathy, is, after all, so little, so infinitesimally small compared with the work he longs to do and the help he would like to give. He is almost ashamed of these expressions of exaggerated thanks. Yet they come, and wonderful is the outpouring of the heart sometimes. It need not be said that this again is a tax, yet who would wish to avoid the payment of it?

I ca[illegible] that I [illegible] and twenty years of preaching [illegible] the receipt of such a letter. But [illegible] to reckon up the time that has been consumed in acknowledging some thousands of letters of this kind [illegible] staggered at the grand total. The writers offer their [illegible] the preacher. They little know what thanks are [illegible]. They [illegible] refreshes and encourages and inspires him. There are men and women in his congregation who support the church by their money, and he is grateful to them. There are men and women who support the church by their work, and he is grateful to them. And there are some who can do nothing but love, and their gift is exquisitely sweet.

Sometimes the love they offer is of a character not greatly to be desired. Most people have heard of the lady who wrote to a famous preacher offering "her hand and her heart and her fortune." And his reply has not been forgotten. He advised her to give her heart to the Lord, her fortune to the poor, and her hand to the first decent man that asked for it. Not so long ago I was discussing the supreme confidence of the American woman in herself. I said—and it was repeated in harmless print—that I was yet looking for a female person between the age of seven and seventy who did not believe herself to be of the very first consequence to the welfare of this continent.

Making Love to the Minister

THE words, "I am yet looking," were my undoing. There was more than one application for the post which was supposed to be vacant. A widow, describing herself as "forty years of age, five feet five inches, weight one hundred and fifty pounds, with dark-brown hair and dark-gray eyes," and declaring that all she needed to make her a beautiful woman was "a dear, good, kind, loving husband," offered herself without reserve. And the widow was not alone. The blushing young maid was not to be left behind, and the account of her personal charms was yet more striking. One cranky woman has written me two letters a week for the last fifteen years, and has never had a line from me in reply. At one time she gave the letters to deacons of my church, begging that they might be conveyed to me privately. She is older than I am, but she has told me that, since I will not take her before, she will wait until I am a widower. Such fidelity is not only worthy of a better cause, but of a nobler object!

One woman made love by telegraph, for she somehow discovered or divined that, while letters may be read by a secretary or thrown away, telegrams are generally opened and read. And one fair correspondent wrote me such letters, reminding me of meetings which had never taken place and of incidents which had never happened, that I brought the whole bundle to a deacons' meeting, read some of them, and allowed two of the church officers to place the matter in the hands of the police. But these things are all in the day's work.

Occasionally comes a letter confessing ignorance and asking guidance. I almost feel that I ought to have this letter photographed, for possessed as we are by a belief in the universality of a sense of humor in this country, it will be difficult to believe that this is genuine. I spoke the other Sunday morning to my people and said: "You are the children of privilege. You come from wealthy homes. Most of you made a wise selection of your parents." And on the Monday following I received this letter:

> In your sermon this morning, to which I listened, you spoke of children choosing their parents—and of most of your congregation as having chosen well. If I understood correctly, and you were speaking seriously, in what possible way do children select their parents? A suggestion or sentence of light will be a favor for which I shall be grateful.

Scotch papers please copy!

Ruskin has a sentence in Sesame and Lilies about the converted dunces who would teach wise men. He says something about persons who have lived in a state of cretinous stupefaction all their lives suddenly waking to the fact that there is a God, and thinking themselves divinely-appointed prophets to reveal His will to those who have loved and served Him all their lives. They all come to the preacher. With a daring hyperbole the author of the Fourth Gospel says that if all that our Lord did were written down the world itself would not contain the books. The wonder is that the world can contain all the pocket gospels which these "converted dunces" have written for the enlightenment of the race! They invent the funniest little expedients for relieving human distress and the most grotesque solution of the deepest problems of life. Sometimes they get hold of a thing that is new, but not true. And at odd times they get hold of a thing that is true, but as old as the eternal hills. Then they rig it up with a jargon that is an offense to any intelligent person, and they launch it upon the untroubled seas of current thinking with more splash than would be made by a hundred Dreadnoughts rolled into one.

Gulliver found the philosophers of Lilliput busy in extracting sunshine from cucumbers and in such like proceedings. These were sane and serious endeavors compared to the proposals made by the preachers of pocket gospels. The strangest thing about it all is that they invariably believe that when they have suggested a course which no human being is ever likely to adopt they have solved every problem beneath the sun. And when they evolve out of their inner consciousness a statement more elementary and more obvious than that two and two make four they assume airs to which the accumulated wisdom and spirituality of Isaiah and Paul, of Plato and Bacon would not entitle them.

As a matter of human interest these letters ought to be studied more carefully than they ever have been. We have not, of course, time to waste upon them. As it is, a clergyman's church work is the smallest part of his work. His time is largely taken up by these extraneous things. And it is clear that he cannot dissipate his time yet further by the indulgence of an intellectual curiosity to which such vagaries invite him. But what is the twist in the brain of these persons of limited intelligence and narrow outlook and poor attainments and shockingly-neglected education which makes them suppose that their feeble bleatings are the trumpet-tongued revelations of High Heaven? They are not a new phenomenon on the face of the earth. Pope in his day scoffed at the pompous imbecile who would

Teach eternal wisdom how to rule,
Then drop into yourself and be a fool.

The trouble is that they all find their way to the preacher, for, in despair of getting the world to accept them at their own valuation, they graciously condescend to offer their wisdom to him. There are some letters, it has already been said, which under no circumstances would a minister neglect to acknowledge. But I, for one, am happy in the thought that of more than a thousand pocket gospels offered to me by these persons just emerging from their state of "cretinous stupefaction" I have yet to make a reply to the first. Yet the cretins go on writing!

The Writers of Abusive Letters

THE abusive letters are by far the most interesting. There is a degree of originality about them sometimes and of vigor very often which is most refreshing. These, like the pocket gospels, constitute no tax upon the minister's time. Sometimes he reads them and enjoys them to the full. He never dreams of answering them. Just now and then they inflict upon him a passing stab of pain, but generally he gets more fun out of them than out of anything else in his life. The pain arises from the fact that some of them are written by those whom Burns taught his generation to call the "unco guid." It may not be thought quite wise to say it, but it is true that the venomous malignity of the ultra-orthodox is now, as it was in the days of persecution, absolutely fiendish. That these people are sincere need not be called in question. Torquemada was sincere. And so was Saint Dominic. And doubtless the Duke of Alva was. Two of the disciples of our Lord were ready to call down fire from Heaven upon the ignorant people of a Samaritan village who had shown them rudeness. And there are always people ready to call down fire from Heaven when they cannot lay their hands upon a match-box!

The cruelty, the merciless and rancorous malevolence of some of these letters written by the fervently pious pass all bounds of decency. The very grounds of sanity are departed from in their hateful contention for the love of God. An evangelistic mission, as a set-off to the undoubted good it does, is usually followed by a crop of dreadfully-pious letters breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the preacher of a "modern gospel," and consigning everybody to hell who does not preach it morning, noon and night. The clergyman who entertains the simple belief that there is something besides hate in the religion of Him whom Jesus taught us to call Father is always exposed to these assaults. Even as I write comes a letter warning me of the fate of Dathan, Korah and Abiram, poor men! The earth opened and swallowed

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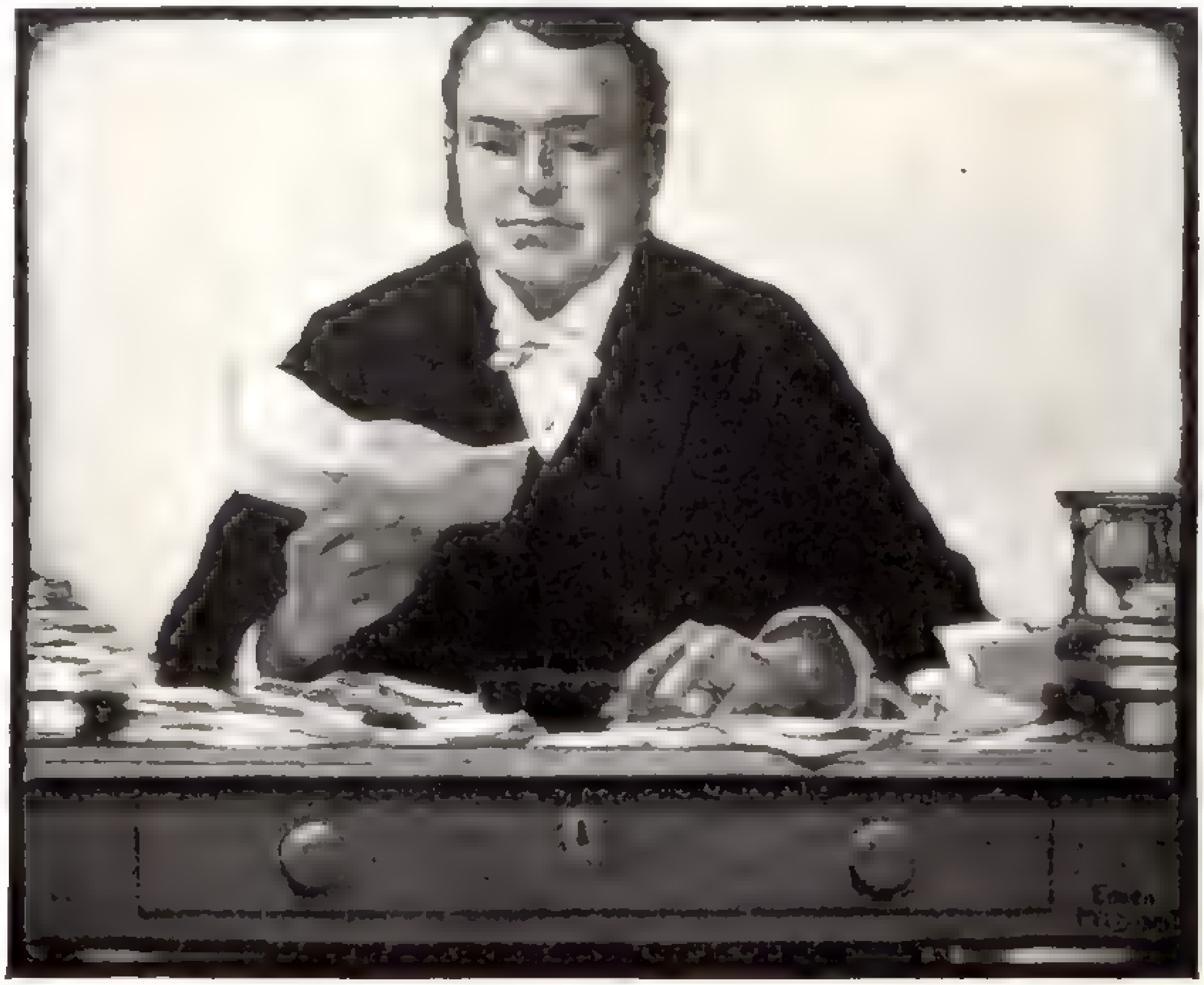
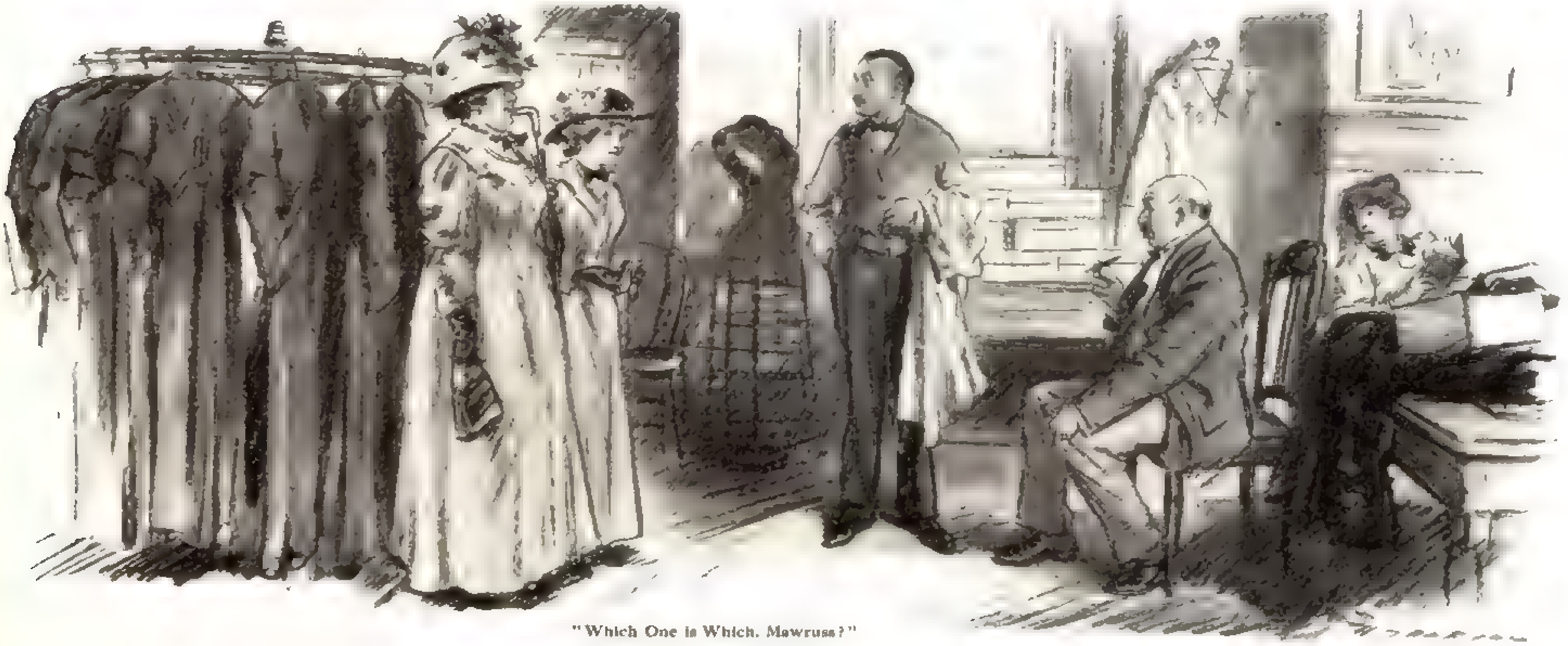


Nothing Succeeds Like Failure


"Which One is Which, Mawruss?"

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

NEVER no more, Mawruss," said Abe Potash to his partner, Morris Perlmutter, as they sat in the sample-room of their spacious cloak and suit establishment. "Never no more, Mawruss, because it ain't good policy. This is strictly a wholesale business, and if once we sell a friend *one* garment that friend brings a friend, and that friend brings also a friend, and the first thing you know, Mawruss, we are doing a big retail business at a net loss of fifty cents a garment."

"But this ain't a friend, Abe," Morris protested. "It's my wife's servant-girl. She seen one of them samples, style forty-twenty-two, them plum-color Empires what I took it home to show M. Garfunkel on my way down yesterday, and now she's crazy to have one. If she don't get one my Minnie is afraid she'll leave."

"All right," Abe said, "let her leave. If my Rosie can cook herself and wash herself, Mawruss, I guess it won't hurt your Minnie. Let her try doing her own work for a while, Mawruss. I guess it'll do her good."

"But, anyhow, Abe, I told the girl to come down this morning and I'd give her one for two dollars, and I guess she'll be here most any time now."

"Well, Mawruss," said Abe, "this once is all right, but never no more. We ain't doing a cloak and suit business for the servant-girl trade."

Further discussion was prevented by the entrance of the retail customer herself. Morris jumped quickly to his feet and conducted her to the rear of the store, while Abe silently sought refuge in the cutting-room upstairs.

"What size do you think you wear, Lina?" Morris asked.

"Big," Lina replied.

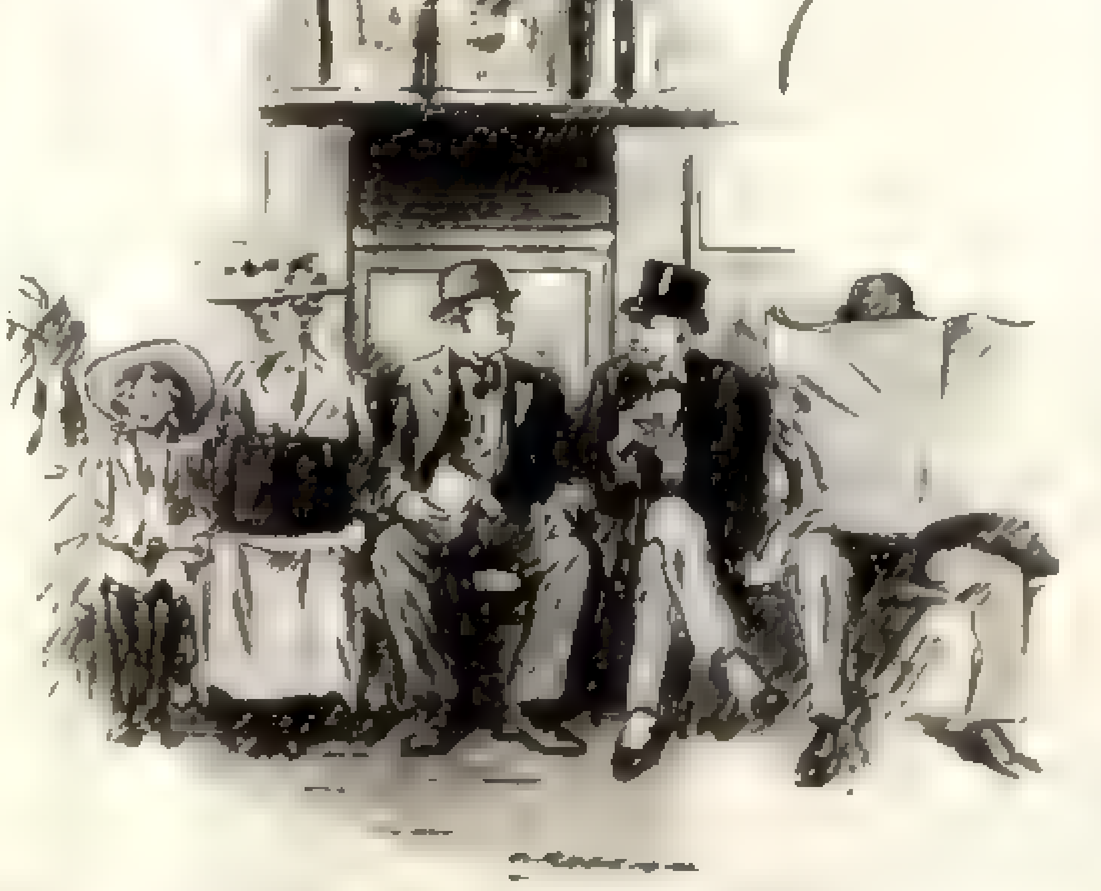
"Fat."

"Yes, I know," Morris said, "but what size?"

"Very fat," Lina replied. She was a Lithuanian and her generous figure had never known the refining influence of a corset until she had landed at Ellis Island two years before.

"That's the biggest I got, Lina," Morris said, producing the largest-size garment in stock. "Maybe if you try it on over your dress you'll get some idea of whether it's big enough."

Lina struggled feet first into the gown, which buttoned down the back, and for five minutes Morris labored with clenched teeth to fasten it for her.


"We Shipped Him Three Thousand Dollars"

"That's a fine fit," he said, as he concluded his task. He led her toward the mirror in the front of the showroom just as M. Garfunkel entered the store door.

"Hallo, Mawruss," he cried. "What's this? A new cloak model you got?"

Morris blushed, while Lina and M. Garfunkel both made a critical examination of the garment's eccentric fit.

"Why, that's one of them forty-twenty-two's what I ordered a lot of this morning, Mawruss. Ain't it?"

Morris gazed ruefully at the rose-color gown and nodded.

"Then don't ship that order till you hear from me," M. Garfunkel said. "I guess I got to hustle right along."

"Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Garfunkel," Morris cried. "You ain't come in the store just to tell me that, have you?"

"Yes, I have," said Garfunkel, his eye still glued to Lina's bulging figure. "That's all what I come for. I'll write you this afternoon."

He slammed the door behind him and Morris turned to the unbuttoning of the half-smothered Lina.

"That'll be two dollars for *you*, Lina," he said, "and I guess it'll be about four hundred for us."

II

AT SEVEN the next morning, when Abe came down the street from the subway, a bareheaded girl sat on the short flight of steps leading to Potash & Perlmutter's store door. As Abe approached, the girl rose and nodded, whereat Abe scowled.

"If a job you want it," he said, "you should go round to the back door and wait till the foreman comes."

"Me no want job," she said. "Me *coosin*."

"Cousin!" Abe cried. "Whose cousin?"

"Lina's coosin," said the girl. She held out her hand and, opening it, disclosed a two-dollar bill all damp and wrinkled. "Me want dress like Lina."

"What!" Abe cried. "So soon already!"

"Lina got nice red dress. She show it me last night," the girl said. "Me get one, too."

She smiled affably, and for the first time Abe noticed the smooth, fair hair, the oval face and the slender, girlish figure that seemed made for an Empire gown. Then, of course, there was the two-dollar bill and its promise of a cash sale, which always makes a strong appeal to a credit-barried mind like Abe's. "Oh, well," he said with a sigh, leading the way to the rack of Empire gowns in the rear of the store, "if I must I suppose I must."

He selected the smallest gown in stock and handed it to her.

"If you can get into that by your own self you can have it for two dollars," he said, pocketing the crumpled bill. "I don't button up nothing for nobody."

He gathered up the mail from the letter-box and carried it to the sample-room. There was a generous pile of correspondence, and the very first letter that came to his hand bore the legend, "The Paris. Cloaks, Suits and Millinery. M. Garfunkel, Prop." Abe mumbled to himself as he tore it open

"I bet yer he claims a shortage in delivery, when we ain't even shipped him the goods yet," he said, and commenced to read the letter: "I bet yer he ——"

He froze into horrified silence as his protruding eyes took in the import of M. Garfunkel's note. Then he jumped from his chair and ran into the store, where the new retail customer was primping in front of the mirror.

"Out," he yelled, "out of my store."

She turned from the fascinating picture in the looking-glass to behold the enraged Abe brandishing the letter like a missile, and with one terrified shriek she made for the door and dashed wildly toward the corner.

Morris was smoking an after-breakfast cigar as he strolled leisurely from the subway, and when he turned into White Street Abe was still standing on the doorstep

"What's the matter?" Morris asked.

"Matter!" Abe cried. "Matter! *Nothing's* the matter. Everything's fine and dandy. Just look at that letter, Mawruss. That's all."

Morris took the proffered note and opened it at once.

"Gents," it read. "Your Mr. Perlmutter sold us them plum-color Empires this morning, and he said they was all the thing on Fifth Avenue. Now, gents, we sell to the First Avenue trade, like what was in your store this afternoon when our Mr. Garfunkel called, and our Mr. Garfunkel seen enough already. Please cancel the order. Your Mr. Perlmutter will understand. 'Truly yours, The Paris. M. Garfunkel, Prop."

III

M. GARFUNKEL lived in a stylish apartment on One Hundred and Eighteenth Street. His family consisted of himself, Mrs. Garfunkel, three children and a Lithuanian maid named Anna, and it was a source of wonder to the neighbors that a girl so slight in frame could perform the menial duties of so large a household. She cooked, washed and sewed for the entire family with such cheerfulness and application that Mrs. Garfunkel deemed her a treasure and left to her discretion almost every domestic detail. Thus Anna always rose at six and immediately awakened Mr. Garfunkel, for M. Garfunkel's breakfast was an immovable feast, scheduled for half-past six.

But on the morning after he had purchased the plum-color suits from Potash & Perlmutter it was nearly eight before he awoke, and when he entered the dining-room, instead of the two fried eggs, the sausage and the coffee which usually greeted him, there were spread on the table only the evening papers, a brimming ash-tray and a torn envelope bearing the score of last night's pinocle game.

He was about to return to the bedroom and report Anna's disappearance when a key rattled in the hall door and Anna herself entered. Her cheeks were flushed and her hair was blown about her face in unbecoming disorder. Nevertheless, she smiled the triumphant smile of the well-dressed

"Me late," she said, but Garfunkel forgot all about his lost breakfast hour when he beheld the plum-color Empire.

"Why," he gasped, "that's one of them forty-twenty-two's I ordered yesterday "

Anna lifted both her arms the better to display the gown's perfection, and Garfunkel examined it with the eye of an expert.

"Let's see the back," he said. "That looks great on you, Anna."

He spun her round and round in his anxiety to view the gown from all angles.

"I must have been crazy to cancel that order," he went on. "Where did you get it, Anna?"

"Me buy from Potash & Perlmutter," she said. "My coosin Lina works by Mr. Perlmutter. She gets one yesterday for two dollar. Me see it last night and like it. So me get up five o'clock this morning and go downtown and buy one for two dollar, too."

M. Garfunkel made a rapid mental calculation, while Anna left to prepare the belated breakfast.

He estimated that Anna had paid a little less for her retail purchase than the price Potash & Perlmutter had quoted to him for hundred lots.

"They're worth it, too," he said to himself. "Potash & Perlmutter is a couple of pretty soft suckers to be selling goods below cost to servant-girls. I always thought Abe Potash was a pretty hard nut, but I guess I'll be able to do business with 'em, after all."

IV

AT HALF-PAST TEN M. Garfunkel entered the store of Potash & Perlmutter and greeted Abe with a smile that blended apology, friendliness and ingratiation in what M. Garfunkel deemed to be just the right proportions. Abe glared in response.

"Well, Abe," M. Garfunkel cried, "ain't it a fine weather?"

"Is it?" Abe replied. "I don't worry about the kind of weather it is when I gets cancelations, Mr. Garfunkel. What for you cancel that order, Mr. Garfunkel?"

M. Garfunkel raised a protesting palm.

"Now, Abe," he said, "if you was to go into a house what you bought goods off of and seen a garment you just hear is all the rage on Fifth Avenue being tried on by a cow ——"

"A cow!" Abe said. "I want to tell you something, Mr. Garfunkel. That lady what you see trying on them Empires was Mawruss' girl what works by his wife, and while she ain't no Lillian Russell nor nothing like that, if you think you should get out of taking them goods by calling her a cow you are mistaken."

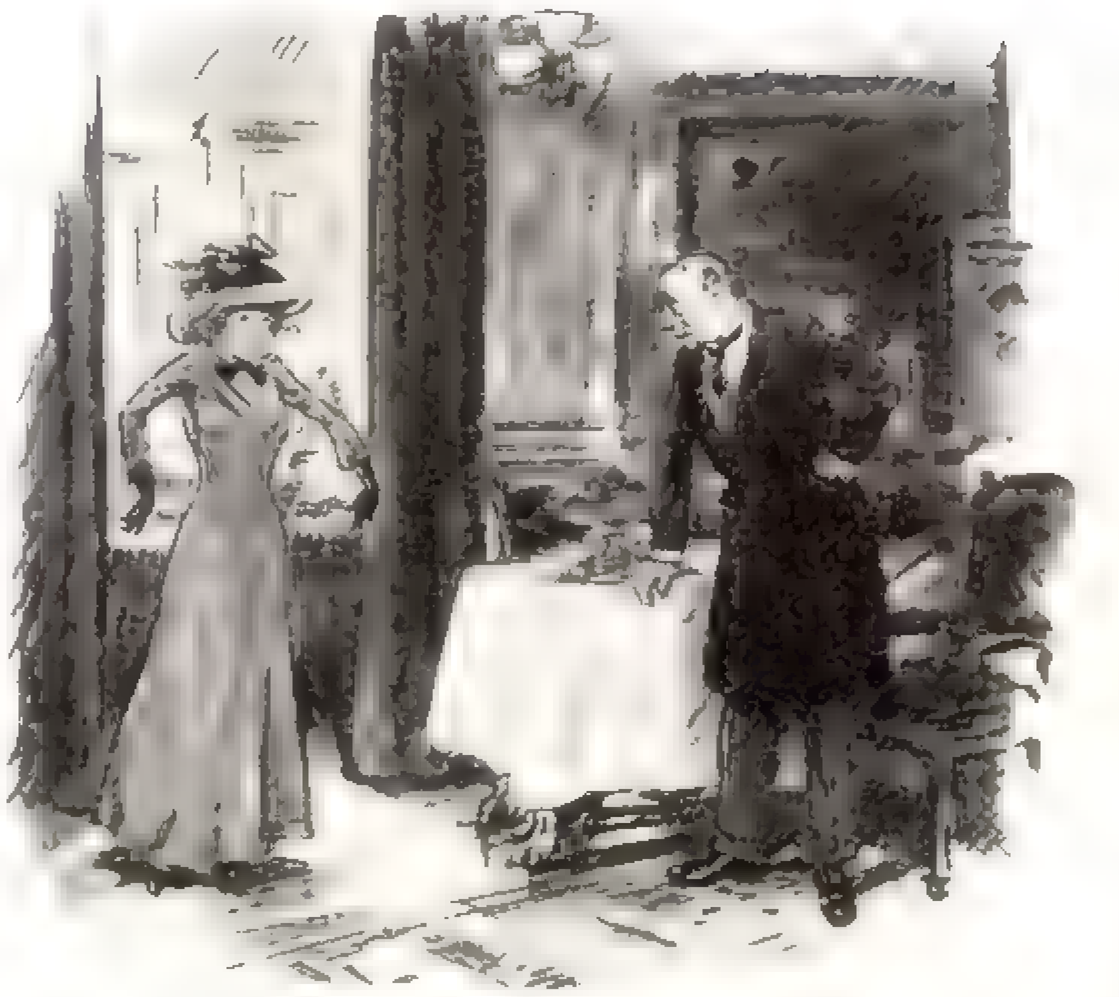
The qualities of ingratiation and friendliness departed from M. Garfunkel's smile, leaving it wholly apologetic

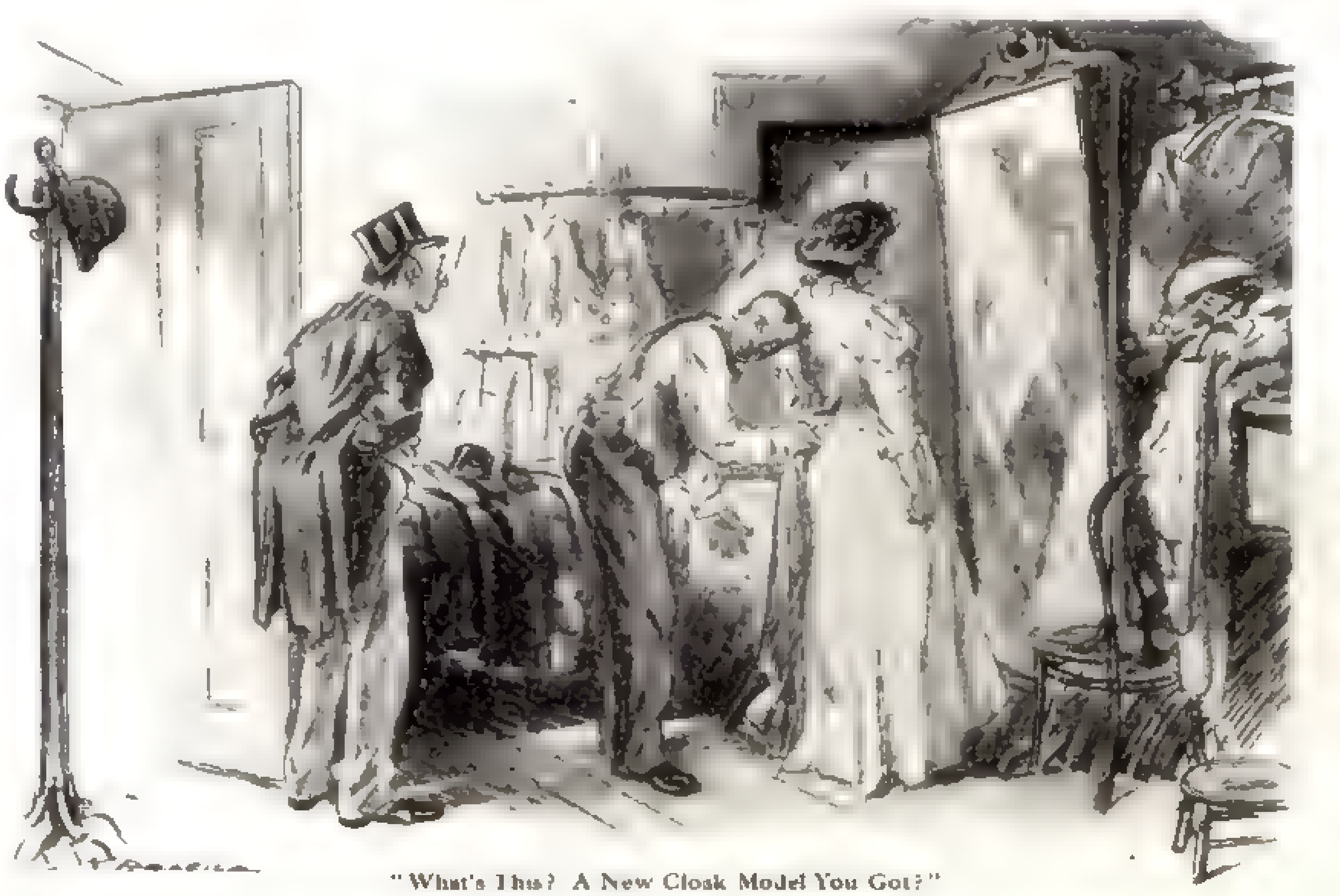
"Well, Abe, as a matter of fact," he said, "I ain't canceled that order altogether *absolutely*, y'understand. Maybe if you make inducements I might reconsider it."

"Inducements!" Abe cried "Inducements is nix. Them coats costs us three hundred dollars a hundred and we give 'em to you for three-ten. If we make any inducements we land in the poorhouse. Ain't it?"

"Oh, the price is all right," M Garfunkel protested, "but the terms is too strict. I can't buy *all* my goods at ten days. Sammet Brothers gives me a line at sixty and ninety days, and so I do most of my business with them. Now if I could get the same terms by *you*, Abe, I should consider your line ahead of Sammet Brothers'."

"Excuse *me*," Abe interrupted. "I think I hear the telephone ringing."


"That Looks Great on You, Anna"


"What's This? A New Cloak Model You Got?"

He walked to the rear of the store, where the telephone bell was jingling.

"Miss Cohen," he said to the bookkeeper as he passed the office, "answer the 'phone. I'm going upstairs to speak to Mr. Perlmutter."

He proceeded to the cutting-room, where Morris was superintending the unpacking of piece-goods

"Mawruss," he said, "M. Garfunkel is downstairs, and he says he will reconsider the cancelation and give us a big order if we let him have better terms. What d'ye say, Mawruss?"

Morris remained silent for a minute.

"Take a chance, Abe," he said at length. "He can't bust up on us by the first bill. Can he?"

"No," Abe agreed hesitatingly, "but he *might*, Mawruss?"

"Sure he might," said Morris, "but if we don't take no chances, Abe, we might as well go out of the cloak and suit business. Sell him all he wants, Abe."

"I'll sell him all he can pay for, Mawruss," said Abe, "and I guess that ain't over a thousand dollars."

He returned to the first floor, where M. Garfunkel eagerly awaited him, and produced a box of the firm's K. to M. first and second credit customers' cigars.

"Have a smoke, Mr. Garfunkel," he said.

M. Garfunkel selected a cigar with care and sat down.

"Well, Abe," he said, "that was a long talk you had over the telephone."

"Sure it was," Abe replied. "The cashier of the Rochambeau Bank on Grand Street rang me up. He discounts some of our accounts what we sell responsible people, and he asks me that in future I get regular statements from all my customers—those that I want to discount their accounts in particular."

M. Garfunkel nodded slowly.

"Statements—you shall have it, Abe," he said, "but I may as well tell you that it's foolish to discount bills what you sell *me*. I sometimes discount them myself. I'll send you a statement, anyhow. Now let's look at your line, Abe. I wasted enough time already."

For the next hour M. Garfunkel pawed over Potash & Perlmutter's stock, and when he finally took leave of Abe he had negotiated an order of a thousand dollars; terms, sixty days net.

The statement of M. Garfunkel's financial condition, which arrived the following day, more than satisfied Morris Perlmutter and, had it not been quite so glowing in character, it might even have satisfied Abe Potash.

"I don't know, Mawruss," he said; "some things looks too good to be true, Mawruss, and I guess this is one of them."

"Always you must worry, Abe," Morris rejoined. "If Vanderbilt and Astor was partners together in the cloak and suit business, and you sold 'em a couple of hundred dollars' goods, Abe, you'd worry yourself sick till you got a check. I bet yer Garfunkel discounts his bill already."

Morris' prophecy proved to be true, for at the end of four weeks M. Garfunkel called at Potash & Perlmutter's store and paid his sixty-day account with the usual discount of ten per cent. Moreover, he gave them another order for two thousand dollars' worth of goods at the same terms.

In this instance, however, full fifty-nine days elapsed without word from M. Garfunkel, and on the morning of the sixtieth day Abe entered the store bearing every appearance of anxiety.

"Well, Abe," Morris cried, "what's the matter now? You look like you was worried."

"I bet yer I'm worried, Mawruss," Abe replied.

"Well, what's the use of worrying?" he rejoined "M. Garfunkel's account ain't due till today."

"Always M. Garfunkel!" Abe cried. "M. Garfunkel don't worry me much, Mawruss. I'd like to see a check from him, too, Mawruss, but I ain't wasting no time on him. My Rosie is sick."

"Sick!" Morris exclaimed. "That's too bad, Abe. What seems to be the trouble?"

"She got the rheumatism in her shoulder," Abe replied, "and she tries to get a girl by intelligent offices to help her out, but it ain't no use. It breaks her all up to get a girl, Mawruss. Fifteen years already she cooks herself and washes herself, and now she's got to get a girl, Mawruss, but she can't get one."

Morris clucked sympathetically.

"Maybe that girl of yours, Mawruss," Abe went on as though making an innocent suggestion, "what we sell the forty-twenty-two to, maybe she got a sister or a cousin maybe, what wants a job, Mawruss."

"I'll telephone my Minnie right away," Morris said, and as he turned to do so M. Garfunkel entered. Abe and Morris rushed forward to greet him. Each seized a hand and, patting him on the back, escorted him to the sample-room.

"First thing," M. Garfunkel said, "here is a check for the current bill "

"No hurry," Abe and Morris exclaimed, with what the musical critics call splendid attack.

"Now that that's out of the way," M. Garfunkel went on, "I want to give you another order. Only thing is, Mawruss, you know as well as I do that in the installment cloak and suit business a feller needs a lot of capital. Ain't it?"

Morris nodded.

"And if he buys goods only for cash or thirty or sixty days, Abe," M. Garfunkel continued, "he sometimes gets pretty cramped for money, because his own customers takes a long time to pay up. Ain't it?"

Abe nodded, too.

"Well, then," M. Garfunkel concluded, "I'll give you boys a fine order, but this time it's got to be ninety days."

Abe puffed hard on his cigar, and Morris loosened his collar, which had become suddenly tight.

"I always paid prompt my bills. Ain't it?" M. Garfunkel asked.

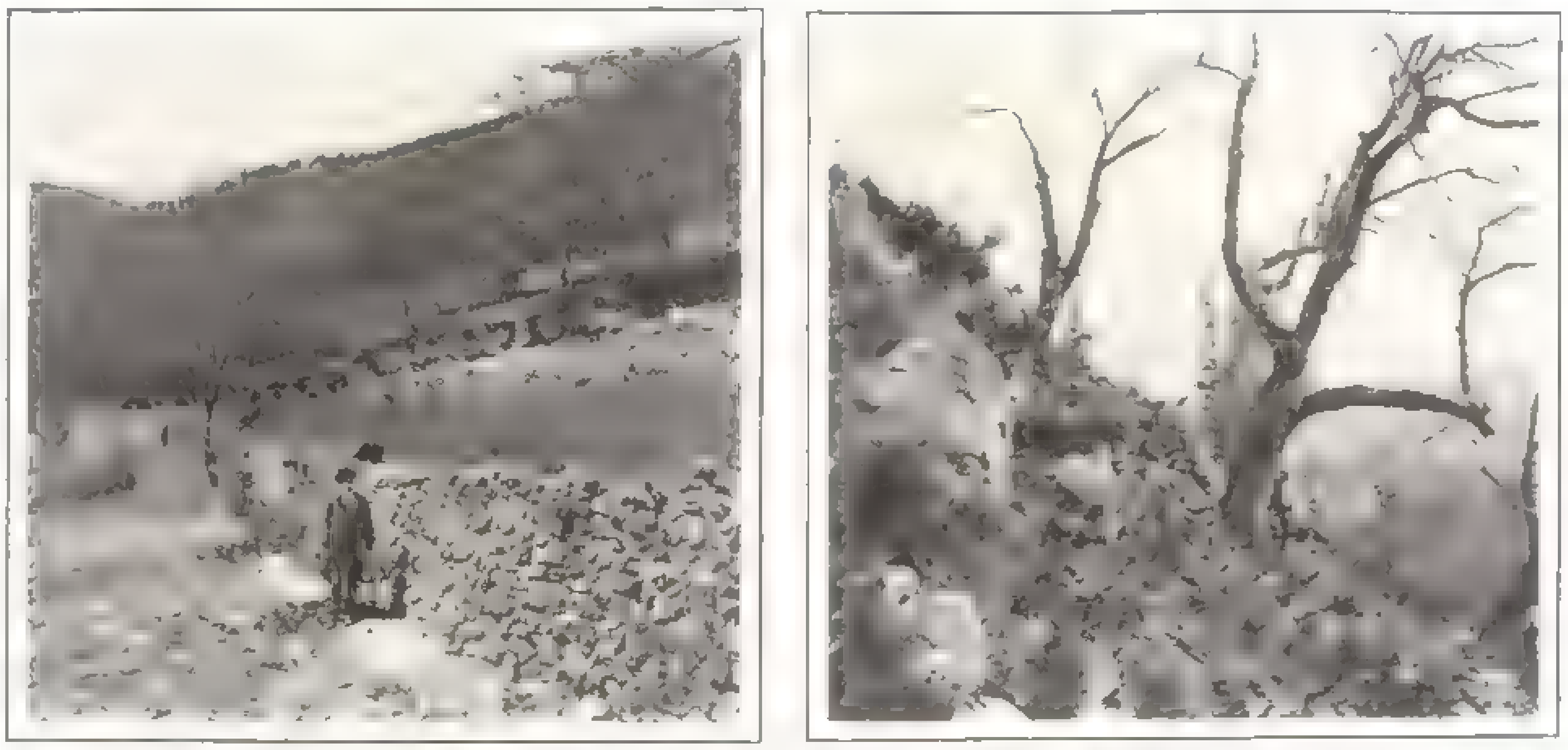
"Sure, Mr. Garfunkel," Abe replied. "*That* you did do it. But ninety days is three months, and ourselves we got to pay our bills in thirty days."

"However," Morris broke in, "that is neither there nor here. A good customer is a good customer, Abe, and so *I'm* agreeable."

(Continued on Page 23)

PLOWS AND POVERTY

How Treetops Can be Made to Help the Farmer



Two Views of a French Mountainside Chestnut Orchard Worth One Hundred and Fifty Dollars Per Acre

By J. RUSSELL SMITH

ONCE upon a time an enterprising employee of the Hudson Bay Company caught a fine young beaver, tamed him, and kept him as a pet about the trading post in Upper Canada. The winsome ways and handsome appearance of the beaver so endeared him to every one that his owner thought to acquire merit by sending the young fur-bearer as a present to his chief in London.

The beaver had scarce been in his metropolitan home a week before he became restless: something within him stirred the latent beaver instincts and said: "Build your dam and get ready for winter." So he built himself a dam—for had not his ancestors for a thousand generations always built themselves dams at this season of the year? Accordingly he fell to, one dark night, with the inherited beaver diligence, and by morning he had worked a wonder: the four office chairs were laid in a row, the contents of the woodbox were dragged out, two stools and the scrap-basket were brought into play, three pairs of boots and the bootjack were confiscated, a shelf of books was emptied, and by the time all these things were jammed and crammed into the most desirable-looking places he had a real, decent-looking dam. He sorely missed the usual plastering of mud, but he compromised by stuffing up the smallest crevices with pieces of old newspaper and was content. The murky London sun arose to greet a happy beaver—he had a dam, and he was not a bit disturbed by the fact that it merely went across the corner of a third-story office in London. There the office-boy found him at eight o'clock in the morning sitting calmly on top of his dam confidently awaiting the rise of the water.

American Relics of Old-World Methods

BUT we should not pity this London beaver too much, for he is but a member of a very large class, a class including lots of humans—the class to whom the strongest reason for doing things and doing them a certain way is that father and grandfather and great-grandfather did it thus: therefore, of course, without question and without thought we also do it thus. And who of us is not of this class in some of his actions? It is indeed astonishing to see how closely we resemble the beaver in doing things not fitted to the environment.

Look at the way the Yankees built their barns when they went to Illinois! From the time John Alden and Priscilla rode away from Miles Standish and went off to found their new farm home it has been an established fact that the way to build a barn in the hilly East is to dig the foundation in a hillside, keep the animals in the basement, and drive the hay-wagons from the uphill side into the second floor on a level. Accordingly, when these hillside or bank-barn builders went to the flat prairies of Illinois they, like the beaver, knew that there was just one way to build barns, and they built them just that way. Having no hillsides, they built the barn first and then built the hillside running up to the barn, and then got stalled trying to haul their wagons up the hill. After some forty or fifty years of this, these same people, who really are of the best and shrewdest and most scientific in the world, learned how to build a barn suited to the condition of the country in which they happened to be.

The London beaver was an indiscriminate builder of dams: he brought the habit from America. The American farmer is an indiscriminate plower of land: he brought the habit from Europe, where it was all right. For an unknown number of centuries our ancestors in North Europe practiced on their tilled lands a three-year rotation of crops. The first year, winter grain—chiefly wheat or rye, sown in August or September. The second year, spring grain—oats, barley or buckwheat, sown in the spring. The third year, fallow—rest for the land, which consisted in plowing it as though for a crop and then harrowing it from time to time to keep down the weeds until it was time to plant the winter grain and start in on the three-year circuit once again.

This fallow season, or year of rest, served to restore fertility. It was very expensive to the farmer, and it served to give the whole Teutonic race an idea of the indiscriminate usefulness of the plow which brings trouble when applied to hilly land in America, where climate and crops differ from those of Europe.

This indiscriminate plowing habit is the mother of gully-washing in America. The European looked upon it for centuries as a proper thing because to his lands it was harmless, and when he came to America he, like the London beaver, failed to note the change in the conditions under which he was carrying on his business.

The first of these differing conditions is in the matter of rainfall. The European rain is a gentle thing. Who ever heard of an Englishman coming in out of the rain? He rolls up his trousers and trudges on, and Mrs. Englishman trudges with him. In Germany it is much the same with the rain, the Herr and the Frau. This gentle rain soaks peacefully into the earth, and that is the end of it. The land is the better for it.

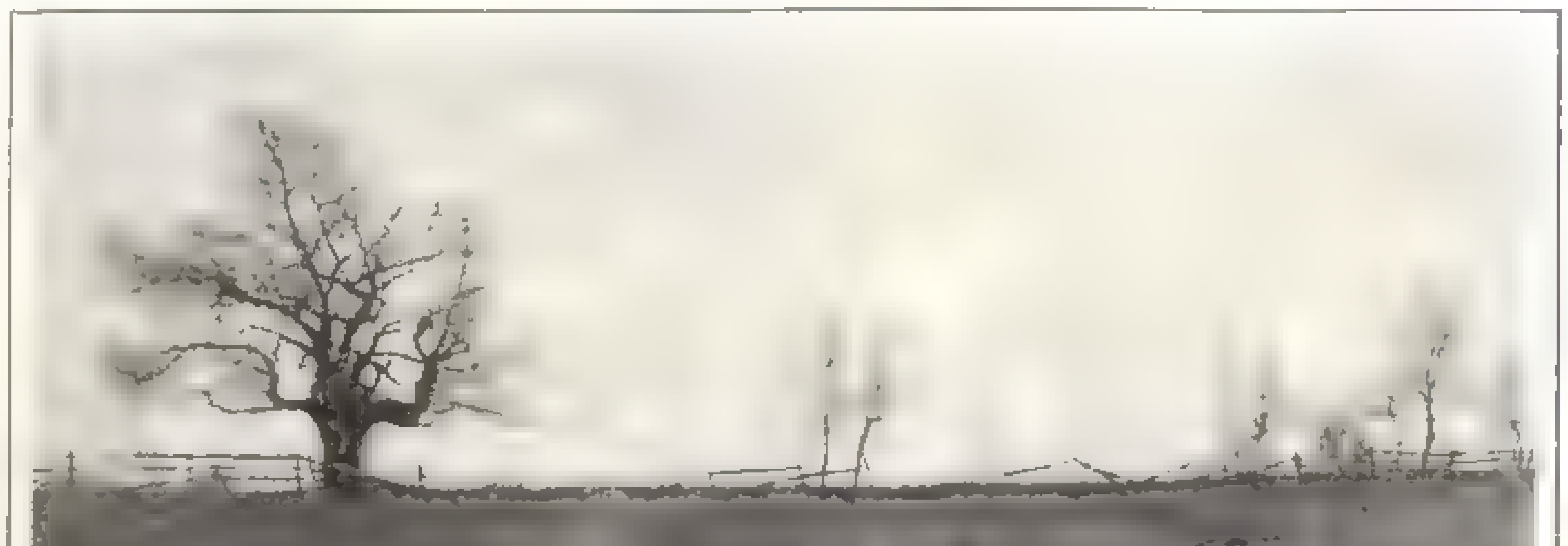
How different in America! Over the best part of our great country, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the deserts of Nevada, most of the rain comes in downpours. There is no summer without thunderstorms in which a shower of half an hour sends down more rain than is produced by a day of London drizzle. It falls so fast that no hilly earth except sand can drink it, and down the hill it tears, ripping the hillside as it goes, carrying away the precious earth which no process of man or of Nature can return. American agriculture has not yet realized this difference between the old conditions in Europe and those here. Therefore, the fact is not appreciated that, if the hillside is to remain, the plow must be withheld. We have plowed and are plowing almost as blindly as the beaver built

The Damage Done by Rain

BUT the difference does not stop here. While our rain falls in chunks, so to speak, the greater part of it falls in the summertime. This is very, very valuable, giving moisture just when the crops need it, but it is also the time when the hillsides are bare from plowing and the washing is made worse. Neither the summer's maximum rainfall nor the thunder-showers' downpour has been considered in the adjustment of European agriculture to America.

The three new things that we in America have added to our introduced European agriculture are corn, tobacco and cotton—all of them crops of great money value, all of them fitting into the fallow-field part of the European rotation until we now know of it only through history. But cotton, corn and tobacco are far worse promoters of hillside destruction than the fallow field in which they have been planted. The fallow field has a surface leveled by the harrow and ready to absorb the rain. The cornfield, the cotton field and the tobacco field have surfaces ridged and hollowed by the cultivator, ready to gather the water in the best possible way for the prompt starting of the washing process.

The only cure is to have less plowing of steep hillsides which have been thoughtlessly cleared of their original forest covering. They must be put to crops that do not need summer tillage. The way it works is shown by the following observations made in Northern Virginia, one June afternoon in 1903. During two hours of thunder and lightning eight inches of rain fell. I went immediately to a near-by cornfield and caught a quart bucket full of rich soil "cream" that was rushing and rumbling in rivulets down every corn row. This six-inch bucket of cream was evaporated and the



A Hillside Ten Miles From Philadelphia City Hall—Unwisely Cleared and Long Unused Because of the Man-Deep and Uncrossable Gullies

An Automatic Method of Turning a Hillside Into Mulberries Into Pigs Into Money
Fifteen Dollars Per Acre Per Year, While You Sit on the Porch and Don't Plow

solid content was a five-eighths-of-an-inch cake of rich, fine loam, the fat of the hillside whose rocky ribs were not far away from the bottoms of the gullies that the storm had cut in the bare, soft and furrowed earth. The next field on the other side of the same hill was knee-high with tangled clover. This mass of vegetation held the most of the water until it soaked into the ground and the small amount that flowed away was merely a little discolored. At no place in the whole twenty acres did it cut out a hatful of earth. In the cornfield it had gone down in pebbles, lumps and chunks, and left holes you would have had difficulty in crossing with a carriage.

Therefore, it appears plain that the hillsides should be left in grass crops and in trees or there will be no hillsides left in a few generations.

Down in Loudoun County, Virginia, is a farmer who thinks about these things, who does not do them just beaver-fashion. His farm is hilly, like a million other farms, and it pained him to go out in his cornfields in May, June, July and August and see, after each plowing, the rills that the rain had wrought and to note the poor yield on the thin hillsides. Then he took a trip to California and stopped off at the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River down in Arizona and took a look into the bottom of that world-beating gully. When he got back home his cornfield wash looked worse than ever. He pondered on the thing and one day, at the end of a row of corn, while his team was resting, he did a little figuring on the back of an old envelope. The problem was something like this: In making the Arizona cañon the water has cut through and carried away about seventy thousand inches of rock. After each of my four cultivations of the corn a thunder-shower cuts a furrow four or five inches wide and four or five inches deep between every two rows, and carries the dirt away. The rows are four feet apart; the earth is thirty inches deep—in some places less. I put this field in corn every third year. Problem: How long shall I have any farm? He did not get it completely solved by ciphering just then, but he soon saw that the answer was something like the one five-hundred-thousandth part of the time that it had taken to make that Arizona cañon, and he did not want his place to look as bleak as that. So he said: "This thing's got to stop. Get up, Ned! Gee, Bill!" And stop it he did.

A Rearranged Farm That Paid

HE RESOLVED on tree crops, and the next spring bought a thousand apple trees, and the spring following six hundred more, and finally he entirely rearranged his farm to adjust his business to the conditions. No more attic beaver dams for him! The rearranged farm has over a fifth of its area in apples, the orchard occupying the steepest part of the hillside and running with somewhat irregular outline clear through the farm from end to end. The overflowed meadow is permanent, blue-grass pasture Some of the hill land is also in this pasture; an extra bad corner is planted in yellow locust for farm timber, and the tillage is all concentrated on the more level upland where there will be a minimum of gully-washing. Thus has the farm been saved and put on a basis of greater profit.

There are many agricultural exhorters who will affirm with much vigor that you cannot raise apples that way, that you must plow around your apple trees as well as your corn It almost appears that the plow has been semi-deified without due consideration of the full effects of its worship. However, our farmer is not worried about that. He feeds his apple trees instead, for it has been demonstrated that an apple tree can eat a hay crop as profitably as can a cow and all the trouble of the daily ministration to the cow be avoided. This is the teaching of the new school of apple growers, the sod-mulch school. The prophets of this school have preached and practiced and, above all, made money in New York, Ohio and Virginia. Prominent among these men are Mr. Cox and Mr. Vergon, of Ohio, and Mr. Hitchings, of New York. I've seen Mr. Hitchings rake up two tons to the acre of fine timothy hay and leave it in piles to rot beside the little apple trees. That looked a wee bit foolish. No cattleman would have had the nerve; but then, no cattleman would have had the profits, either. That year Mr. Hitchings sold four thousand bushels of apples for one dollar per bushel, and they were all produced on an old hillside that hadn't been plowed since the apple trees were planted nearly twenty years ago. The rest of his farm was paying his bills. The hillside had been making hay, and the hay had been fed to the apple trees and they manufactured it into apples, and the apples were worth several times as much as the hay.

There are profitable apple orchards on the slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia on uncultivated hillsides so steep that a wagon can't go up them. When it becomes necessary to get water up to the top for spraying the trees, pipe lines are laid and the water is pumped up with engines. The spray outfit is hauled down the slopes on sleds, because wagons would run away; but these men get the apples and the profits.

If the farmer must keep livestock, let him keep his hillsides in pasture or do as a Louisiana farmer has done. He planted his hillsides in mulberry trees. They ripen their fruit for a period of three or four months and when ripe the berries fall to the ground. In this Louisiana orchard the harvesting is done by a diligent and conscientious and surprisingly-reliable class of black laborers—pigs that put the fruit in a safe place beyond the reach of moth and rust and make the hillside worth about fifteen dollars per acre per year. That is equal to a well-sold corn crop of thirty bushels to the acre. The corn costs labor and the mulberry doesn't. The corn costs gullies, the mulberry holds the earth. The corn reduces fertility, the mulberry by this process increases it. The corn can be grown once in three or four years, the mulberry is an annual bearer. The mulberry farmer also has passed the beaver stage. His neighbors on the Mississippi delta will not have the chance to call him their pet name for a hill dweller—a "gully jumper." When the mulberry has finished bearing its wood is valuable

The epoch of tree crops is but dawning in America. They have long been the main standby of large populations and the only support of densely-peopled hill districts in France, Italy and Japan. The Japanese have performed the marvel of feeding a very dense population on a small area with few resources. According to the best estimates there are twenty-two hundred people in that country for every square mile of tillable land, and there has been practically no import of food until within a decade. The time long since passed when that country could afford to let its heavy summer rain stick destroying claws into the loose soil of tilled hillsides and carry it to the valley and to the sea. To avoid this ruin much Japanese land is terraced like steps, and where necessary it is hoed like a garden to make it yield the best. On these steep lands are grown the tea trees and the mulberry trees that furnish the tea and the silk, the two chief exports of the country.

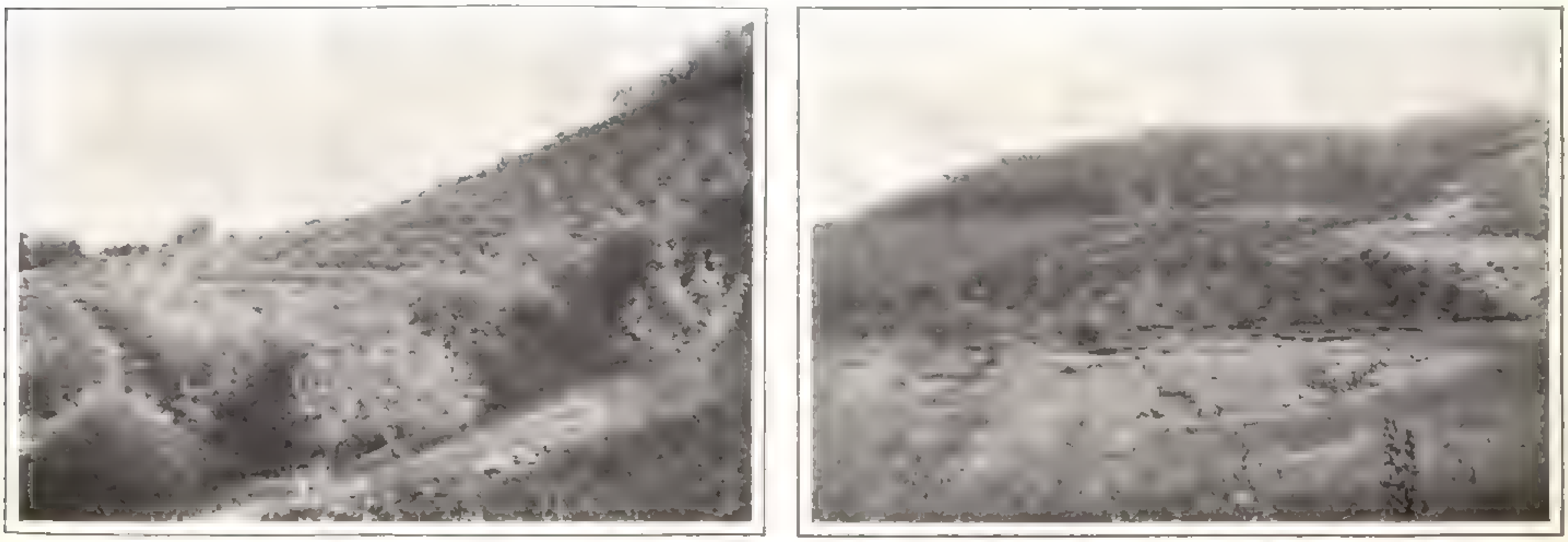
Terrace Gardening Abroad

IN ITALY and Sicily similar conditions of hillside husbandry produce vast quantities of oranges, lemons, grapes and olives in an astonishingly rugged country where productive little terraces cling like swallows' nests on the faces of cliffs. Crowded by the numbers of his fellows the Italian peasant has had to climb the golden stairs through hunger or climb the cliffs and build him gardens in their face that he might dig and eat.

These foreign examples of the utilization and preservation of the hillside by tree crops on terraces are more for our edification than for our duplication. The time has not yet come for such intensive culture in roomy America. The terrace is used a little with us, and it will be used more; but it is better adapted to the hoe and garden stage of agriculture that prevails in Japan and Italy than to the horse and field stage that exists in America. The terrace makes a field of bad shape for the plow. The terrace reduces uneven slopes to even steps, and unless the slope be uniform throughout its length, which is most uncommon, the terraces are shaped like willow leaves. This makes no difference to the peasant with a hoe, but it is an awkward matter to the plowman with a team.

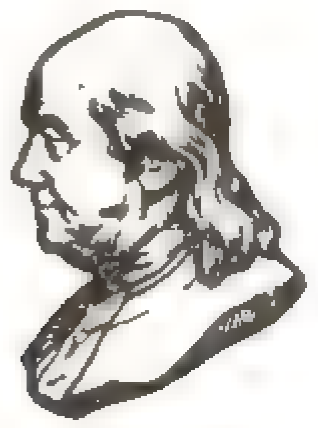
In the cultivation of chestnuts as a hillside tree crop the French and Italians have, for decades, spread out

(Continued on Page 27)



A Mountainside in Virginia That is Too Steep for a Wagon to Go Over, but Produces Profitable Crops of Juicy Winesap Apples and Albemarle Pippins for the English Market

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST


REG U S PAT OFF

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 10, 1909

Adulterating the Senate

JUNE 26, 1787, the question of compensation for members of the Senate being under consideration, General Pinckney, of South Carolina, moved that no salary whatever be allowed. He argued that as the Senate "was meant to represent the wealth of the country it ought to be composed of persons of wealth, and if no compensation were allowed the wealthy alone would undertake the service."

Comparatively few political arguments that were made a century and a quarter ago look as sound to some people today as that one does. Yet no institution can exist that long—no matter how carefully it was constituted to resist change—without suffering some modification. The Senate today does not exclusively represent wealth, as General Pinckney said it was designed to do. Of late a number of members—men like LaFollette, Beveridge, Cummins, who try to represent mere people instead of wealth—have seeped into the body, adulterating its pure plutocracy with an active, though quite ineffectual, leaven of democracy. Today, therefore, we should have to change somewhat the terms of General Pinckney's argument, and say that, as about sixty per cent of the members of the Senate represent opulent interests, they should look exclusively to those interests for their compensation—instead of taking a side, or collateral, glance, so to speak, at the public treasury.

Consider this colossal joke: The people of the United States are actually paying wages to the majority of the Senate for framing the new tariff bill!

The Old Oaken Bucket Up to Date

IT IS hard not to think despitefully of the city these summer days. Its crowds yearn for the country as a hungry pup at a pantry window. Yet even in midsummer the country owes the city something. Soon many will flee the dusty streets, committing themselves to Nature like tired children to a mother's lap.

Whereupon, the Chicago health department issues a bulletin beginning cheerfully as follows: "It has been the experience of this department that many hundreds of cases of typhoid fever are brought into the city every summer by people returning from their vacations." Examine well the milk supply, says the department, for flies may have access to it; above all, test the well water, and if you would be on the safe side, boil it before drinking.

The country is just as poetical as ever, but the city writes certain useful footnotes to the poetry—as, "The old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket, the iron-bound bucket that hung in the well—whose contents would poison a horse." Still "dear to the heart are the scenes of our childhood"; but, thanks to the city, we now know it wasn't right for Doctor Rhubarb to dose us with calomel and quinine no matter what ailed us.

Teaching Law to Lawyers

WITH great effort Illinois passed a primary election law. The Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional. Again, with huge exertion, the legislature enacted another primary law; and the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional. A third time, with a long extra session, with life-and-death grapple of political factions, with strong spasms from Cairo to the Lake, with a very last-gasp agony of convulsive energy, the legislature passed a new primary law. This third law was considered by the Supreme Court the other day, and it took a unanimous bench only a few minutes to point out that it was clearly in violation of the Constitution.

Just how much money, time and effort the state has expended in enacting the three unconstitutional primary laws nobody could say. Probably the sum would about equal two corn crops; for the second law was annulled on the eve of election, reducing the political situation to a lifelike imitation of chaos. However, so far as one can judge from the local press, Illinois takes a hopeful view. It is urged that by the time the Supreme Court has pointed out the fundamental defects in two or three more bills, the constitutional limitations will be made so plain that even a legislature which is composed—like most legislatures—largely of lawyers, will be able to understand them and to frame an act which is not directly in conflict with the organic law of the state.

The Village Church

THE New England Country Church Association has a worthy aim—namely, "the social and economic improvement of rural communities through the agency of the rural church."

Here is a typical American village, containing fifteen hundred to two thousand inhabitants. It has six Protestant churches, with six different edifices, none in the slightest degree noteworthy architecturally; six pastors whose small salaries are generally in arrears; six separate organizations competing with one another for the financial support of the community to overcome their six everlasting deficits.

Combined, those six bodies could easily have a church building of such size and dignity as would impress the most careless observer with a sense of the religious interests of the community—much as the courthouse impresses him with a sense of its political interests. The pastor of that church would be as much a public figure as the superintendent of schools. The one organization could speak to and for that community with much authority.

Perhaps this isn't what the New England association has in mind; and whether the differences among the several creeds are more important than the gain in church leadership which might be achieved by consolidation is, of course, a question for churchmen to decide.

Where Graft is Rare

T. ATKINS gets, say, thirty shillings a week for reporting certain routine items to a news agency, which sells them to the London newspapers. He is offered, say, a hundred pounds not to report one particular item. Imagine the complicated problem in ethics and economics which thereupon agitates T. Atkins' intellectuals. In a case involving a beautiful American woman and a rich American man, Atkins took the bribe. The report was suppressed. All London has been shocked at finding it out, and an official inquiry has been proposed in the House of Commons.

Similar cases have occasionally come to light over here; and quite a number of people—partly because they are at odds with the newspapers for general and more or less well-founded reasons; partly because they have had the misfortune to come into personal contact with journalistic undesirables—draw the foolish conclusion that reporters are mostly grafters. We have really heard men, whose ill opinion we would not court, affirm as much—along with others whom we should hate to have think well of us.

It is our own opinion, founded upon a tolerably wide experience, that there is probably less graft among newspaper reporters than among any other body of men in the United States having like opportunities and temptations. For one who accepts a bribe there are about ninety who will show all the reckless, single-minded zeal in chasing a piece of news that other people show in doing things they are going to get paid for.

The Troubles of the Tax-Dodger

LET us condemn the tax-dodger, and then let us consider a few facts.

The choicest bonds yield the investor four to four and one-half per cent. That applies to first-mortgage or underlying bonds of prosperous railroads. It applies also to mortgage loans on real estate in large cities. The savings-banks, having regard first to absolute security, are able to get four or four and one-half per cent on their money. The man who can get much more than that on the kind of security he would be willing to have his widow's money invested in is lucky.

Now the average tax-rate, the country over, is a little more than two per cent. In more than one community, state, county and town taxes amount to three per cent, or even more. Smith puts his money in first-mortgage four-and-one-half per cent bonds. If he confesses it to the assessor, taxes will eat up about half his income; he will be getting just about two per cent net from his investments.

Of course, he doesn't confess it, and as a matter of fact nobody supposes that he is going to. It is implied in the very facts of the case—in the interest-basis on which these securities sell—that no taxes will be paid on them, although most of them are by law actually subject to taxation.

Many securities are exempt from taxes in one state and not exempt in another. For example, stock of an Illinois corporation is exempt in that state. But if the corporation is merged in a New Jersey concern, the same property, represented by a slightly-different certificate, becomes subject to taxation.

This rule is quite general. If it were strictly applied nobody could afford to own stock in a corporation that was not chartered in his own state, because, having to pay taxes on the stock, he couldn't pay as much for it as a resident who didn't have to pay taxes on it. Nobody outside of New York State could own a New York City bond, which is exempt in that state, but is taxable elsewhere.

Let us condemn the tax-dodger, but not talk foolishly about smoking him out and compelling him to list his stocks and bonds, when our whole tax-system much more potently compels him not to list them.

To Stop Stock Gambling

WHAT we have frequently urged respecting the New York Stock Exchange is emphasized by the committee which Governor Hughes appointed to investigate that institution.

The committee, an expert and conservative body, condemns that typical Stock Exchange activity which consists in getting crowds of people of small means and experience to come in and try their luck on ten-point margins.

That sort of speculation, it says, produces "an almost incalculable amount of evil; is in the same class with gambling upon the racetrack or at a roulette table, but is practiced on a vastly-larger scale; its ramifications extend to all parts of the country; it involves practical certainty of loss to those engaged in it; a continuous stream of wealth, taken from the capital of innumerable persons of small means, swells the incomes of brokers and operators dependent on this class of business."

This touches the core of the matter. But concerning the committee's remedial measures we are doubtful. It calls upon the Stock Exchange voluntarily to relinquish this business; to cut off by its own motion that "continuous stream of wealth" which enriches its members, or such of them as do business with the crowd of small investors and speculators.

These members may be willing that the Stock Exchange should "use its influence" with them, as the committee suggests; but will that influence be effectual with them as individuals? Or eventually will stronger measures be necessary?

The country will not always tolerate a roulette game merely because it operates on a vast scale.

Why We Like Yacht Racing

WE ARE truly sorry that Sir Thomas Lipton will not again attempt to lift the America cup. An international yacht race is one of the most inspiring of contests. From the beginning of recorded speech, sea and air have been the elements by which men symbolized freedom. The spell of both centers in this noble sport.

On the day of a race, anywhere from Albany and Harrisburg to Omaha and Kansas City and beyond, may be seen groups of absorbed and sweaty mariners bending over the ticker in offices whose bad air is churned by electric fans, breathlessly reading such reports as: "Fog not so thick; can almost see excursion steamer alongside; wind seems to be freshening, for the smoke now bends a trifle so'so-west. While the skipper of the Shamrock was fanning sails with his coat, Reliance dropped anchor, letting tide carry Shamrock backward. This skillful manœuver puts Reliance three lengths ahead."

But we are still sorrier that a good many people use Sir Thomas' refusal as an argument in favor of some sort of utilitarian yacht racing.

A racing yacht, it is true, is merely a costly toy, quite useless for any other purpose. But that is exactly the strength of the game. You couldn't get people excited over a trial of speed between two ferry-boats. Any game that is good for anything else is no good as a game. Its value lies precisely in the fact that it is simply exciting foolishness.

Pragmatism has been a good deal praised of late; but, thank goodness, it has its limitations; it can't be the basis of a sport.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Hang Up the Racquet

SOON after M. Jean Adrien Antoine Jules Jusserand, Ambassador from France, having succeeded Ambassador Cambon, came to Washington and had been received formally by the President, he tripped lightly one day into the White House, carrying a portentous and portly volume under his arm. He saw President Roosevelt and remained with the President for a long time, an incredibly long time, judged by the usual diplomatic time-gauge for White House visits.

Everybody was agog, agog to the point of gogginess. What was it? Sharps in those affairs went back hastily over French and American diplomatic relations, examining each divergence, imagining a few for good measure, and totting up carefully the whole scheme of things between the two countries. Nobody could figure it out. All seemed calm as a summer day, and yet here was the French Ambassador making a call on the President of the United States, accompanied by a portly and portentous volume, and staying three hours! Ha!

Even the most inexperienced observer could tell something was in the wind. That was simple enough. What was to be done was to find out what that something was. M. Jusserand came out finally, leaving his volume behind. In an instant he was a much-astonished Frenchman in the middle of a group of American inquisitors. "Mr. Ambassador," they said, "please tell us what you have been discussing with the President."

"Why, no," he replied. "That is impossible. I have been to see the President. Yes. I have seen him. Yes. That is all." And he made a long, low dive for his carriage, hit it and got away.

Wherefore, the something that was in the wind was promulgated to the waiting world in strict accordance with the personal view of each wind artist who did each individual job of promulgating, for there was no chance to see the President that night, and next morning for breakfast the people had an assorted and interesting collection of guesses as to what was up.

President Roosevelt merely grinned, grinned in a most exasperating and mystifying manner when he was tackled about it. What was a mystery was rapidly coming to be a sensation. It looked ominous. France, our ancient ally, the only friend among nations we ever had, getting tangled with us! Wow!

So everybody spun around again. The Matin was on the point of dispatching M. Jules Heddeman on an airship to discover what had happened or was happening. But, happily, M. Jules was spared, for that afternoon President Roosevelt relented.

"I assure you, gentlemen," he said, "there was nothing of consequence to the world in our meeting. We merely read and discussed some old French *chansons*."

He said it with the proper nasal effects—shan-sōns—and after it had been discovered that *chansons* are not a *casus belli*, but are songs, the excitement subsided into a desultory inquiry whether President Roosevelt or M. Jusserand sang them, and why?

Diplomatic Tennis

THE intimacy of the President and M. Jusserand dated from that visit. The wise gentlemen in the French Foreign Office had decided to send a literary man over as Ambassador because Mr. Roosevelt was a literary man, and they had picked Jusserand because he had written of history and literature and had been long in the diplomatic service. M. Jusserand was eagerly and alertly on the job. There was no time of the day or night he was not on tap to talk about *chansons* or any other form of French or English expression, and he knew what he was talking about. Moreover, he intimated gracefully to the President one day that he was pretty fair on the tennis court, and was invited to play. He was more than pretty fair. He was good. Whenever he let out a link he had the intense but somewhat obese Colonel Roosevelt rampaging about his side of the net like a Newfoundland pup chasing a fox terrier. Being a diplomatist, M. Jusserand was diplomatic in his tennis. He did not win too often.

Thus, through his wide acquaintance with literature and his expert knowledge of tennis, M. Jusserand came to be a great White House favorite in the days of Colonel Roosevelt, and the wise gentlemen in the French Foreign Office rubbed their hands and chuckled with satisfaction, for they observed that the German Ambassador, Von Holleben, was neither playing tennis nor talking about German folklore with Mr. Roosevelt.

It was about two years before the Emperor William began to take acute notice. Then he picked the late Speck von Sternburg to come to the United States, disregarding the German rule of never sending as an Ambassador to a country a German who had married his wife in that country—Sternburg had an American wife—because Sternburg was a close personal friend of the President's, their intimacy beginning when Sternburg was here at the German Embassy in a minor place and Colonel Roosevelt was Civil Service Commissioner.

Sternburg came and was received with glad acclaim by the President, for he was a fine chap. M. Jusserand was not dismayed. He put a little more diplomacy into his tennis and discussed literature assiduously. Presently, although the President was as friendly as possible with Sternburg, there began to come rumors from Germany that Sternburg was not equaling expectations so far as maintaining close personal relations with President Roosevelt was concerned, and that Jusserand still seemed to be the fair-haired boy.

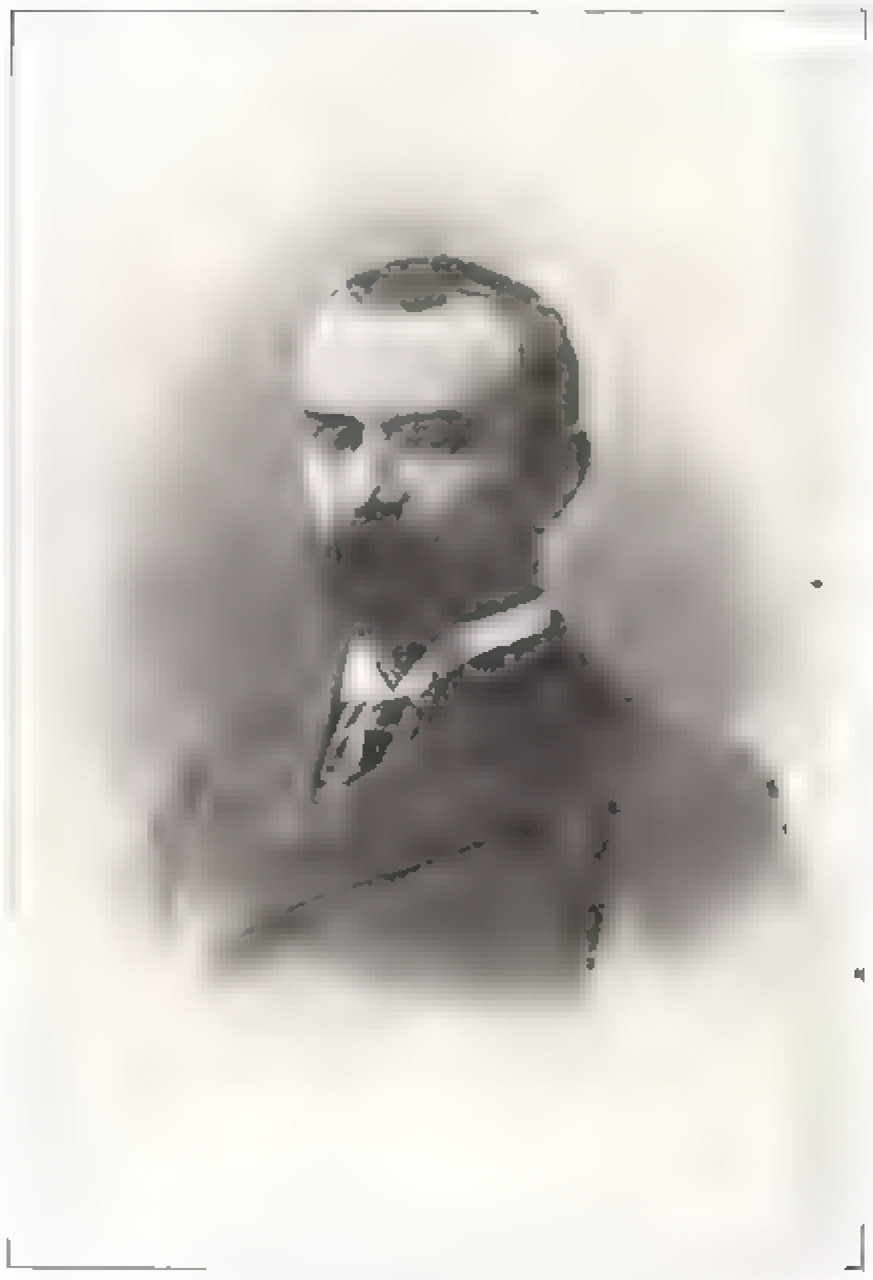
President Roosevelt, loyal to Sternburg and anxious to show his friendship, knew these rumors were unjust and to counteract them did a most remarkable thing. It was suggested—no matter by whom—that it would be a good plan to have a little public testimonial for Sternburg, just to show Germany.

So it was arranged to have those German officers who were in the Franco-Prussian War and now live in the United States come to Washington and call on the President. A number of these officers were found and they came to Washington.

The President received them in the East Room and made them a speech in which he said many nice things about Germany, and also spoke in the highest terms of Sternburg, and of his friendship for the German Ambassador and his admiration for the German Emperor. All of which was promptly cabled to Germany with the suggestion that it might hold for a time those Germans who were decrying Sternburg, and it did.

Meantime, Jusserand continued playing tennis and talking books. Although not of the Tennis Cabinet he was a better player than any member, and foregathered whenever there was a telephonic intimation he would be welcome on the court back of the executive offices. Also he was active throughout the country, accumulating degrees from various colleges now and again, and making speeches at dignified gatherings. His English, which was rather Gallic when he first arrived, improved rapidly. He became accustomed to reporters and was Americanized in many other ways.

He held on until March fourth, faithful to tennis and *chansons* to the last. Now he is merely a diplomatist, an Ambassador without a latchkey to the White House, for President Taft, although he has the highest regard for M. Jusserand—as have all who know him—and recognizes his ability and his strength, does not play tennis, nor has he more than a mild interest in old French *chansons*, his particular liking in books being lawbooks, bound in sheep, of which he has a large supply constantly on hand.



An Ambassador Without a Latchkey

This, of course, is a situation in which any Ambassador is likely to find himself in a country where the Executive changes as does ours. How can he know, if one President plays tennis and likes to chat about books, that the next President may play golf and like to talk tariff? It is incomprehensible and sad. And sadder still is the reflection that must come to M. Jusserand when he drives past the tennis court where he cemented those bonds of friendship with President Roosevelt, and observes the workmen cementing the tennis court and preparing to build an extension to the executive offices on that sacred ground. For that reflection is that if he had devoted a little less time to tennis and had practiced a bit at golf he might read in the newspapers now: "President Taft played golf this afternoon with Ambassador Jusserand," just as in the old days so frequently it read: "President Roosevelt played tennis this afternoon with Ambassador Jusserand."

Oh, the intricacies of American politics!

The Education of the Admiral

VICE-ADMIRAL URIU, of the Japanese Navy, was a member of the class of 1881 at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and has recently been here visiting his classmates and celebrating a reunion with them.

At a dinner given to the Vice-Admiral when he was in this country one of his classmates told a story on the Vice-Admiral as an illustration of the progress of the Japanese in the past thirty years.

"Uriu was the most correct and proper person in our class," said the storyteller. "He was prim and precise and very reverent. I met him one morning on the parade ground.

"'Good-morning,' I said enthusiastically. 'Isn't this a splendid day?'

"'It is, indeed,' Uriu responded gravely, 'and I thank Heaven I am here and permitted to enjoy it.'

"When I met Uriu this time, after a lapse of nearly thirty years, I recalled that conversation and said: 'Good-morning. Isn't this a splendid day?'

"'It is, indeed,' Uriu replied, 'and will you, for Heaven's sake, kindly tell me where I can get a drink?'"

What the Statute Did Not Say

WHEN Benjamin F. Butler lived in Lowell, Massachusetts, he had a little black-and-tan dog. One morning, as he was coming down the street, followed by the dog, a policeman stopped him and told him that, in accordance with an ordinance just passed, he must muzzle the dog.

"Very well," said Butler.

Next morning he came along with the dog, and the policeman again told him of the muzzling ordinance and requested him to muzzle the dog

"All right," snorted Butler. "It is a fool ordinance, but I'll muzzle him. Let me pass."

Next morning the policeman was on the lookout. "I beg your pardon, General," he said, "but I must arrest you. Your dog is not muzzled."

"Not muzzled?" shouted Butler. "Not muzzled? Well, look at him."

The policeman looked more carefully at the dog and found a tiny, toy muzzle tied to its tail.

"General," he expostulated, "this dog is not properly muzzled."

"Yes, he is, sir," asserted Butler. "Yes, he is. I have examined that idiotic statute and I find it says that every dog must wear a muzzle. It doesn't say where the dog shall wear the muzzle, and I choose to decorate the tail of my dog instead of the head with this infernal contraption."

From a Legal Point of View

SECRETARY NAGEL, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, is a collector of pictures and a patron of the arts.

When he lived in St. Louis he had Zorn, the artist, at his house for a time. Zorn painted a portrait of Mr. Nagel. Mrs. Nagel looked at the portrait when it was finished.

"Do you know, Mr. Zorn," she said, "that while I like the picture very much there is something about it that is lacking? It does not seem to be just the man who is my husband."

"Madame," replied Zorn, "that may be true. I did not paint a picture of your husband. I painted a picture of my lawyer."

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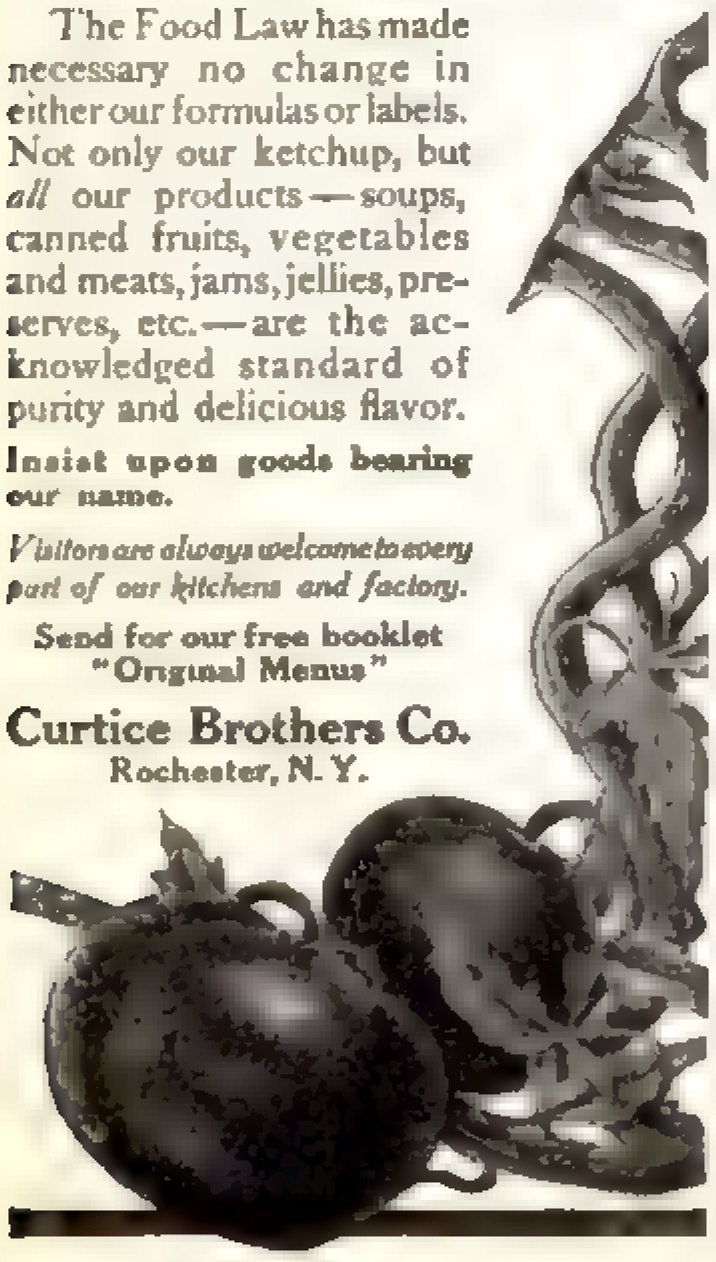

The Senator's Secretary

TO OUR two perennial Washington conundrums has now been added a third. So the list of questions to which there seems to be no adequate answer comprises these problems:

1. What is whisky?
2. What is a Democrat?
3. What is a Republican?

The powers have been shooting at the first two for a long time without hitting anything, and during the snarly days of the tariff debate in the Senate the third was injected into the otherwise placid current of the Taft Administration.

The entire legal and revenue machinery of the Government has been trying to find out what whisky is for several years. The result of all the cogitations, convolutions, contraptions and conferences seems to be that whisky is whisky. At least, that is the latest decision. But President Taft, who once was an internal revenue collector in Cincinnati, where they produce much whisky, intends to hazard a guess himself.

The fight started back in the beginning of the pure-food agitation and has lined up cords of lawyers on both sides, the issue being between the straight-whisky men and the blended-whisky men. President Roosevelt was inclined to the straight-whisky contention, and Attorney-General Bonaparte wrote a facetious opinion on the matter that was interesting if not particularly conclusive. Books have been printed on the topic, "What is Whisky?" Lawyers have submitted briefs by the ton. The contention has been in the courts and out again, and after Mr. Taft became President it was arranged to have Solicitor-General Bowers answer several questions on which the basis of contention rested, in order to give the President a groundwork for his examination. Now, everybody is waiting to hear what the President has to say, with no other idea than that his answer to the question will settle nothing so far as the warring producers are concerned.

Of course, the President isn't so much concerned with the second conundrum, What is a Democrat? although he did venture a suggestion on that correlative proposition, When is a Democrat not a Democrat? by putting two Democrats in his Cabinet—the answer being: When he gets a job under this Administration.

Varieties of Democrats

There have always been more varieties of Democrats than Republicans, and the number has increased in the past twelve years to such an extent that pretty nearly every individual who belongs to the Democratic party thinks he is the only real kind of a Democrat. This is particularly true in the Senate, where almost every Democratic Senator operates under his own theories, constructions and precedents, independently of his colleagues and with an eye for the main chance. There are Democrats in the Senate who are out-and-out protectionists, like McEnery, of Louisiana; Democrats who believe in incidental protection on their own products—or, rather, on the products of their states; Democrats who are for free trade; and Democrats who are for tariff for revenue only. There are Democrats who say they must be bound by the declarations of their party platform, and Democrats who say their party platform does not bind anything or anybody. There are Democrats who stick to Bryan, and Democrats who blow up every time Bryan's name is mentioned; Democrats who want an income tax, and Democrats who are opposed to one; Democrats who line up for high protection one day and for no tariff at all the next.

Judge Dickinson says he is still a Democrat, although he has taken a place in President Taft's Cabinet, and Secretary MacVeagh was a Democrat, and a free-trade one at that, and will be charged with the administration of a tariff bill passed by a Republican Congress, if it is not vetoed. Senator Bailey contends he is a Democrat, but he wants a tariff on hides. Senator McEnery says he is a Democrat, but he votes with the conservative or Aldrich Republicans on almost every proposition. Senator Stone says he is a Democrat and has no higher law than the declarations of the Democratic party in last national convention assembled. A dozen Democratic Senators protest furiously when Mr. Bryan attempts to read them out of the party for voting for any Republican proposition whatever as contrary to the last Democratic platform, and nobody has been able to get even an approximate answer to the query, What is a Democrat?

The smug Republican majority of the Senate used to laugh at the varied and various perplexities of the Democrats in defining themselves, for in the old days there was no doubt as to the definition of a Republican. He was a person who went with the organization, and the Republicans always were well organized. Now they are in as much of a mix as the Democrats, for a dozen or so hitherto amenable Senators have jumped off the band-wagon and proclaimed themselves as the only Republicans in the Senate, inasmuch as they say they are for a revision of the tariff in accordance with progressive Republican views instead of a partisan revision, which will not be a revision at all.

Reshaping the Tariff Bill

When you get to asking the question in the Senate, What is a Republican? there are two sets of answers. Senators Beveridge, Dolliver, Nelson, LaFollette, Cummins and half a dozen more jump up and shout they are the only Republicans there, for they are with the people. Senators Aldrich, Kean, Hale and their followers assert just as vigorously that these protestants are not Republicans, for they are trying to defeat or modify a Republican measure made by Republicans and put forth as the measure indorsed by the Republican majority.

In the last days of the tariff discussion in the Senate the question became very insistent. The men who were trying to get a real revision were frequently charged with not being Republicans, but with being in league with certain of the Democrats to embarrass the Republican majority. At the same time, any Democrat who voted with the Republican majority was held as a patriot who was willing to subordinate mere partisan feeling for the good of the country.

The progressives made a lot of noise, indignantly denied they were not Republicans, and had the conservatives or Aldrich supporters on the run at all times except when a vote was being taken. Then the conservatives rallied nobly, and the progressives went down to defeat with sickening regularity. The fact was that all through the tariff discussion Mr. Aldrich had the votes. He allowed as much discussion as was desired. Then he brought his machine out and rolled it over the kickers.

Aldrich made the kind of a tariff bill he wanted to make, in the main. He was too astute not to know that the progressives had a large public sympathy—even, it was said, extending to the White House and he filled that bill full of items upon which he could compromise in the attempt to get a bill that would be satisfactory to the President. He made his bill skillfully in the Senate. Then he was ready for the conference, ready to trade and to concede what he had to and save what he might

Apparently, the progressives did little but talk. Really, they made a fight that forced Aldrich to take notice of them, forced him to prepare for certain compromise. If they had made no fight the tariff bill, on its completion, would have been far different in terms and effect from the bill that will go to the President for signature. It will be a good deal of an Aldrich bill when it comes out of the final hopper, but it will not be so much of an Aldrich bill as originally planned.

However, the question, What is a Republican? is still undetermined, and there will be no conclusive answer until the people get a chance to answer it themselves at the polls. It may be remarked in passing, though, that the Senators who made the fight against the Aldrich bill—the Republican Senators, that is—were not born yesterday and were in receipt of constant and complete advices from the people of their states. They were all actuated by high moral purpose, of course, and who would say them nay? But, also, a good many of them have to be reëlected presently, and, odd as it may seem, a man may

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occupy the high and important position of United States Senator and still be a politician. Indeed, if he does occupy that position and is not a politician the chances are that he will fail of occupancy one sad day. Wherefore, what are the people back home thinking and saying?

Meantime, during the latter days of the June discussion of the tariff bill the Senate was touchy and almost hysterical. Senator Penrose got up one day and said the stories of Senator LaFollette's illnesses were fakes and that he was prepared to prove it. Senator LaFollette came back next morning with the interesting statement that his doings outside the Senate chamber could better be described than those of Senator Penrose. Senator Clay had a terrible time because Senator Kean, who was in the chair, insisted on putting a motion to adjourn instead of listening to a point of order. Senator Aldrich undertook to chastise Senator Beveridge for disrupting, as Aldrich said, the Republican party and endeavoring to form a third party composed of Democrats and Republicans. Senator Beveridge tartly reminded Senator Aldrich that he would do as he blamed pleased and not be subject to dictation from Aldrich or any one else. Senator Stone reprobated Senator Aldrich severely for certain views he had on German information that was read in the Senate. Senator Hale tried to spank Senator Beveridge and never made a dent. Senator Dolliver had the colossal impudence to make fun of Senator Aldrich, and was severely condemned; but, unrepentant, went ahead and made more fun of him. Senator Smoot was belabored by Senator Dolliver, and various other solons showed the effects of the strain. In the last days it got to a point where the Senators on the opposite sides, or phases, of the tariff discussion sat and glared at one another, ready to hop up and pull hair at the slightest provocation. They all looked as if they were thinking: "Go ahead and start something, if you dare!"

Carter the Peacemaker

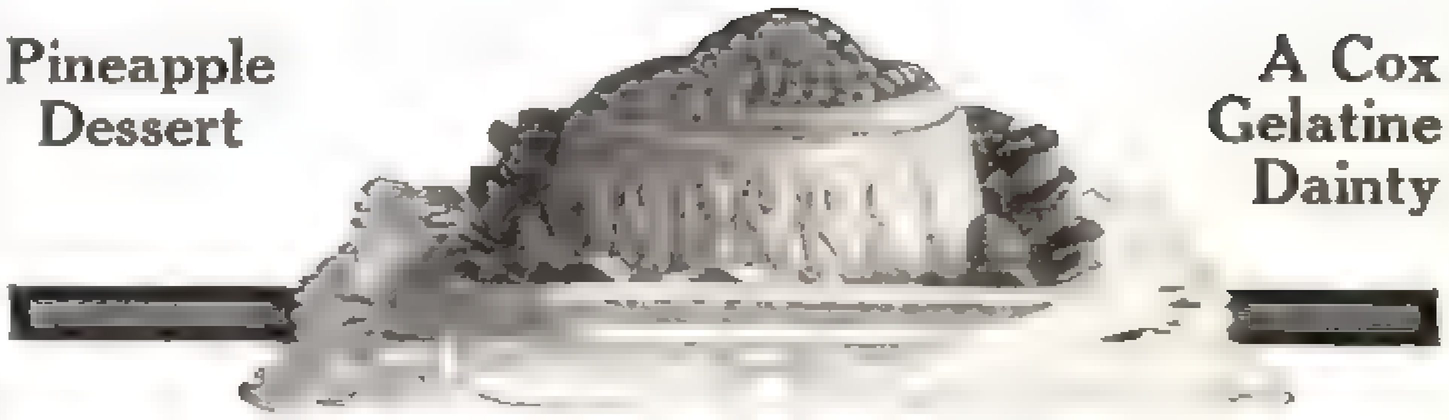
It only took a word to get somebody going. If Senator Aldrich came in and looked sideways at Senator Dolliver, Dolliver got up and shouted: "Ah h-a-a! That's what you mean, is it? Well, I want to tell you you are no better than you should be!" If Senator Dolliver made a facetious remark about the tariff barons Senator Hale got purple in the face. If any of the Western men happened to speak of New England in any but terms of the utmost adoration half a dozen New England Senators clamored for a chance to obliterate him. Oh, those were nice, friendly, brotherly days! Any Senator was prepared to mount any other Senator's manly frame for two pins, and to pay the price himself for the opportunity.

But, through it all, calm and serene, Senator Carter, of Montana, moved with pleasant grace, bestowing a smile here and a pat on the head there, smoothing ruffled feelings, telling them all to be good little boys and pretty soon they would be able to go home, or junketing, or wherever else they wanted to; only, be cheerful. "Let us all be happy," said Carter. "What is a little thing like the tariff, between friends? Dogs, you know, delight to bark and bite, but shall it be said that Senators follow that hideous canine example? Nay, not so. Tranquillity, my dear brethren, tranquillity; joy and happiness, peace and rest."

One day, when three Senators were all tangled up because various experts in the Agricultural Department had sent them three various sets of figures, all different, relating to the sugar schedule, and all three were declaiming at the same time against everything connected with this outrage, from the Sugar Trust to the experts, Carter strolled in.

"Believe me, gentlemen," said Carter, "this is a simple matter. If, as appears to be the case, one expert has sent in one set of figures, another another set, and a third still another, all different, it seems to be a most unseemly proceeding to discuss acrimoniously here which of the three sets of figures is correct. Government experts, as you all know, are human and prone to err. Gathering, as you have, this fund of information from three experts, I suggest that the fairest, most equable and most satisfactory thing to do is to combine the three sets of figures, strike a general average and proceed along those lines. Bless you, my children! Be calm—be perfectly calm!"

Pineapple Dessert



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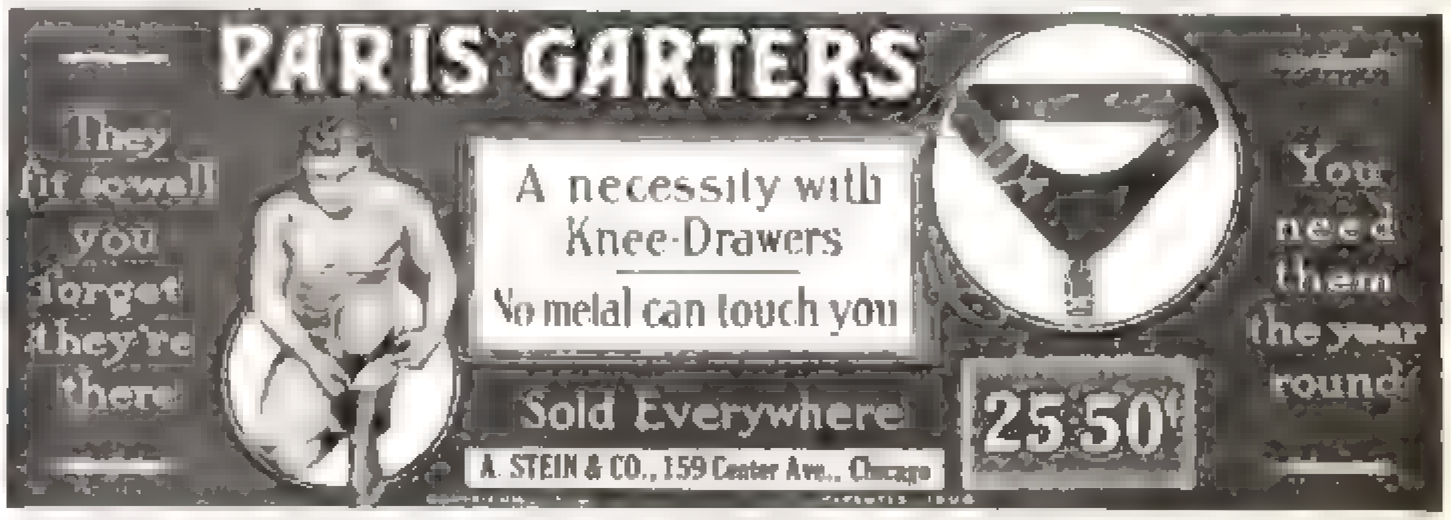
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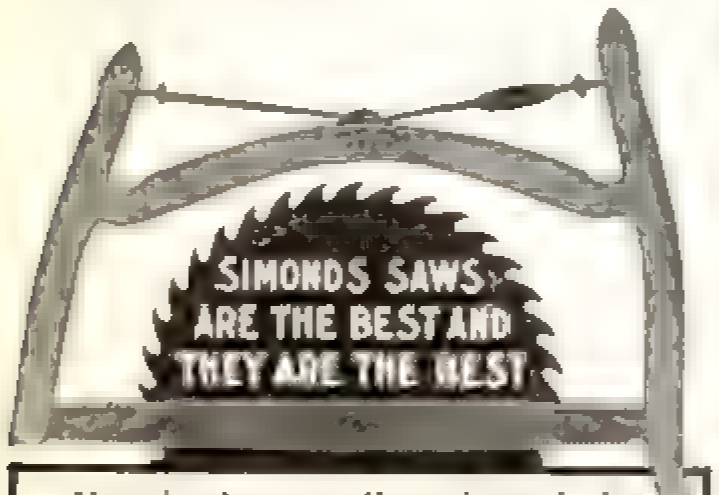
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BULL'S-EYE

(Continued from Page 5)

Prussian blue. Backward, high on the wall, filed shadow after shadow, slim and high-shouldered, like a procession of mummies in silhouette.

Thus, curator in a museum of ghosts, moved the lean figure of Mr. Viles, one shoulder raised and his whole gait sidelong, as if, in passing his treasures, he were about to rub against them like a cat. Beyond him, knee-high, Paul saw the glow of another coal fire, striking through chinks in some barrier, which, as the candle neared it, leaped into color and form. It was another screen, of plain crimson.

Suddenly, rounding this, the man cried out, recoiled, stood rigid.

"What's here?" he snarled, and for the instant brandished his candle aloft, like a weapon. "What are *you* doing here?"

The room had contained a third person. Some one, hidden behind the red screen, made reply

"What?" snapped the lover of porcelain; then, with a kind of chill fury, "How long, pray, have you sat hiding there?"

The voice of the lurker, raised slightly in self-defense, now reached Paul where he stood in the darkness. It was the voice of a girl, saying:

". . . For some time: . . . and then I must have fallen asleep."

With unmistakable effort Mr. Viles swallowed his rage.

"And how long," he continued smoothly, "have you been awake?"

The answer was lost; but again Paul saw the candle toss upward, poise and tremble, in the same threatening gesture. Swooping down, it went into eclipse, with its bearer, behind the screen. The motion was violent, like the preface to a scolding; yet Mr. Viles, though his words remained inaudible, spoke in the even, moderate voice of cajolery. At some cost the man had kept his temper.

Presently a chair grated, as though the girl were rising.

"I was not here to listen, anyway." Her voice sounded clear, quiet and scornfully altered. "You forget, Uncle. You were between me and the door; I heard a strange voice — how could I go past? Please get my cloak, at all events, and I *will* go gladly!"

Mr. Viles and his candle, reappearing violently, came with angry speed through the long rockery of jars and vases. He passed Paul close, but without a glance; and presently, returning from the outer hall, hurried, in the same white, angry preoccupation, back to the scene of his dispute. From one arm trailed a long cloak edged with misty whiteness — a strange bit of holiday and lady splendor to be carried by a man so sour in visage, so like a thief disgusted with his booty.

"Here, take it," he snapped, bringing up at the red screen and tossing the cloak behind it. "Be good enough to hurry."

From the other side of the scarlet cloth came a quick, light flouncing. Once or twice Paul saw the chinks of that other fire blotted from sight, as by rapid, whisking movements. Then the culprit herself slipped into view, though still so hidden behind her uncle and his shifting light as to be only a blurred suggestion of youth and brightness among serried porcelains and their mummy shadows.

Paul saw the two approach through the narrow labyrinth. He drew back into the shelter of his own screen by the fire. Before him, however, Mr. Viles halted abruptly, and with a sudden, obstinate clutch restrained his niece from passing.

"You need not have been afraid," said he, in his most acrid tone, the words directed at her, but the full force of his glance, hard and dry, at Paul. "This young man, Constance, is only my new caretaker."

Over his shoulder the girl's eyes, dark and timid, looked for an instant, wide with mistrust. Hidden to her throat, part in trembling shadow, part in the billowy snow fringe of her cloak, she seemed exceedingly and wonderfully alive, with an air of arrested flight, or like some forest creature newly caught and newly wakened.

"I shall be able to sail earlier now," continued the crabbed guardian of this captive. "My young watchman takes charge on Friday night."

The error woke Paul to a guilty conviction that he had been staring.

"Wednesday night, sir," he ventured.

The pale collector fixed him steadily with a cold look of indignation.

"I said Friday night," he retorted. "You show a bad memory, I fear. We had agreed distinctly. You are to take over this house on Friday night."

The speaker started on, the girl following to leeward of his shadow. She hid her passage effectually; but in the doorway, turning as by undeniable impulse, she darted back at Paul the same look of mistrust, changing subtly to appeal

The little flurry of her cloak still sounded in the corridor without, when back into the room stole the sidelong figure of Mr. Viles.

"Wednesday night, all the same," he whispered, and moving away once more: "Don't fail. You come here Wednesday, before dusk."

III

TO BE wandering the same streets where last night's snow, not yet thawed in the bright winter sun, lay deep and dry as ever; to drink the morning air, no less keen with frost than at midnight; and yet to feel neither cold nor hunger, misgiving nor furtive loneliness — all this, Paul found, was a prodigious transformation.

"Here I am," he thought, snuggling warmly inside his new greatcoat — "Here I am, like Mr. By-Ends and his religion, walking in their silver slippers."

He was shod, less figuratively, in stout new leather; the defeated cap had given place to headgear of better omen; and, as he loitered on through the hurrying crowd, he wriggled his fingers, for mere luxury, in the warm rabbit-fur which lined his gloves.

"And money," he reflected, smiling genially at the blank faces streaming past, "and money to jingle in my pockets!"

A sense of unreality, however, recurred from time to time and vaguely troubled him. The change could not have happened; it was some cheat put upon the senses; he would presently wake, like Christopher Sly, the tinker, or that Arabian fellow who became, overnight, Commander of the Faithful. Once, indeed, Paul drew off his glove and, slipping hand into pocket, chinked the tangible metal, as though making sure it had not turned to rubbish.

"It really did!" he chuckled, as his fingers encountered something else. "It really happened, after all!"

He pulled out a flat, shining strip of steel; and, at sight of it here in the open street by morning sunshine, could conjure up — not as doubtful fantasy, but as true remembrance — the lurking shapes in that long room, the uncertain candle-light, the whole ambiguous transaction. Those Oriental shadows, the tall jars standing aloof through the gloom, had formed in his memory a cloud of witnesses; but here in his palm lay shining evidence.

"Her key." The words invested it with strange influence. It belonged, somehow, not so much to an actual door in a house built with hands, as to the lock of an obscure and disquieting problem. And yet Paul held it carefully, as though it were the master key to all situations and might, by some mysterious turn, admit him to the presence and knowledge of its owner. "She carried this — Constance. She used it — had this key in her hand every day, perhaps. . . ."

The fancy pleased him beyond all reason, became vivid and marvelously near, binding his humble adventure in with her life and habits as close as if her hand had dropped this bit of notched metal, still warm, into his. He knew her only as a face, passing, flickering out sharply from the double darkness of night and separate destiny, and looking at him in strangeness, doubt and fear. These, then, were the barriers, the wards which locked him out. Paul tossed the key, slowly, over and over; then, with a nod of curt satisfaction, slipped it back into his pocket.

"All right," he told himself. "It really happened. We'll see."

He went on, vaguely cheerful, stemming the capricious tide of the streets. Yesterday they had been a vain, hostile show. Today, with a stake in the life of this city, he saw it to be stirring and confident; the eyes of women, as he noted with indulgent cynicism, now found his garments worth a glance; and letting his observation rove toward all humors and idle sights along his way, Paul became haunted by a growing

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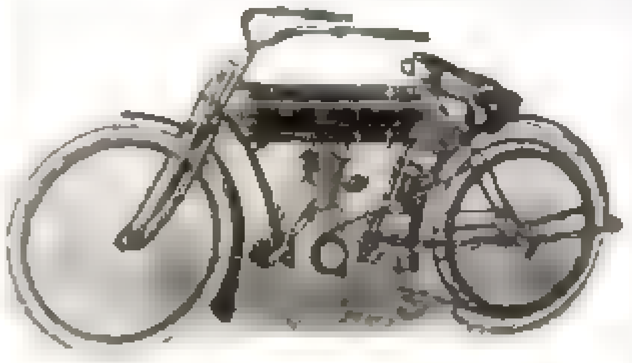

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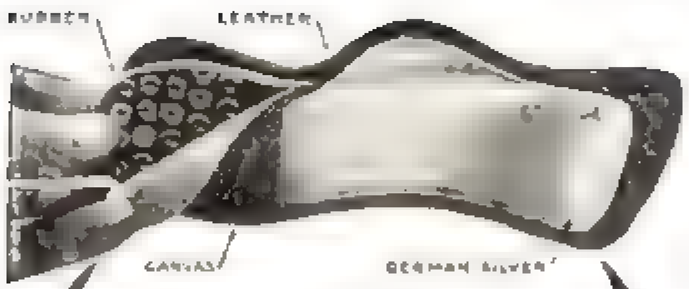

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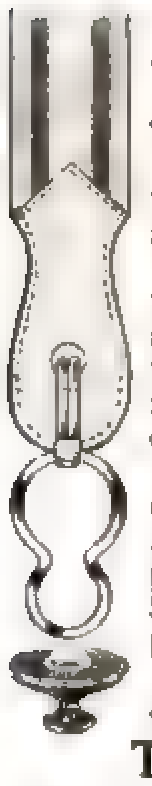

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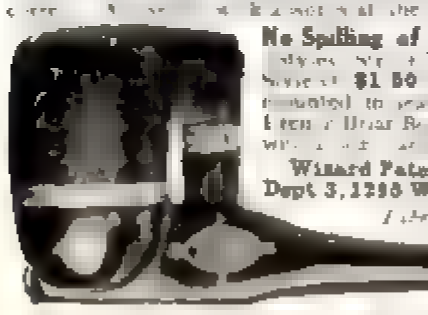

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sense of festival. Something was different, something more gay and colored in the panorama of the streets this morning.

"No wonder!" He stopped short, in droll consternation, before a window brightened by a huge bell of scarlet paper and festoons of artificial holly. "Christmas week beginning! And I'd forgotten there was such a time!"

Next moment he plunged inside the shop.

"I want," said he, accosting a sad little dealer in odds and ends—"I want a Christmas envelope, please—one all bedeviled over with holly and plum pudding, and mistletoe, and snapdragons. Here, this will do!"

Paul thrust a fair part of his newfound wealth inside the gaudy cover, and, borrowing pen and ink, inscribed in vigorous, tall characters, "Merry Christmas!"

He surveyed the result at arm's length with great pride; then stowed it carefully in his pocket and—after buying a bad cigar, because the dealer appeared so little, aged and sorrowful—dodged out once more into the eddying current of the crowd.

"Now," Paul told himself gayly, "now we'll make a small sacrifice to Fortune, for she is 'inconstant, and mutability, and variation, and rolling.' But this may take the curse off."

The early dusk had settled, however, the yellow lamps had begun to flicker on snow, trampled and stained by the day's battle, before he could set his purpose into execution; and when, among obscure streets, he gained the corner of the same alley where last night found him so cold and hollow and aimless, he had still to wait for the prowling figure which he sought.

At last, shambling toward him, with oven lighted, came the pedler, ready for another vigil in the cold.

"Good-evening, Joe," said the young man.

"Evenin'," growled the hoarse voice, without recognition. The swaddling muffler, white-furred with frozen breath, gave the man a sullen, Mohammedan aspect, but his eyes shone cheery and inquisitive.

"Letter for you," continued Paul, handing him the gaudy missive, bordered in green leaves and vermilion berries.

The pedler, staring incredulous, opened it with clumsy fingers, bent over, examined its contents in the light of his peregrine kitchen, and jerked up as from a shock.

"Well, by the Lord Harry!" He peered close and hard, then gave a smothered laugh. "Why, it's—didn't know ye, in them clothes—it's Bull's-eye!" He forgot the gift in this second astonishment.

"How did you know my name?" said Paul, laughing.

"Cap'n told me," growled Joe, with wonder seated in every visible portion of his face. "Cap'n said he never seen the like." The pedler's eyes twinkled yet more shrewdly. "Say, Mister, guess you was sort of comin' it over us last night."

Paul had no desire to be thus expelled from the friendly order of the poor.

"No," he replied; "I was telling you the truth. You remember speaking of ups and downs?" And in brief outline he sketched his own modest rise. "I've got work, that's all."

Joe pondered, shaking his head like a man well pleased.

"All I say is, good for Mr. Vile," he grumbled; then, with labored fancy: "Wouldn't mind, myself, meetin' some one name o' Viler!"

The two men parted on capital terms, Joe cutting short his thanks, in the end, to croak a hoarse pæan to Chance, the ruler of mortals. "Ups and downs they is. You're up tonight," he stated without envy, "and I'm down. A good world, Bull's-eye, ain't it? Full of oncommon matter, highs and lows, to think about whilst ye kick your heels in the cold. Look, here's better people than you and me, passin' every minute; and that's a good thing! Here's worse than you and me, every minute; and *that's* a good thing! Well, a Merry Christmas; you're up, and stay so, is my wish!"

In his enthusiasm he pulled down the hoary scarf, like the beaver of a helmet; and though Joe himself might have been the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, his words rang with incorrigible optimism.

It was generous doctrine, thought Paul, as he wandered the streets once more, alone, but with spirits warmed and elevated by the encounter. He tramped on in lazy content. A whole city lay about him, crammed with happy and mysterious detail for his night's entertainment. In his pocket lay the key, perhaps, to some chapter, not the least enticing, in this complex, hurrying and lamp-lighted novel, which many lifetimes would not suffice to read. The plausible, concealing face of every house; each man or woman who elbowed him in the press, yet passed at infinite distance; the city stars, no longer racing and lustrous, but sprinkled thinly overhead, pale and disregarded—he could not tell which of these called to him or thrust him back most imperiously.

From such roving speculation he woke to take his bearings.

"Hallo!" He found them unexpectedly familiar. "I've drifted round again!"

Straying by many thoroughfares, wide and narrow, opulent and mean, Paul had swung full circle, like a man in a maze, back to that empty, forbidding street where all the houses stood alike. The evening was still so young that windows everywhere held gleams from lamp or hearth; the curb ran in a bank of shoveled drifts, the road lay ridged in sharpest black and white; but in all else the dull vista remained as before, guarded, at every doorstep, by pairs of squat posts, their round stone heads wearing, at the same drunken angle, thin periwigs of snow. Across the street Paul chose out with difficulty the house of the porcelain treasures, over which, tomorrow night, he should mount watch.

"And I don't like your looks!" Leaning against an iron rail in the darkness, he cheerfully took measure of his adversary. "You skimp your lights. You're full of tricks. Rectangular you may be, but a crooked house!"

He eyed the sullen front as though it might answer; but the dim fanlight stared back at him, unwinking and inscrutable.

"All the same, old fellow," he concluded, "I'll take a fall out of you!"

Catching up this unspoken challenge, a voice out of the night startled him.

"Danger? That's his lookout!" The street, charmed by the snow into a polar stillness, had not contained so much as a footfall. The sentence, clipped out suddenly, close at hand, came as from a disembodied speaker. "But that's all lies! Playing on your sympathy, always! Oh, I know *him!*"

Turning, Paul descried, more by motion than by shape, the two figures whom these words had outstripped. Where a gap had been cut, for crossing, in the snowbank at the curb, a man and a girl suddenly wheeled, halted and faced each other as if to part company.

"Danger, pooh!" The voice, hard and precise, was that of Mr. Viles, though now enforced with an indignation far more hearty than the man last night had seemed capable of feeling. "The old fox! My dear Constance, he's playing on your sympathy!"

The girl, a trim, alert figure even against the shadow background of the snow, made some quick gesture.

"How can I tell?" she replied earnestly, and as it seemed to Paul, hopelessly. "Which of you can I believe? Oh, don't you see, I'd believe you both if you'd let me?" She paused, and then, as though grieved by the intervening silence, added quietly: "You see, I'm between two stools."

The man's laugh rang not quite sincere.

"Dear child," he answered glibly, "there'll be no falling to the ground so long as I'm alive to prevent. Trust me."

His niece gave a little cry of distress.

"I do! You know I do!" she urged with plaintive insistence. "But I should trust him, too. How can I do both?"

Mr. Viles laughed again, this time frankly and brutally.

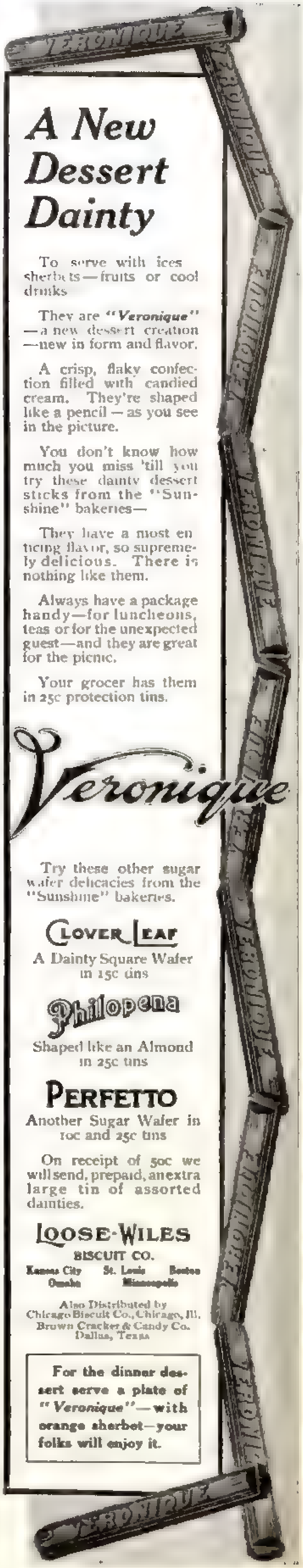
"Oh, I see how it will end!" he sneered, and swept his arm in a scornful motion toward the house across the way. "I tell you again, Constance, you're like Hans Andersen's goblin: you always go with the huckster because of the jam. You're a wise girl." He raised his hat in evident mockery. "A wise girl. I'm nobody, and well you know it!"

By a broken sound which followed, the girl had failed to gain her voice. Paul saw her turn quickly and enter the gap in the snow.

"That is unjust." She paused, and, standing very straight in the gloom, spoke with effort. "Oh, why do you make it so hard? You know me better, Uncle, than all that."

The man gave a chuckle of merriment.

"You're to know me better before long," he retorted slyly. "Wait and see. Wait



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Agents Wanted.

only two days, and see which of us you believe then."

Without reply his niece moved off through the gap, crossed the road, and, mounting the steps, was lost in the vestibule below the flickering fanlight. Mr. Viles, chuckling still behind his little rampart of snow, watched her disappearance, and then, turning briskly, began to march on like a man with a purpose.

Paul had no fondness for eavesdroppers, and now, as he left his obscure station by the rail and started in the footsteps of his employer, he was vaguely intending to have no secrecy, at least about himself.

The man in front, however, maintained a rapid pace. Not till he had reached a lighted corner, at some distance from his house, could Paul manage to overtake him.

"Good-evening, Mr. Viles."

The sidelong figure whirled about as though pursued and caught by an enemy.

"What do you want?" he snapped, with a kind of shrinking ferocity. He paused and stared. "Who are you, anyway?"

The surprise, indeed, was not all on one side; for Paul, in his turn, had met an undefined yet very palpable shock. The face now peering up at him was that of his benefactor, but transformed almost beyond identity by such lines of violence and passion as might have been borrowed, like a mask, from some antithesis of character. It had become a bolder face and, losing all smooth constraint, had gained a humor, force and direct impetus of will. Live emotions played upon it, both for better and for worse. With this altered countenance and with a rough black coat in place of his gray ulster, Mr. Viles had become, since last night, a man more active, if not more dangerous.

"Who are you?" he repeated. The dry voice was unchanged.

For a moment Paul stood at fault, but suddenly remembering

"My clothes," he laughed, "do make a difference! You may recall me, though, when I mention shooting-galleries."

His employer continued to stare with the same lowering and alien face.

"No, I don't," came the retort, with prompt insolence. "Not if you mentioned bowling-alleys or peepshows or giddy-go-rounds! I never saw you before. And," he broke out in extreme malignity, "I don't care to open an acquaintance now!"

With the words he turned abruptly and marched off at greater speed.

Paul stared after him, wondering.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

TRUST METHODS FOR RETAILERS

(Continued from Page 7)

The book is written in the simplest possible manner. The definition of a brand, for example, is "The title under which a particular make of cigars, little cigars or tobacco is packed and becomes known to the trade and to customers." The meaning of such words as "Colorado" (medium), "Claro" (mild), "Maduro" (strongest) is explained; there is a short but helpful history of tobacco and its culture; in fact, the whole story of the weed and its use from seed to consumer is given.

The course in salesmanship extends to practical things in the shape of a model store fitted out as a regular retail shop, where new clerks are put behind the counter to wait on picked customers. The value of this is twofold: first, it trains a clerk in a short time just how to do his job under actual working conditions; and second, it keeps green clerks out of stores, thus eliminating the possibility of irritating a customer and losing him.

The company does not take the clerk's word that he has learned his lesson, but conducts oral examinations on the manual and the dictionary. At these examinations the salesmen show how they approach customers; they are required to say "Thank you," and finally are asked to sign a paper stating that they are ready for real business. A series of lectures on "Merchandise" and "Service," delivered by Mr. H. S. Collins, the vice-president of the company, to the clerks in the big cities, has been talked into a phonograph and will be delivered to clerks in the smaller places. Like music and the drama, salesmanship has at last been "canned." The Whelan retail-clerk system does not demand experienced men at the start, but plastic men who can be moulded into good salesmen.

The Inspectors' Work

To test out the result of this sales education inspectors are constantly visiting the various stores. They buy goods like an ordinary customer and report any breaches of sales discipline to headquarters. Here are a few samples of the kind of report they make:

"At —— Eighth Avenue clerk did not say 'Thank you.'"

"At Broadway and —— Street clerk did not have his coat on."

"At —— Sixth Avenue the electric sign was not lighted at 7:30 o'clock."

"At —— Third Avenue the clock in the store was not running."

In this way a complete tab is kept on the work of the salesmen, and they do not know when some representative of the company is watching them. Hence they are on the job all the time.

The policy of friendly courtesy toward customers bears results of many kinds. One is that the customer appeals to the company when he thinks he is not being treated fairly. The company offers every facility to the making of complaints. In each store is posted a bulletin-board containing the name of every clerk, and alongside of each the color of the button he wears. All the clerks wear metal buttons. In this way the customer can find out at once the name of the clerk who has offended him and report his name to the company. Such complaints are promptly investigated.

When a clerk is commended Mr. Whelan believes in letting him know about it. So he sends him what he calls a "red letter." This is written on red paper and sent in a red envelope. When the clerk gets it every other clerk cannot fail to see it. They know that a colleague is being praised from headquarters, and the fact makes them anxious to get one, too.

Red Letters From Headquarters

Here is an illustration of the way it works: A customer of a store in Yonkers left his purse on a showcase and walked away. A clerk took care of it and handed it back to the customer the next time he called. The customer thereupon wrote to the company commending the honesty of the clerk, who received the following letter a few days later signed by the vice-president of the company:

> *Dear Sir:*
>
> This red letter is written to you in recognition of a commendatory letter which we have received from Mr.——, of Yonkers, and of which you are the subject. The finding and return of his purse furnish an example of how easy it is for a man to earn the commendation of a customer for himself and for the company. I congratulate you.

Mr. Whelan believes that the organization of the retail cigar business is merely the forerunner of larger similar organizations in all retail lines. He sums it up as follows:

"It seems to me that the next five years will witness a complete revolution in the whole retail business in the United States. By this I mean that such retail business as is conducted in small stores like groceries, drug-stores, meat and candy shops will be operated by large companies controlling many stores.

"Take the meat business in three or four New York localities. A butcher shop on Tenth Avenue will charge eight cents for a pound of beef, a butcher on Amsterdam Avenue will charge twelve cents, a butcher shop on Madison Avenue will charge fifteen cents, while a shop in a more aristocratic neighborhood may charge even more. When the consumer protests the butcher says: 'It's the fault of the Beef Trust. I cannot help it.'

"Now, the interesting fact about all this is that the Beef Trust, in all likelihood, is not getting any more for its product from the Madison Avenue butcher than it is getting from the Tenth Avenue butcher. The consumer pays a larger price because he

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St. Louis, [illegible] North [illegible] St.
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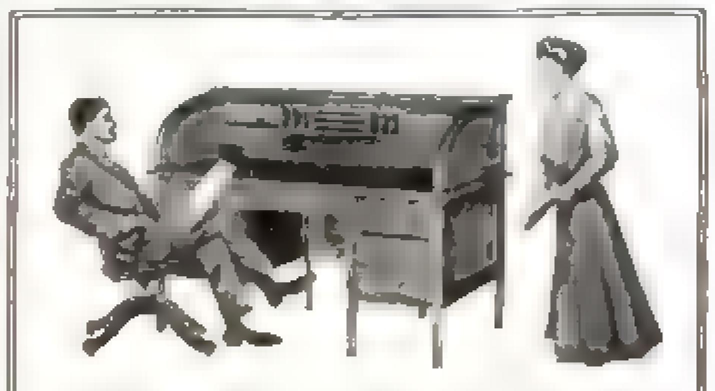
San Francisco, [illegible] Mission St.
Detroit, [illegible] Jefferson Ave.
Toronto, 58-64 [illegible]



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GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

happens to live in a certain neighborhood. The organization of a chain of retail meat stores would establish the same retail price for Amsterdam Avenue as for Tenth Avenue and the product would be the same. We have demonstrated the practical and economic working out of this plan with our wares, and what has been done with cigars can be done with the necessities of life. It means equality and uniformity of price and product regardless of neighborhood.

The stocky, ruddy, gray-eyed little man who built up the retail system described in this article has made rich men of a dozen of his associates, all of whom, like himself, started as cigar clerks. I asked him what was his advice to young men starting in the retail business, and he said:

"A young man should never, if possible, get into the spending end of a concern, but in the sales department, which is the income end. He will find that the man who spends money for the company, no matter how able he is, never gets any credit. The man who brings money in is watched and advanced.

"Another thing I tell young men is never to go to the head of a concern and tell him you are doing things for his sake. That is a great mistake. What he ought to say is that he is doing things for the company. Though human nature enters into all business, nothing in business is done for personal reasons. It is a matter of organization, not men, and every employee should think of the organization first. As the organization advances he will advance.

"Every employer of men should make it easy for his associates or subordinates to tell him where he is wrong. I accomplish this, first, by suggesting schemes; then by attacking them. As soon as I attack the schemes the men forget that they are mine and pitch into them, often rendering a constructive service."

Nothing Succeeds Like Failure

(Continued from Page 13)

This put the proposition squarely up to Abe, and he found it a difficult matter to refuse credit to a customer whose check for two thousand dollars was even then reposing in Abe's waistcoat pocket.

"All right," Abe said. "Go ahead and pick out your goods."

For two solid hours M. Garfunkel went over Potash & Perlmutter's line and, selecting hundred lots of their choicest styles, bought a three-thousand-dollar order.

"We ain't got but half of them styles in stock," said Morris, "but we can make 'em up right away."

"Then, them goods what you got in stock, Mawruss," said Garfunkel, "I must have prompt by tomorrow, and the others should be delivered in ten days."

"That's all right," Morris replied, and when M. Garfunkel left the store Abe and Morris immediately set about the assorting of the ordered stock.

"Look a-here, Mawruss," Abe said, "I thought you was going to see about that girl for my Rosie."

"Why, so I was, Abe," Morris replied; "I'll attend to it right away."

He went to the telephone and rang up his wife, and five minutes later returned to the front of the store.

"Ain't that the funniest thing, Abe," he said. "My Minnie speaks to the girl, and the girl says she got a cousin what's just going to quit her job, Abe. She'll be the very girl for your Rosie."

"I don't know, Mawruss," Abe replied. "My Rosie is a particular woman. She don't want no girl what's got fired for being dirty or something like that, Mawruss. We first want to get a report on her and find out what she gets fired for."

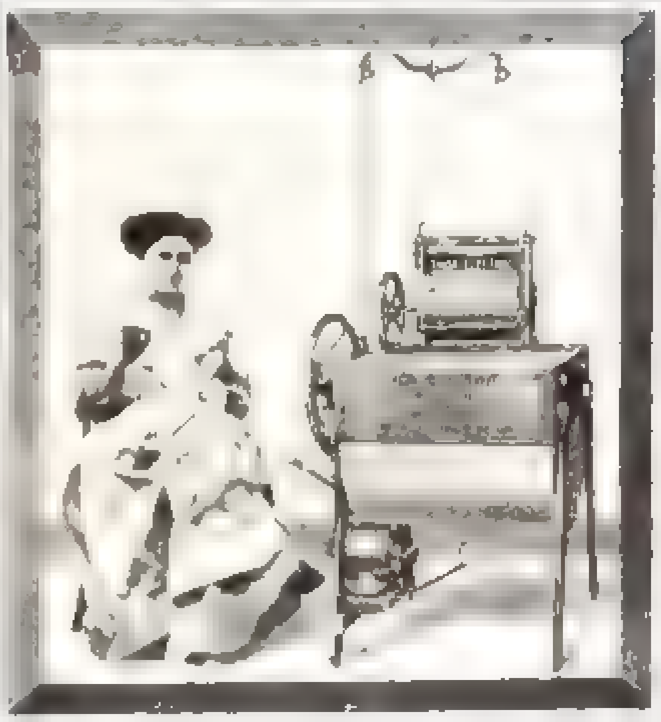
"You're right, Abe," Morris said. "I'll find out from Lina tonight."

Once more they fell to their task of assorting and packing the major part of Garfunkel's order, and by six o'clock over fifteen hundred dollars' worth of goods was ready for delivery.

"We'll ship them tomorrow," Abe said, as they commenced to lock up for the night, "and don't forget about that girl, Mawruss."

V

ON HIS way downtown the next morning Abe met Leon Sammet, senior member of the wholesale cloak and suit firm of Sammet Brothers. Between Abe



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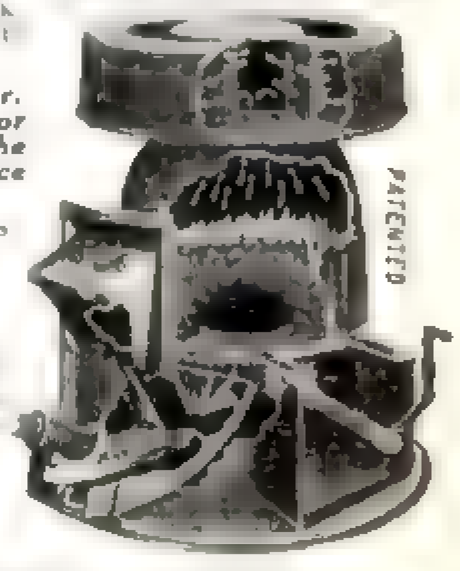

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and Leon existed the nominal truce of competition, which in the cloak and suit trade implies that while they cheerfully exchanged credit information from their office files they maintained a constant guerrilla warfare for the capture of each other's customers.

Now, M. Garfunkel had been a particularly strong customer of Sammet Brothers, and since Abe assumed that M. Garfunkel had dropped Sammet Brothers in favor of Potash & Perlmutter his manner toward Leon was bland and apologetic.

"Well, Leon," he said, "how's business?"

Leon's face wrinkled into a smile.

"It could be better, of course, Abe," he said, "but we done a tremendous spring trade, anyhow. We shipped a couple of three-thousand-dollar orders last week. One of 'em to Strauss, Kahn & Baum, of Fresno."

These were old customers of Potash & Perlmutter, and Abe winced.

"They was old customers of ours, Leon," he said, "but they done such a cheap class of trade we couldn't cut our line enough to please 'em."

"Is that so?" Leon rejoined. "Maybe M. Garfunkel was an old customer of yours, too, Abe."

"M. Garfunkel?" Abe cried. "Was M. Garfunkel the other?"

"He certainly was," Leon boasted. "We shipped him three thousand dollars. One of our best customers, Abe. Always pays to the day."

For the remainder of the subway journey Abe was quite unresponsive to Leon's jibes, a condition which Leon attributed to chagrin, and as they parted at Canal Street Leon could not forbear a final gloat.

"I suppose, Abe, M. Garfunkel does too cheap a class of trade to suit you, also. Ain't it?" he said.

Abe made no reply, and as he walked south toward White Street Max Lapidus, of Lapidus & Elenbogen, another and a smaller competitor, bumped into him.

"Hallo, Abe," Max said. "What's that Leon Sammet was saying just now about M. Garfunkel?"

"Oh, M. Garfunkel is a good customer of his," Abe replied cautiously; "so he claims."

"Don't you believe it," said Max. "M. Garfunkel told me himself he used to do some business with Sammet Brothers, but he don't do it no more. We done a big business with M. Garfunkel ourselves."

"So?" Abe commented.

"We sold him a couple of thousand dollars at ninety days last week," Lapidus went on. "He's elegant pay, Abe. We sold him a good-size order every couple of months this season, and he pays prompt to the day. Once he discounted his bill."

"Is that so?" Abe said, as they reached the front of Potash & Perlmutter's store. "Glad to hear M. Garfunkel is so busy. Good-morning, Max."

Morris Perlmutter met him at the door.

"Hallo, Abe," he cried. "What's the matter? You look pale. Is Rosie worse?"

Abe shook his head.

"Mawruss," he said, "did you ship them goods to M. Garfunkel yet?"

"They'll be out in ten minutes," Morris replied.

"Hold 'em for a while till I telephone over to Klinger & Klein," Abe said.

"What you looking for, Abe?" Morris asked. "More information? You know as well as I do, Abe, that Klinger & Klein is so conservative they wouldn't sell Andrew Carnegie unless they got a certified check in advance."

"That's all right, Mawruss," Abe rejoined. "Maybe they wouldn't sell Andrew Carnegie, but if I ain't mistaken they *did* sell M. Garfunkel. Everybody sold him, even Lapidus & Elenbogen. So I guess I'll telephone 'em."

"Well, wait a bit, Abe," Morris cried. "My Minnie's girl Lina is here with her cousin. I brought 'em down this morning so you could talk to her yourself."

"All right," Abe replied. "Tell 'em to come into the sample-room."

A moment later Lina and her cousin Anna entered the sample-room. Both were arrayed in Potash & Perlmutter's style forty-twenty-two, but while Lina wore a green hat approximating the hue of early spring foliage, Anna's head-covering was yellow with just a few crimson-lake roses—about eight large ones—on the side.

"Close the window, Mawruss," said Abe. "There's so much noise coming from outside I can't hear myself think."

"The window is closed, Abe," Morris replied. "It's your imagination."

"Well, then, which one is which, Mawruss?" Abe asked.

"The roses is Anna," Morris said. "Anna, you want to work by Mr. Potash's lady?"

"Sure she does," Abe broke in. "Only I want to ask you a few questions before I hire you. Who did you work by before, Anna?"

Anna hung her head and simpered.

"Mister M. Garfunkel," she murmured.

"Is that so?" Morris exclaimed. "Why, he's a good customer of ours."

"Don't butt in, Mawruss," Abe said. "And what did you leave him for, Anna?"

"Me don't leave *them*," Anna replied. "Mrs. Garfunkel is fine lady. Mister Garfunkel, too. They leave *me*. They goin' away next month, out to the country."

"Moving out to the country, hey?" said Abe. He was outwardly calm, but his eyes glittered. "What country?"

Anna turned to her cousin Lina and spoke a few words of Lithuanian.

"She say she don't remember," Lina explained, "but she say is something sounds like '*canned* goods'."

"*Canned* goods?" Morris murmured.

Abe bit the ends of his mustache for a moment, and then he leaped to his feet.

"*Canada!*" he yelled, and Lina nodded vigorously.

He darted out of the sample-room and ran to the telephone. In ten minutes he returned, his face bathed in perspiration.

"Anna," he croaked, "you come to work by me. Yes? How much you get by that—that M. Garfunkel?"

"Twenty dollars a month," Anna replied.

"All right, we'll pay you twenty-two," he said. "You're cheap at the price. We'll expect you this evening."

He turned to his partner after the girls had gone.

"Mawruss," he said, "put them goods for M. Garfunkel back in stock. I rung up Klinger & Klein and they sold him four thousand. I also rung up the Perfection Waist and Suit Company—also four thousand; Margolius & Fried—two thousand; Levy, Martin & Co.—three thousand, and so on. The way I figure it, he must of bought a hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods, all in the last few days, and all at ninety days net. He couldn't get a quarter of the goods in that First Avenue building of his, Mawruss, so where is the rest? Auction houses, Mawruss, north, south, east and west, and I bet yer he got the advance checks for each consignment deposited in Montreal right now. I bet yer he didn't even unpack the cases before he reshipped. Tell Miss Cohen to come in and bring her book."

When Miss Cohen took her seat Abe rose and cleared his throat for an epistle worthy of the occasion.

"The Paris. M. Garfunkel, Proprietor," he said. "Gents: Owing to circumstances which has arose—— No. Wait a bit."

He cleared his throat more vigorously.

"The Paris. M. Garfunkel, Proprietor," he said. "Gents: Owing to the fact that the *U*-nited States bankruptcy laws don't go nowheres except in the *U*-nited States, we are obliged to cancel the order what you give us. Thanking you for past favors and hoping to do a strictly-cash business with you in the future, we are truly yours, Potash & Perlmutter."

Miss Cohen shut her book and arose.

"Wait a bit, Miss Cohen. I ain't through yet," Abe said. He tilted backward and forward on his toes for a moment.

"P. S.," he concluded. "We hope you'll like it in Canada."

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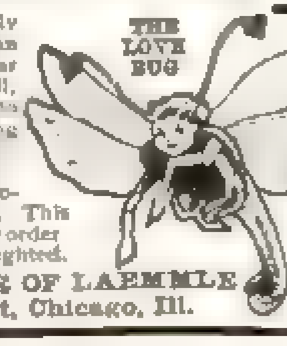

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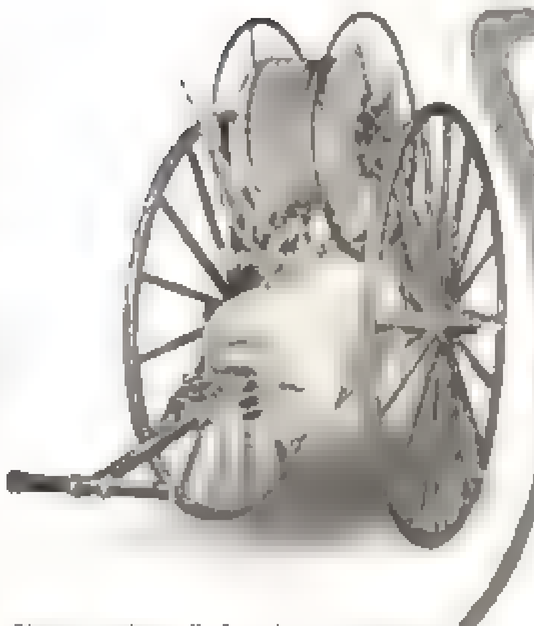
The antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. If you have tired, aching feet, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests the feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Relieves aching, swollen, hot, sweating feet, corns and bunions. [illegible] Sold by all Druggists, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* For FREE trial package, also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE Sanitary CORN PAD, a new invention, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania [illegible] only 10c. [illegible] 5c. Agts. wtd. 50% Big bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free. We Buy Stamps. C. E. Hussman Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Ambitious Men to represent us in their locality. We are manufacturers of Patented kitchen utensils and Household necessities. You build up a good, permanent business of [illegible] Good Profits. Every Housewife a possible purchaser. Repeat orders. PEASE MFG. CO., 2001 Pease Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

STOVINK The stove blacking that never burns off. [illegible] want for agents. Some agents have made from $6 to $10 a day. HAYDEN, GRIFFIN & COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio.



The "AJAX" for Towns and Cities and Volunteer Fire Departments

Have "Your Own Fire Department on Your Own Premises"

Extinguish a fire within a few moments of the start; without the usual water damage; and without the loss of valuable time in waiting for the arrival of your City Fire Department.

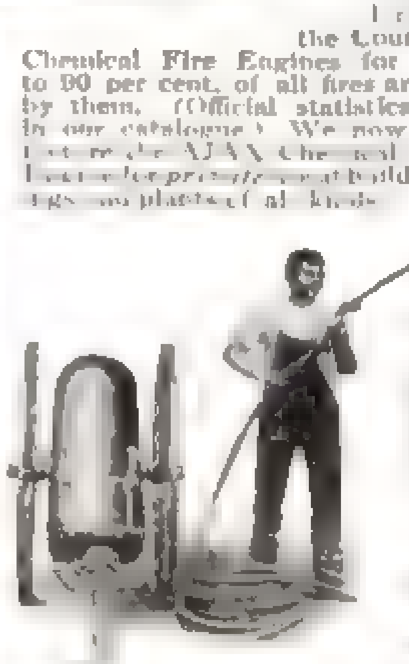
This you can do if you have *adequate* fire apparatus at hand for immediate use. Apparatus which does not require flooding the premises in order to extinguish a fire.

A small sum will enable you to have "Your Own Fire Department on Your Own Premises." Will enable you to purchase a powerful fire fighting machine, which instantly throws a *chemical* solution 80 feet, with an efficiency equivalent to thousands of pails of water.

FIRE FIGHTING EFFICIENCY EQUAL TO 9000 PAILS OF WATER

The Ajax Chemical Fire Engine

for Towns, Mills, Factories, Country Homes, Public Institutions, Stores, Etc.

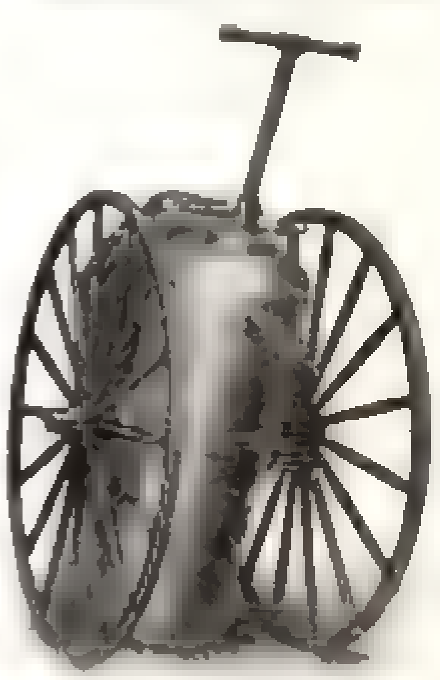


As you know, nearly every City Fire Department in the Country has been using Chemical Fire Engines for many years. 40 to 90 per cent. of all fires are extinguished by them. (Official statistics by Cities in our catalogue.) We now manufacture the AJAX Chemical Fire Engine *for private use* at buildings and plants of all kinds.

And these machines are just like the City Department machines, except that they are mounted on a small frame, so they can be wheeled through narrow aisles, doorways, paths, etc. Has about ⅓ the capacity of a City Fire Department Chemical Engine, and will therefore extinguish nearly as large a fire—yet the cost of the private [illegible] is only a very *small fraction* of the cost of the City Department machines.

Whether your premises are located in a large City or a small Town, you [illegible] in lower corner [illegible]. And if you are in the [illegible] Town, with little or no fire protection, you should recommend to your Town Council that they [illegible] Town machines [illegible] upper corner) for use throughout the town in addition to the private machine you should have on your own premises.

As the AJAX throws a powerful *chemical* stream about 80 feet, it will readily extinguish fires of oil, tar, [illegible] It is operated [illegible] Among the purchasers of the AJAX are the Standard Oil Co., U. S. Steel Corporation, United States Government, Mexican Government, John Wanamaker, R. H. Macy & Co., etc.



The "AJAX" for Factories and private use of all kinds

FREE TRIAL OFFER:

We prepay freight charges and [illegible] If machine is not [illegible]

AJAX FIRE ENGINE WORKS, 97 South Liberty St., New York

Send the undersigned your pamphlet giving full facts regarding the AJAX Chemical Fire Engine, and quote price and free trial offer

Name [illegible] Address

Write for Special Offer—

quoting the trade discount direct to the public on the highest grade diamonds. Complete catalog and discount sheet on request.

Send the Coupon below

Special Discounts on Highest Grade Diamonds

WRITE for special discount sheet and price list, together with the complete Geo. E. Marshall catalog.

The catalog of the house of Geo. E. Marshall has been published annually for over twenty years and is known as a standard for first quality gems. Our **special 1909** discounts on **rarest** values may indeed **SURPRISE** you.

Do not buy a diamond until you have seen the Geo. E. Marshall catalog and let us first quote you our trade discounts, now offered direct.

SO WRITE today for special discount sheet. Fill out coupon below, and we'll send you immediately, prepaid, our annual catalog, the most complete of its kind.

Marshall's "F" Grade

The [illegible] finest grade—diamonds of the rarest beauty—are shipped on approval; no money down.

Buy a Diamond *NOW!*

There never has been a time when diamonds have been as superlatively safe and sound an investment as at the present time. Diamonds have long been recognized by shrewd business men as the best investment for any amount large or small. They are as safe as the best bank in the country, and they pay a good rate of interest. There is always a ready market for diamonds.

And in the last few months this market has been stronger than ever, and the prices are constantly increasing. The rapidly [illegible] prices, besides this the mines are being worked at greater depth than ever [illegible] and the geologists' reports show that the supply is decreasing rapidly. The removal of the native African miners and the unionizing of white miners has also increased the cost of mining.

[illegible] diamond now [illegible] We are selling [illegible] which are subject [illegible] on special discount [illegible] purchase. Write for the Marshall Catalog

HERE, for instance, are three diamonds, all perfect in cut, color and of a scintillating pure white—the Marshall "F" grade.

And the prices! The beautiful solitaire at the top only $33.00! The twin $46.00. And the magnificent Belcher—$175.00. In addition to the trade discount we allow an 8% discount for cash, $30.36, $42.32 and $161.00. Or terms, if you prefer: $3.30 a month, $4.60 a month or $17.50 a month. We allow the trade discount to those who buy for cash as well as those who buy on time.

These or any other diamonds shipped prepaid, not a cent to pay [illegible] after examination. You risk nothing, you pay nothing, you are under no obligations in ordering.

GEO. E. MARSHALL, (Inc.)
W. S. HYDE, JR., Pres.
S. E. MARSHALL, Vice Pres. A. S. TRUE, Sec.
103 State St.—Dept. 122 Y—Chicago, Ill.

For choice selection of jewelry, cut glass, silver, etc., send for our regular catalog

Catalog on Request

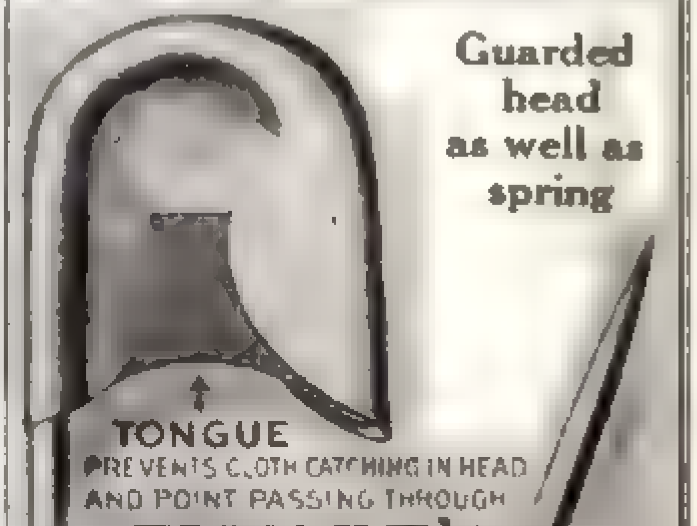
PRICE LIST and SPECIAL DISCOUNT SHEET

Send coupon or postal or letter. No letter is needed if you merely mail coupon

Do not buy a diamond or jewelry until you have seen our price catalog, and Special Discount Sheet and Approval Shipment Offer.

WRITE today

GEO. E. MARSHALL, (Inc.) 103 State St.—Dept. 122 Y, CHICAGO, ILL.
[illegible] Special Discount Sheet, with full explanation of your [illegible] offer
Name
Address
No letter necessary, the coupon alone will do, mail it today


Guarded head as well as spring
TONGUE
PREVENTS CLOTH CATCHING IN HEAD AND POINT PASSING THROUGH

STEWART'S DUPLEX SAFETY PIN

Never comes open in use. INSURES COMFORT OF BABY and YOURSELF.

If your dealer doesn't sell them, take no other, send his address and we'll send you free sample. Insist on

Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins

[illegible]

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.
24 Farrand Street, Bloomfield, N. J.

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4 PHOTOGRAPHIC DEVELOPERS In One

Develine [illegible] Tank, Tray Development [illegible] on Developing Paper or Bromide Paper. [illegible] of 4 developers. Send 50 cents for 4 packages or $1.00 for [illegible]

DEVELINE THE DEVELINE CHEMICAL CO. East Liverpool, Ohio

When this invention is used one pound of tea goes as far as three pounds. Agents make a mint of money selling it. Send 10c for 25c sample, postpaid.

Agents: send for my Acorn T-Maker

DR. LYONS, 1029 Day Street, Pekin, Ill.

Can You Furnish a Bond?

If you can, we have a steady job for you, delivering goods and collecting [illegible] You need no experience and risk nothing. We [illegible] and teach you the portrait and frame business. Don't pass up this chance. Write today for particulars.

CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT & FRAME CO.
290—163 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

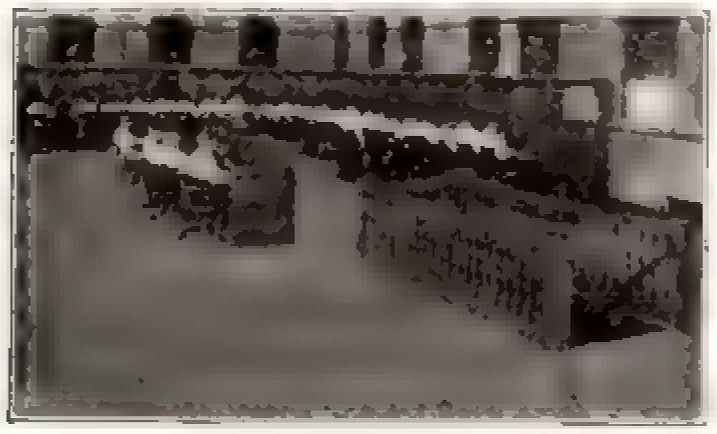
TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" [illegible] factory rebuilt and all other [illegible] sold or rented anywhere at ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Catalog. Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

PREVENTION OF DUST

UNCLEAN, dusty floors gather disease germs and are very common carriers for contagion. In every public room where people regularly assemble, there are hundreds of thousands of minute dust particles floating in the air, and mingling with them the germs of various infectious diseases.

So long as floors remain dry and untreated, disease-laden dust will pollute the atmosphere. The elimination of dust, therefore, is actually the prevention of disease. The most effective dust-preventive known to-day is Standard Floor Dressing, a preparation that keeps floors just moist enough to retain every particle of dust and germ coming in contact with it.



Standard Floor Dressing is the logical remedy for the dust evil in schoolrooms, stores, offices and all public buildings. It not only reduces the proportion of circulating dust nearly 100 per cent., but actually destroys all living micro-organisms, thereby maintaining hygienic conditions and practically eliminating all danger of contagion.

Standard Floor Dressing is also the best preservative of wood floors ever placed on the market. It makes them last longer, keeps them from splintering, and by reducing the labor and cost of caretaking pays for itself many times over. It does not evaporate—three or four dressings a year being sufficient to maintain dustless conditions. *It is not, however, intended for household use.* Dealers sell Standard Floor Dressing in barrels and cans of varying capacities.

As a proof of our faith in Standard Floor Dressing, we will dress the floor of one room or corridor in any public building AT OUR OWN EXPENSE. To localities far removed from our agencies, we will send free sample with full directions for applying. Particulars of this free demonstration, as well as testimonials, reports and our book, "Dust and its Dangers," sent to any address.

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

"61"
FLOOR
VARNISH
"Shows Only the Reflection"

is made not to mar. It does not crack, peel or chip off, nor will heavy furniture damage it. Its extreme proof of "61" toughness, preserves the floor and has a lasting, brilliant luster. It

Write for Free Sample Panel finished with "61"; test it with a hammer; stamp on it. You may dent the wood but you can't crack or peel this varnish. Send for Floor Finishing Booklet.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.
VARNISH MAKERS 60 YEARS
83 TONAWANDA ST. BUFFALO N.Y.
FACTORIES IN 7 CITIES

A Salary for Your Spare Time

THOUSANDS of people have time on their hands which could be profitably devoted to some outside employment. If you have a desire to do so, we can offer you the opportunity. We want agents in every town in the country to look after our subscription work—to forward renewals for

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
and
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

and to send new business. For this work we pay a regular, weekly salary and a commission on each order. If you are interested, send us a line of inquiry.

Circulation Bureau
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

A MINISTER'S MAIL

(Concluded from Page 11)

them up alive—because I will persist in preaching "the pestilent doctrine of the Fatherhood of God'"

Another specimen must serve for all. Some years ago I lay for some time dangerously ill and, by most, my life was despaired of. There came a change for the better, and the Liverpool Daily Post reported that "good news" had been received of me and that I was likely to live. The paragraph was cut out of the Post and sent to me by one of these terribly orthodox brethren with a communication telling me that "this 'good news' is very bad news indeed to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, unless the Lord should graciously touch your heart so that you turn from the error of your ways and preach the old Gospel as you never have done before."

In the days when Great Britain was occupied in blotting out two South African republics I stood out against the Imperialist policy and denounced the war and the warmongers. Some of the letters which I received were terrible. They came, hundreds of them in a week, at the time when my house was wrecked by a mob, when the aisles of the church were lined by detectives, and I had to be guarded in passing from the vestry to the pulpit. The letters! I found much occupation for my mind in discussing whether, when men offered to teach me the bayonet drill with myself as the center of attack, they would be better engaged in such like exercises or in learning how to spell words of one syllable. When they burned me in effigy or flung into the River Mersey the scarecrow that stood for me I laughed. But when, during my absence from home, they bombarded my wife with letters declaring that I should be riddled with bullets and brought home on a shutter it rather seemed to me that patriotism had carried them too far.

In ordinary times, if I make some mild observation about the temperance movement, the curse of drink, and prohibition, letters come in shoals. Here is a beauty:

> I have been reading in the train your low speech, and a more un-Christian and blackguard utterance I have never read, especially by what should be a minister of the Gospel. Thank God, there are few of your stamp. If there is a man more degraded than the Rev. C. F. Aked, the Lord have mercy upon him. I do not know to what denomination you belong, nor care, but you are a disgrace to any. Moreover, you are a liar.

And here is another as rich:

> Aked, you are getting worse. You are the most accomplished blackguard I ever heard of, and a thundering liar, and a downright uneducated wastrel. You seem quite unable to talk about anything except drink. Drink is not the root of all evil. I guess you are wild because you are not a rich brewer.

And another:

> I have just read your tirade and must say that anything more indecent or utterly becoming (*sic*) a man who calls himself a Christian minister it has not been my lot to have read before. It makes one sick, such hypocrisy. I will leave you to your own conscience if you have one.

But why go on? There is an apocryphal story told of John Wesley that a young man who had been in the ministry three years came to him profoundly discouraged by the inadequate results of his labor. Wesley asked, "Has no sinner been converted by your preaching?" And the answer was, "No, sir." Then Wesley asked, "Is no one inquiring the way of salvation?" And the answer was, "No, sir." "Then," demanded the great man, "is there nobody in your town mad enough to break your neck?" And brightly the young preacher replied, "No, sir!" And Wesley is reported to have said, "Then I think you will have to leave the ministry!"

There is more than one city in this country where, if the preacher does his duty, there will be men "mad enough to break his neck." And if the church is not a hissing and a hatred among the people who live by the degradation and debauchery of their fellows there is something wrong with the ministry.

Summer Weight – Fashionable Shades
Look Neat and Feel Good on the Feet.

Comfort and Style are not Sacrificed for Durability in

Everwear
TRADE MARK

Hosiery

Everwear are *more than merely "guaranteed" hose.*

They are unlike any hose you have ever worn—the kind you have been looking for for years.

Better than most hose that sell for twice the price.

Better in fact than any kind of hose, because Everwear are made to wear where the wear comes most. They look as neat—feel as good and fit as well as the most expensive kinds. And they retain their color, shape, and comfort during all their many months of wear and washing.

You pay as much for ordinary guaranteed hose—as much or more for common hose, but you can't get hose as good as Everwear at any price. If holes appear in any or all of six pairs within six months after date of purchase you get new hose free. Order six pairs today and the hose will prove our every claim. Remember the name EVERWEAR, and look for it on the hose and box.

Write for free booklet, "An Everwear Yarn."

Six Pairs of One Size in a Box. Solid or Assorted Colors.

SILK LISLE

Men's—$3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, light and dark shades of blue and gray, Hunter Green, Reseda Green, Purple and Gun Metal.

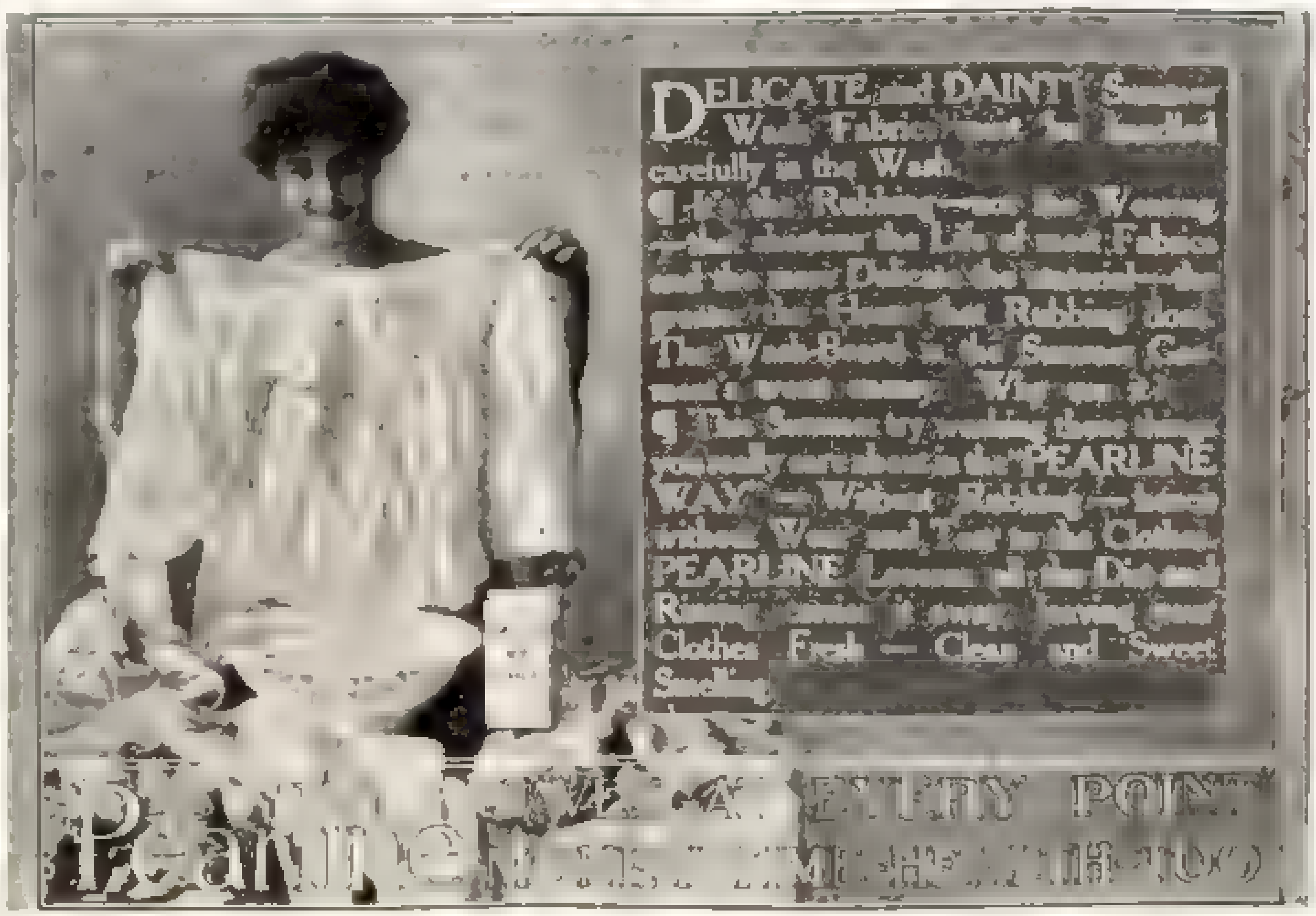
Ladies—$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors black and tan.

EGYPTIAN COTTON

Men's—$1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, and burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan.

Ladies—$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

Everwear Hosiery Co., Dept. 11, Milwaukee, Wis.



DELICATE and DAINTY Summer Wash Fabrics [illegible] carefully in the Wash. ¶ It's the Rubbing [illegible] the Wearing [illegible] the Life of most Fabrics [illegible] The Wash-Board [illegible] ¶ [illegible] PEARLINE WAY — Without Rubbing [illegible] Wear and Tear to the Clothes. PEARLINE Loosens all the Dirt and Rinsing [illegible] leaving your Clothes Fresh — Clean and Sweet Smelling.

LIQUID VENEER

Is Wonderful for Dusting;
It Polishes, Cleans and Disinfects
All at the Same Time.
Sold Everywhere in 25c. 50c. and $1.00 Bottles

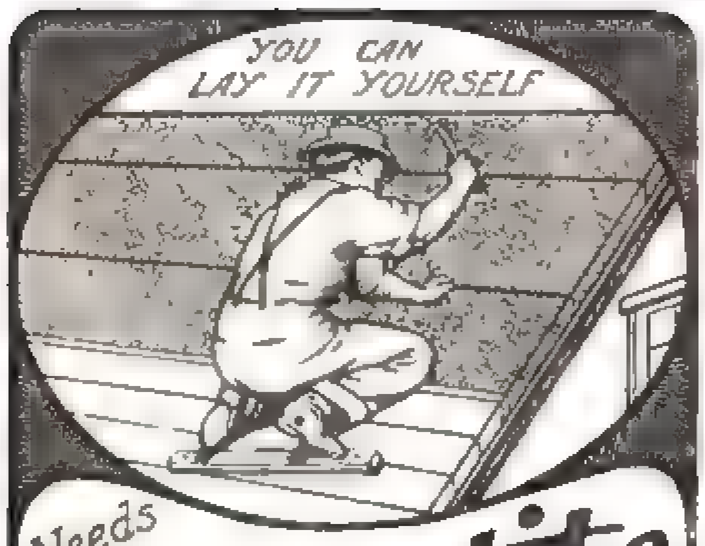
MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES—1c. to 5c. a word. We sell stories, plays, and book **Manuscripts**, on commission; we criticize and revise them and tell you where to sell them. **Story-Writing** and **Journalism** taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "**Writing for Profit**"; tells how. **The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.**

LEARN PLUMBING

One of the best paid of all trades. Plumbers are in demand everywhere at good wages. They have short hours. Write for free catalog.

ST. LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL, 4443 Olive St., ST. LOUIS, MO.



Needs No Painting
Amatite
ROOFING

THE fact that Amatite *needs no painting* makes it the most economical roofing on the market.

A roof which requires painting every couple of years to keep it tight is an expensive proposition. If you will stop and figure out the cost of the paint, you will find it is frequently more than the roofing itself.

Amatite is covered with a *real mineral surface*, which makes painting absolutely unnecessary.

Anyone can lay Amatite. It requires no skilled labor. Nails and liquid cement which requires no heating, supplied free with every roll.

Free Sample

Write to-day to nearest office for free sample and illustrated booklet.

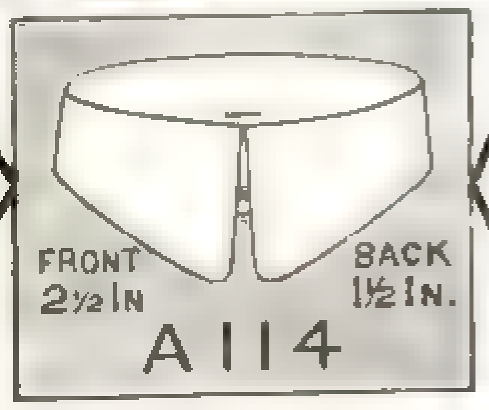
BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO.

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Boston St. Louis Cleveland
Pittsburg Cincinnati Kansas City
Minneapolis New Orleans London, Eng.

Here's the Collar
FOR YOU

I make them by hand—that's why they fit better, look better and wear better than machine made collars

For 25 years I have made and sold my collars to dealers [illegible] me save you [illegible] and money [illegible] me send now my collars direct to your home [illegible] the dealer's profit into the [illegible]



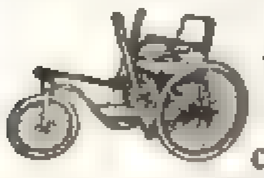
8 for $1.00, or 2 for 25c

Send me [illegible] and [illegible] the size [illegible]

The above style is A 114. My booklet shows all the latest shapes. Particularly notice A 106—a collar of merit for general use

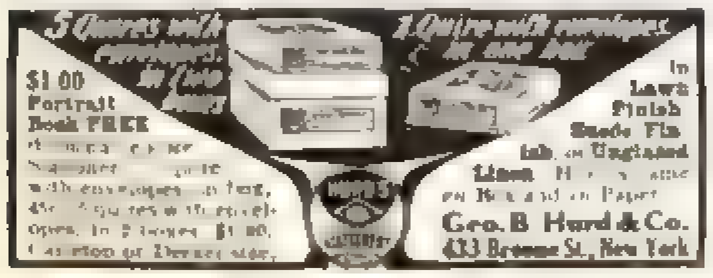
C. G. Cleminshaw, 293 River St., Troy, New York
"The Home of Good Collars"

Tricycles for Cripples
and
Chairs for Invalids



Complete catalog sent on request. Write for it today.

WORTHINGTON CO., 217 Cedar St., Elyria, Ohio


5 Quires with envelopes in two boxes
1 Quire with envelopes in one box

$1.00 Portrait Book FREE
[illegible]

In Lawn Finish
Suede Fin[illegible]
[illegible] Unglazed Linen [illegible]
[illegible] Paper

Geo. B Hurd & Co.
433 Broome St., New York

PLOWS AND POVERTY

(Continued from Page 15

before us an object-lesson that we may do well to learn and, with certain modifications, to practice. Upon the slopes of the volcanic Etna, of the Apennines, the Alps and the other mountains of France and Italy there is a great industry prosecuted on land that would be in the blue Mediterranean in a decade if they plowed it. Far too much of both of these countries has gone into that poetic sea through the erosion that follows injudicious forest clearing. They, too, have had their beaver epoch

In crossing the Apennines from Venice to Florence a striking contrast is unfolded. For the first eighteen hundred feet of the climb the country is brown, yellow, sedgy, practically untilled, almost empty, with meager villages few and far between. At the elevation of nineteen hundred feet the forest zone begins—a forest of chestnut trees of the kind that produce good, big nuts. These chestnut orchards cover the steep mountainside for miles. The numerous villages of the caretakers show a large and fairly prosperous population.

Not long ago I visited such an orchard in the south of France. A new road was being cut through the lower part of it, and I had an excellent chance to see that the hard granite rock was only six to twenty-four inches below the surface, with occasional pockets of earth three or four feet deep, while a glance at the upward slope showed protruding boulders which put that hillside clear beyond the bounds of ordinary tillage. With the exception of a few small terraces the whole spur of the mountain was covered with grafted chestnut trees, from the foot of the slope to the top, a thousand feet above, and it almost seemed that where the rocks were thickest the trees flourished best.

"How many chestnuts do you get as an average crop?" I asked the proprietor.

"Eleven to fourteen bushels per acre," he replied

That makes a rather interesting comparison with the thirteen bushels which is the average yield per acre of wheat in the United States.

"What becomes of the grass that grows between the trees?" I asked.

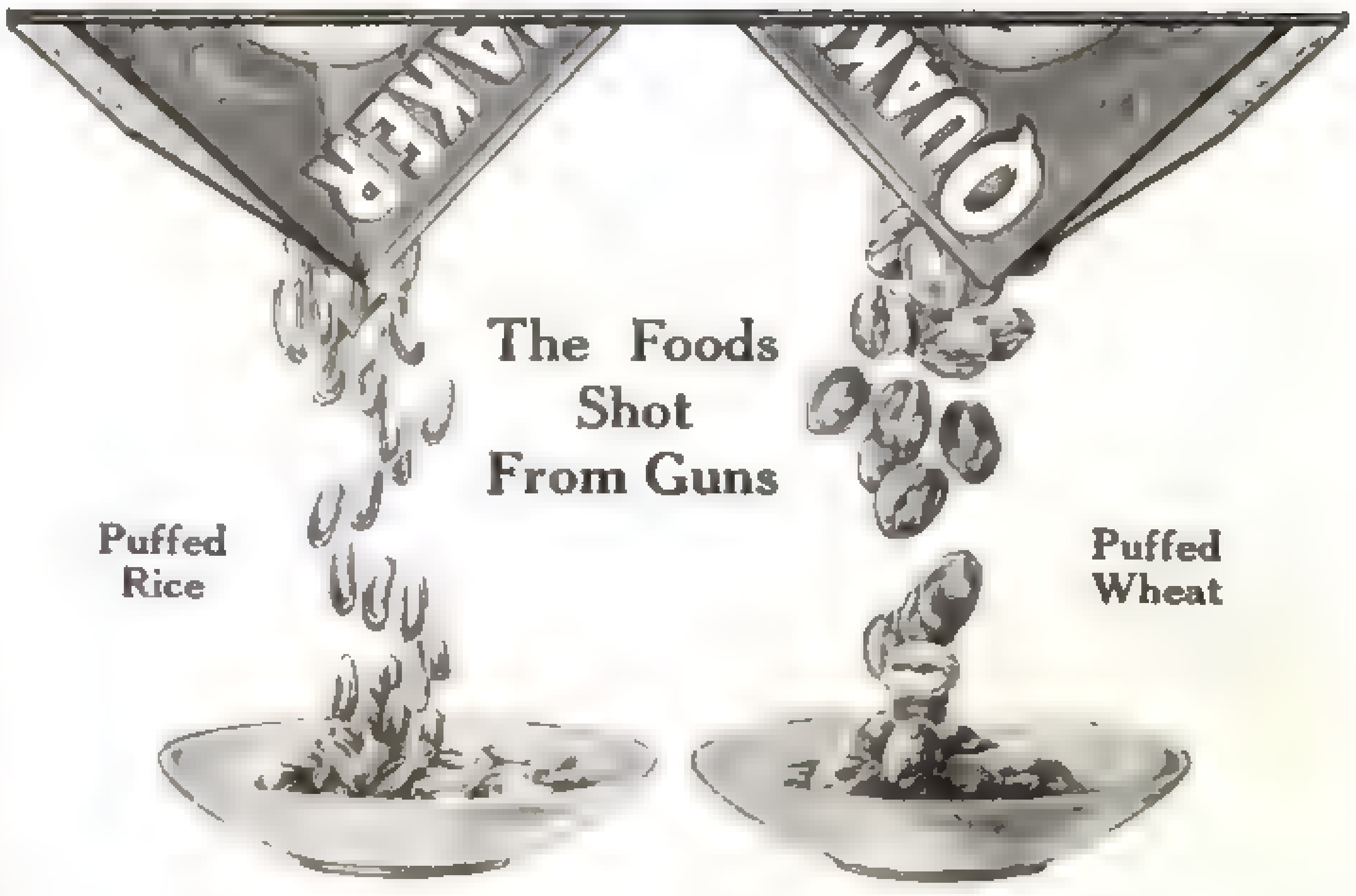
"The cows and goats run here," he answered.

Observing that there were no dead leaves beneath the trees, I asked what had become of them and was informed that they were used to bed the stock.

Money on Rocky Hillsides

"How much is this orchard worth?" I inquired, and quick as a shot came back the answer, "Two thousand francs per hectare," which, being translated, means one hundred and sixty dollars per acre for a steep, rocky and unplowable granite mountainside, four miles beyond the end of a little railway that stops down in the mountains, some seventy miles southwest from Lyons. The place was so remote and the people so unsophisticated that when I tipped an old woman for helping me photograph her goats in the market square the crowd guyed me. And yet their land, on a strictly farm basis, was as valuable as the fine, level, rich, black, productive prairies of Illinois. And you can buy the same kind of mountain land in the United States by the hundred miles for five or ten dollars per acre, and tens of thousands of better hillsides in this country have been cleared, tilled, gullied and abandoned, and are now going from bad to worse. Yet, right beside these ruined hillsides there are, in thousands upon thousands of cases, healthy and vigorous chestnut trees growing on the same slope, usually the worst part of it, showing at least one thing the slope can grow and at the same time remain uninjured. It is astonishing to see in what a fraction of soil the chestnut tree will thrive. It will wedge its roots in a mere crack of the solid rock. It will hang on the edge of a quarry or a steep gravel bank, rear its crown in the sunlight fifty feet above, and shower down its sweet nuts in the autumn frost and winds.

If we do not choose to live on chestnuts, as do the mountaineers of the Mediterranean countries from Portugal to Turkey, let us raise them for the pigs and sheep. The demand for wool, mutton and pork seems to be about as sure as sunrise, and



A Million a Month

At this writing the sale on Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice exceeds a million packages monthly.

It has almost doubled in the past three months. Every day, apparently, some ten thousand new homes adopt them

All over the country, one is telling another about these enticing foods. And the others tell others.

Before the summer is over, perhaps a million new homes will enjoy them. Won't you let your home be one?

Chosen by Three in Four

At our New York lunch room we serve ten kinds of cereals—all our own make—to hundreds of people daily.

We serve all without preference, and all at one price—15 cents per dish. For our object is to learn what people want

Of each 1,000 people who take ready-cooked cereals, 717 take the foods shot from guns.

Only one-fifth as many take Corn Flakes, one-tenth as many take Wheat Flakes, one-eighth as many take Breakfast Biscuits.

Our patrons are mainly men—men who want foods that are real and substantial. These are the foods they choose

That indicates clearly that three homes in four will want puffed foods when they know them.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in the Extreme West

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is the curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved, for sixty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Then the guns are unsealed. Instantly every starch granule is exploded into a myriad particles, so the digestive juices act promptly.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times—made four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have giant grains, crisp and delicious, ready to melt in the mouth.

The Children's Choice

If we had a lunch room where children were served, it is probable that nothing but these puffed foods would sell

For the great crisp grains, to the children's taste, are the most delicious foods in existence

Prove this on your table—hear what your people say. Serve Puffed Wheat one morning and Puffed Rice the next.

One of these foods will be your breakfast forever, if you let your people choose.

Try it tomorrow—order a package now.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

LIFEBUOY

ONLY 5 CENTS

The Healthy Soap For Toilet and Bath

"A Word to the Wise"

Use LIFEBUOY SOAP for toilet and bath and enjoy the security it gives because of its hygienic and beneficial qualities.

You owe it to yourself, your family and your neighbors, to keep infection as far away as possible

LIFEBUOY SOAP is the household germ destroyer, the recognized health soap of the home

LIFEBUOY SOAP

Cleans and Disinfects at the Same Time.

Ask your Grocer. 5c a Cake.

LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, Cambridge, Mass.

Don't Wash Your Hair So Often keep it soft, clean and fluffy with

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that cleanses the hair without washing. The powder removes dust, grease and excessive oil after brushing. Keeps the hair in splendid condition.

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the prices are going up. There are scores of hardy Japanese chestnuts that yield nuts as large as the fruit of the horse-chestnut trees. They will grow on any hillside that you can climb over and they will hold the soil tightly in its place for a thousand years. The big Japanese nuts have somewhat the flavor of acorns, but the pigs and the sheep like that, and it gives the meat a gamy flavor. Ten bushels of chestnuts a tree have often been produced in a single year. Some of these varieties of chestnuts (which are important human food in Japan, Korea and China) will yield apparently as much food an acre as the American farmer is now getting from his wheatfields, and they will do it oftener than any one field can yield wheat, and do it, too, on ground that could not produce wheat. We have over a million square miles of land where these trees will thrive excellently, and the price of meat and the price of wheat are rising while the fertility of the American farm is falling

To the man who loves his country there are few more sickening sights than the gaping gullies on the abandoned hillside, for it means the destruction of the country that he loves. So universal is this sight south of Mason and Dixon's Line and in many other parts of the United States that it makes travel depressing for the patriotic economist. Already an area greater than Rhode Island, Connecticut and Delaware has gone down these gullies to its economic grave, and several times as much more land is sick unto death.

Take the pictured case of a fertile hillside within ten miles of Philadelphia City Hall. It is useless and has long been unused because of the impassable gullies. This soil-wash curseth him that gives and him that gets. The farmer lost his acres into the Delaware, ten miles away, and there the United States Government is dredging in a vain effort to keep the mud out of the river. Meanwhile, the Pennsylvania Congressmen are trying hard to get Uncle Sam to deepen their river, and the Philadelphia merchants bemoan the fact that the big ships cannot come to their port, and every year the Pennsylvania farmers are sending down from their hillsides another million tons of the fat of the state, which they cannot spare, to spoil the river which they cannot get along without

How the Leak Can be Stopped

It is as unprofitable as it is for a snake to bite himself because some boy puts a stone on his tail. And herein lies the hope of rather speedy remedy. The new patriotism, growing out of the new national consciousness, is going to say with increasing force: "Stop needless waste of national resources, of which the greatest of all is soil-wash." The new transportation needs are to be met by improved river navigation, of which the greatest enemy is the same soil-wash which has already robbed us of hundreds of miles of good waterways by filling them full of mud and sand. The awakening nation will soon say to the farmer: "Stop that gully, or we will do it for you!"

In that day it will be a great aid to real and rapid progress if the spokesman of Uncle Sam, who will probably be the Department of Agriculture, can have more than a mere prohibition to hand out to the farmer. When we say, "You shall not plow that hillside!" we should be able to point out a dozen other good ways of using it to better advantage. Therefore, let the Department of Agriculture and the Experiment Stations—which together make the greatest scientific body on earth—get to work at once to develop the science of tree crops ready for the time that they are generally to be appreciated and used.

Let them experiment widely and determine the limits of plowless fruit growing. Let them send out yet more explorers into the very ends of the earth to bring back all manner of nut-bearing, fruit-bearing, hay-bearing, root-bearing, grass-bearing and wood-bearing things. Then let a regiment of the greatest of all wizards, the plant breeders, get to work with their newfound laws of heredity and produce from all of this mass of plants with their few isolated good qualities a dozen or two of splendid crops for the hillside. Then, instead of the bare hillside with gaping gullies showering down destructive mud, we can have green verdure showering fruits and harvests on a land that will last forever because it is rightly used. Away with beaver tricks!

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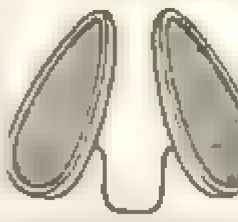

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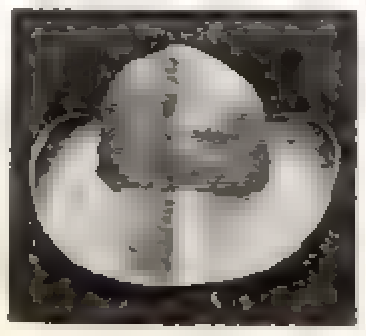

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PANAMA HAT CO., 181A William St., New York City

LOUP, THE DOG SMUGGLER

(Continued from Page 10)

emotional onslaught of hostility and superstitious fear projected toward him

"So your pale-eyed devil did come back!" growled the chief.

"Yes, commandant," answered Jean. "You know, I warned the gentleman that the dog would return."

"It is—how far did he say?" asked another man. "Six hundred kilometers, was it not?" He looked at Loup and scowled. "The devil himself is in that brute!"

"If I were not an honest man," observed Jean with a grin, "I would make a smuggler of him."

"Ho! Would you, indeed!" cried the chief. "Then it would not be long before he got a charge of shot from a *gabelou!*"

The man did not know that he had, in his last syllable, voiced Loup's name. But as he finished his threat Loup turned to him deliberately and fixed him with his white eyes and with so intent a look that the man was startled.

"Take your beast away!" he commanded roughly. "Don't bring him here again! The last time he was here he stared at Marius, and two days later the lad got a knife thrust from a Spanish muleteer. That dog has got the evil eye!"

"I do not doubt it," said Jean; "but, you know, there is a remedy."

"What is that?"

"If a few hairs from a person or animal having the evil eye are carried in a scapular or locket they are a sure protection against all evil spirits. If you like I will hold the dog and you may pull some hairs from his tail."

The superstitious *gabelous* at first looked skeptical, then acted on Jean's suggestion. With the shepherd holding the dog firmly behind the ears, the men pulled and tugged and tweaked the hairs from his wolfish brush. Shudder after shudder shook Loup's tense body. The pain was nothing, but the indignity and the pollution of the hands of folk whose attitude toward him was mixed of fear and murderous hate drove the dog nearly wild. To make matters worse, Jean, while holding him, was uttering in his ear the sibilant little sounds, so low that the men could not hear. Before the ordeal was over it was needing all of Loup's magnificent self-control to keep him from tearing his powerful body from Jean's clasp and hurling himself barefanged upon this vile and cowardly pack of enemies.

But the business was done—the lesson learned. Two days later Jean called Loup, and making a little détour around the station, struck the road higher up the mountain. Then he ordered the dog to go home. The experiment was slightly dangerous, for so great was the enmity of the *gabelous* toward Loup that if he had passed the station by himself he might have been shot. But Jean was fairly confident that Loup would *not* pass the station. Nor was he mistaken, as when he passed there himself a little later nothing had been seen of Loup. The dog had turned off into the thicket-covered hillside—and Jean smiled to himself and figured the profits on a hundred of the best Habana cigars.

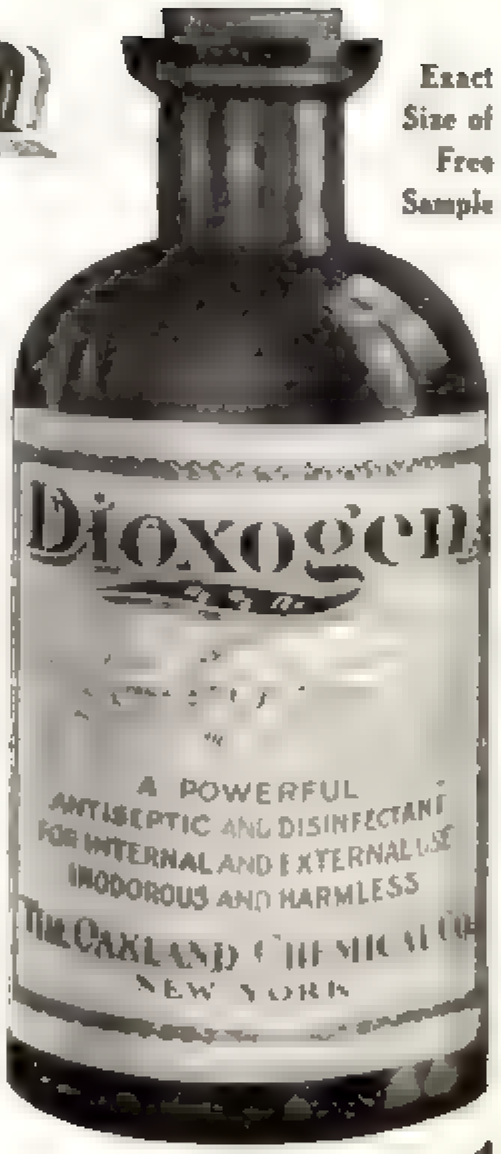
The next day he took Loup and crossed the mountain and introduced the dog to a certain swarthy, fierce-eyed, ringed-eared cottager with whom he had already conducted certain business relations.

. . . .

Loup entered upon his criminal career with a conscientious zeal worthy of a better cause. Some time was required to teach the dog to make the twenty-mile trip alone to the cottage of Jean's Spanish confederate, but he learned in time what was required of him, setting off at Jean's command shortly after dark. The day following he spent sleeping in the Spaniard's mule shed, and the next night returned, laden with contraband, to where the shepherd was anxiously awaiting him. Fifty first-class Habana cigars, carefully wrapped in oilcloth, were packed in his heavy canvas saddle-bags which were firmly secured by a light leather harness.

Many such trips he made without once arousing suspicion. Whether he felt instinctively that the *gabelous* were to be outwitted, or merely because his trips were made at night, when all animals, and even man, become naturally more stealthy, one

Dioxogen



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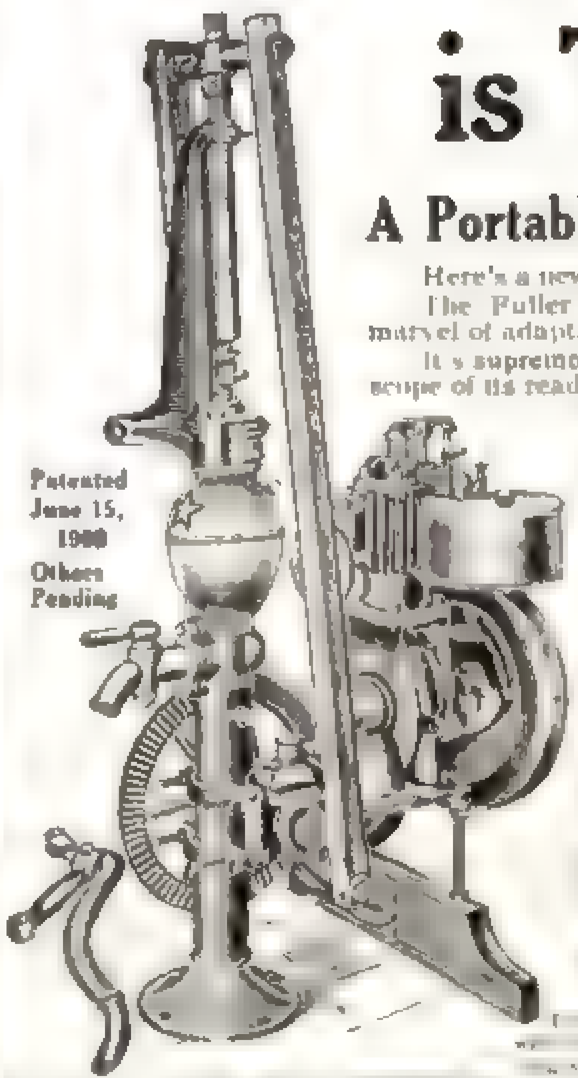

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Here's a new type of gasoline engine that has scored a tremendous success.

The Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engine—a Prodigy in Power and a marvel of adaptability to a very wide range of uses.

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[illegible] This is the key to [illegible] power plant! [illegible] The engine is absolutely complete in itself and ready for work, any time, anywhere! Everything but the gasoline comes in the packing box in which the engine is shipped.

It's just what you need for your farm or summer home or to run a little work shop.

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The engine attaches to any standard pump by means of four common nuts. Will start [illegible] 31 to 37 strokes a minute [illegible] Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engine is as high grade a machine in every [illegible] adaptable little engine on the market [illegible] if we charged $100 for it. *Yet it costs even less than a windmill!*

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cannot say; or, perhaps, it was because of Loup's deeply-impressed dislike of the revenue people. At any rate, no *gabelou* ever so much as sighted him, either going or returning. He picked his way over the mountain, hunting deep thickets as might a marauding wolf, arriving home usually at about two in the morning. A splendid meal was ready for him; then came another day of rest, sleeping in the sunshine or before the fire. When the night had darkened he was off again on his illicit mission.

One morning he returned limping and flecked with blood. A *gabelou* watching a mule path where it wound down a moonlit slope had caught a glimpse of a vague shape stealing through the bracken, and at the risk of giving the alarm to the human smugglers for whom he was waiting, had fired. One ball that might have been Loup's bane had spoiled twenty francs' worth of cigars; another had passed through the fleshy part of his muscular thigh, while still a third had plowed open the skin of his back. But Loup, stifling back a yelp of pain, had dropped on his belly and stolen swiftly into dense cover, then made the remaining five miles on three legs.

The next morning one of the customs officers, the man whom the dog most detested, had strolled up to the cabin on his way back from town.

"Where is your dog?" he asked of Jean, after a few minutes' desultory conversation.

"He is somewhere about," answered the shepherd carelessly. "Down with the sheep, perhaps; or hunting a rabbit on the hillside. He is a great *chasseur*, and hunts oftenest at night."

As a matter of fact, Loup, his leg well bandaged, was lying in a bin on a heap of selected raisins destined for wedding cake, and he was at that very moment bristling and rumbling at the propinquity of his enemy.

The *gabelou* drank a couple of glasses of strong native wine and departed. As he disappeared among the rocks Jean spat on the ground and cursed him. For he knew that Loup was suspected. As a matter of fact, the experience was a valuable one in teaching the dog the exercise of even greater caution. This was very necessary, for from that time on the customs men started in to stalk him, and Loup learned that it was necessary continually to vary his route.

He was not long in discovering that it was not safe to depend on scent or hearing to avoid an ambush. There is another sense—one much more delicate and which comparatively few dogs are sufficiently gifted to employ. Even Loup had to study its use, but, once mastered, it proved infallible. This faculty is a subtle consciousness of the propinquity of friend or enemy, who can neither be seen nor scented nor heard. All persons who are close observers and have had dealings with finely-sensed dogs must have marveled at it. For it is a faculty which enables the animal to perceive the approach of his master long before scent or sound could possibly reach him. It is the intuition which enables the hound to return to his master, straight through the deep woods and directly from any point without reference to distance, or the course of the wind, or the following of a trail. Wild animals possess it in varying degrees, but coarse-fibered dogs, or those who have associated a great deal with men and formed the habit of relying more on their animal mentalities than on pure instinct, often lack it utterly.

Loup developed this sense by patience, study and necessity, until at last he was, to coin a word, no longer "ambuscadable."

So clever he became that Jean himself grew to regard him as almost diabolic in his cunning, while his Spanish confederate always observed in his manner toward Loup something of the attitude of the savage to his household fetish. As for the *gabelous*, they had found so many of Loup's tracks in the damp earth and spent so many fruitless nights in watching these trails that it is doubtful if one of the men, suddenly confronted by the dog, would have had the nerve to fire on him. Loup had learned his work thoroughly and well; and yet he was always seeking to learn more. Many nights he had lain in the scrub and watched his enemies, marveling at their stupidity. No doubt to his clean-souled dog intelligence it was he who was the honest one, while the excise men were knaves and footpads seeking to slay and plunder.

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One early morning, as he came slipping like a phantom through a cold sea mist at the end of his twenty-mile course and drew near the hut, he was pulled up suddenly by his infallible new sense. He crept nearer, alert and keen, then bristled at the scent of his mortal enemy—the customs man who had fired on him.

The fog was driving in from the sea, and Loup, who had learned the coarseness of human sensibilities, stole close to the door of the hut to reconnoiter from the fringe of currant bushes. The door was wide open; a fire was blazing on the hearth, and on opposite sides of a rough table sat Jean and the *gabelou*, a flask of wine between them.

Both swarthy faces were flushed with drink, and Loup, watching intently, seemed to see a lurid mist swirling about the two men. He bristled unconsciously and his tired muscles tautened.

Jean and the customs officer were not drunk, but the strong wine had fanned their hot Southern blood to blazing point. The shepherd's hand fingered his belt restlessly as he talked.

"I tell you," said the *gabelou*, "that I know well what you are about. You and this Spanish thief across the border are doing a fine free trade with the help of this accursed familiar of yours, who travels in the shape of a dog! I saw him well in the moonlight, saddle-bags and all! I shot straight at him—and I do not miss! Never a sound he made, though less than fifty meters. Now, I have some shot which have been blessed by the padre! He will not escape, dog or devil, another time!"

"Zut!" said Jean scornfully. "You customs fellows would see contraband under the wings of an angel! The dog hunts often at night, like all of his wolf-breed. You saw, no doubt, the dark patches on his sides."

"*Carramba!*" The *gabelou* struck the table with his fist. "I saw the shape of a bag filled to bursting! And it was not black, but light, in the blaze of the moon! You will have to divide, *mon ami!*"

Jean glared at him under lowering brows.

"And what in the name of the Virgin am I to divide?" he growled. "I tell you, the dog was hunting rabbits."

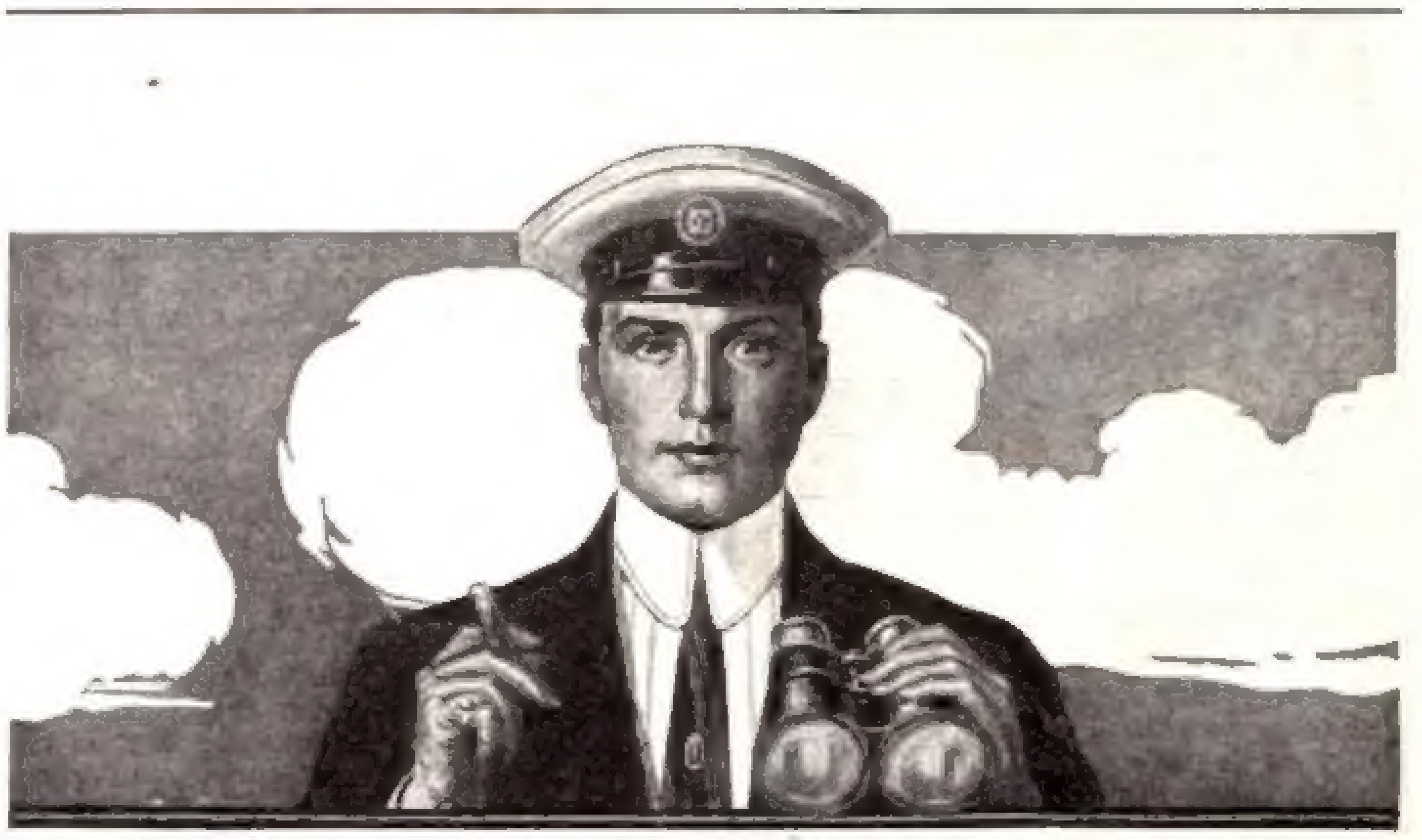
His thick, muscular thumb hooked its way along the belt until it rested at his hip. The shepherd knew that Loup might be expected at any moment, and while he trusted in the dog's sagacity, he was afraid that, on arriving home, he might be careless. Should Loup come bursting in to be taken redhanded Jean doubted that the *gabelou* would be satisfied with such gold as he had at his disposition, for Jean was a free spender of his free-trade profits.

The *gabelou's* gun was leaning against the mud wall behind him, and Jean knew that, if Loup were suddenly to appear, the man would certainly shoot the dog dead in his tracks, then arrest him, Jean. It was high time for the dog to arrive, and the shepherd was beginning to get extremely restless.

But even more impatient was Loup, lying behind the currant bushes and gazing through the open door. He had done his course in record time that night, and the twin packets of cigars were playing a tattoo on his quick-breathing ribs. Crouched at length on his lean body, he lolled out his tongue and waited. He was tired and hungry and wanted to eat his fill of milk-soaked mush, with, perhaps, a succulent sparerib to follow, then stretch luxuriously before the fire and dream and twitch and maybe snore a little, while Jean smoked his pipe and stared into the hot embers. This was the best part of the day's work, this opulent retrospect with the anticipation of a warm dust-bath the next morning, a look at the sheep, a bit of gossip with Buffon, and perhaps a visit to a neighboring friend or two.

Instead, here was the cottage all aswirl with evil impulses, and a hated enemy between him and his hard-earned rest. After all, why should he wait any longer? The cottage was Jean's and his, and if the *gabelou* persisted in coming there, so much the worse for him! It was one thing to avoid an enemy along the trail and another to have him keep you out of your own home with your own master present. Loup decided that to lie out there in the drizzle any longer was neither dignified nor necessary; so up he got and stalked toward the hut.

The *gabelou*, looking at Jean, observed the sudden startled expression of the shepherd's face, and glanced back over his



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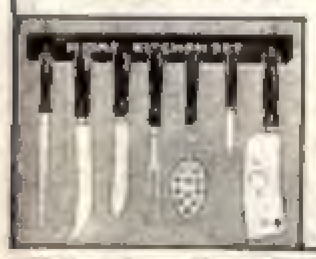

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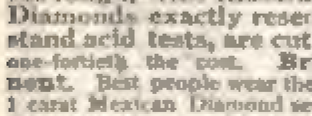

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shoulder. Standing in the door of the hut was a gaunt, wolfish animal, eyes glaring like points of green flame, white teeth half bared and stiff hackles erect and shimmering blood-red in the reflected glow of the flames.

The jaw of the *gabelou* dropped, his eyes started from his head. There was something fearsomely unholy in the aspect of the dog, but as the *gabelou* gazed he suddenly noted the saddle-bags. Dog or devil, here was a smuggler!

He swung quickly on his stool and grabbed for his gun. Before he could reach it, Jean flung himself across the table and struck his knife into the guardsman's body just beneath the shoulder-blade. With a scream, the stricken man turned on Jean, at the same time drawing from his sash a long, heavy-bladed Spanish knife. Again the shepherd struck, and with such violence that the force of the blow sent the *gabelou* reeling back against the wall. But in the instant ere he fell the guardsman flung out his hand and threw, and the heavy-bladed, keen-edged knife darted like a tongue of flame, burying itself to the hilt in the hot heart of the shepherd.

The hand of the *gabelou* was still in air when a gray, snarling shape hurtled across the threshold and dragged him down. Never before had Loup's jaws closed on human flesh, nor would they now have done so had not the *gabelou* turned aggressor. With his fangs buried in the shoulder of the man, his muzzle wrinkled and the hot blood steaming in his nostrils, savage instincts long dormant flamed up in Loup, and he was conscious of a maddening lust to rend and tear. But even in that moment he restrained the frenzied impulse to strike at the bare throat of his enemy, and once satisfied that the man was inert he loosed his hold and backed a few steps away.

Jean's second thrust had found the heart of the *gabelou*, and both bodies lay silent and motionless. With pale and flaming eyes Loup stood and watched the passing of the two mistaken souls. Rumbling and bristling he backed clear of the door. Then on rigid legs he leaned far forward and his delicate nostrils twitched at his master's corpse. No life was there. He stepped delicately backward—back and through the open door, and into the driving mist without.

For several moments he stood straight and motionless, thinking deeply. Then turning in his tracks, he loped off into the gloom of the valley beneath.

. . . .

The Comte de Fresnay-l'Evêque, returning from a *chasse à courre*, was hallooing before his gates when a gaunt, wolfish, smoke-colored animal with white eyes crept painfully from a mass of ivy which covered an ancient bench of stone, and limped to the gentleman's stirrup.

The Count stared in astonishment and with growing recognition.

"*Sapristi!*" he cried. "It is Loup!"

The dog raised his splendid head and his red tongue wiped the dust from the Count's boot. Loup's rough coat was dirty and unkempt. Belly he had none, but clinging to his lean ribs on either side was a small canvas packet, stained and soiled, and held in place by leather straps which had become mere twisted thongs.

The Park gates swung open, the Count rode in and Loup limped after. A clamoring chorus of yelps and barks greeted them, and a flood of dogs came racing across the lawn. Foremost among them was Rita, and all about her a pack of half-grown pups—her children and Loup's. She recognized her mate at a glance and was lavish of her greeting. Loup kissed her and lay down.

It was necessary to carry him to the château. There the Count relieved him of his harness, and unrolled from the oilcloth one hundred Habana cigars of the finest grade and in excellent condition.

"*Voyons, mon vieux!*" said he to Loup, who was ravenously disposing of a bowl of broth. "So you have brought me a present from over there in the Pyrenees. *Merci bien!* But I think, *mon ami*, that the less we say about it the better!"

He laid his hand on the dog's weary head, and Loup looked up at him, lolled out his tongue and laughed.

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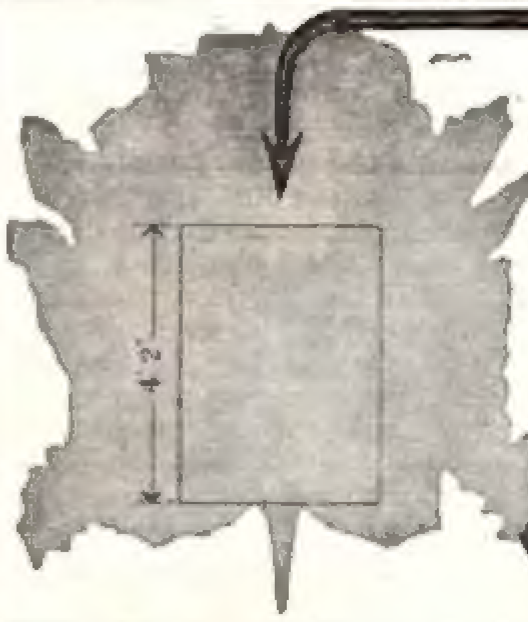

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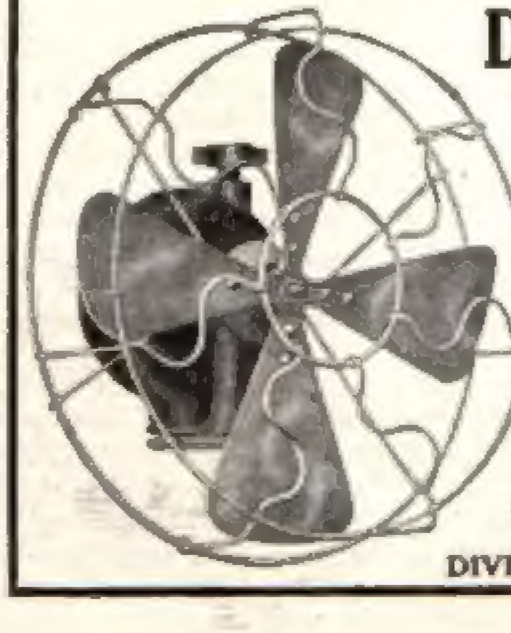

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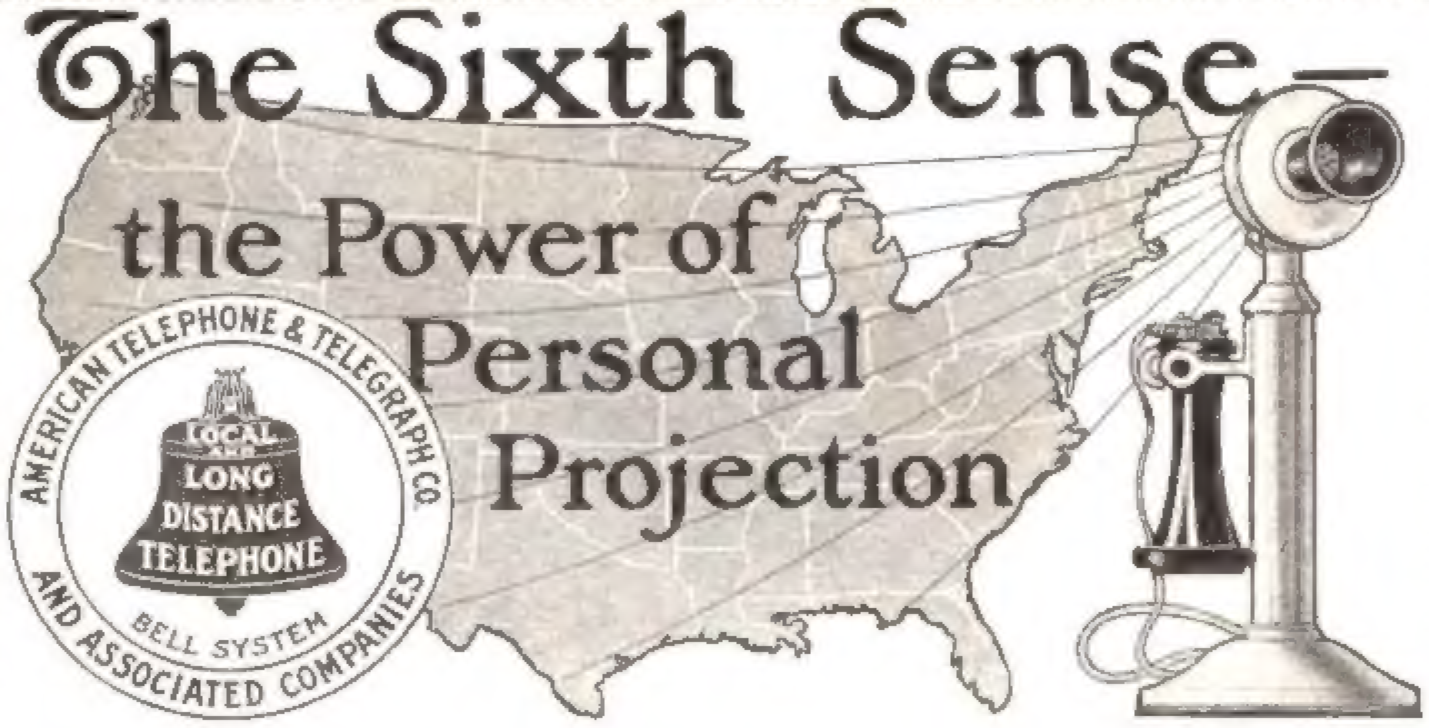
The Sixth Sense—the Power of Personal Projection



An American's sense of projecting himself far beyond the skies and hills of his forefathers is largely responsible for his self-assurance—for his mental vigor and the progress which this has meant.

The Sixth Sense—the sense of projection—is due to the telephone. It is due to the *Bell telephone system* which at any instant conveys *his personality*, if not his person, to any part of the country. It carries his voice with *directness* to the ear of the person wanted. Carries it with its *tone qualities* and *inflections*—things which are *vital* to the expression of personality.

Bell telephone service is more than a mere carrier of messages. It is a system of sensitive wire nerves, carrying the perception-message to the nerve centre and the return message simultaneously. *It is the only means of communication which thus carries the message and the answer instantly.* While *you* are projecting *your* personality—the strength of your individuality, to the distant point, the party at the other end is projecting *his* personality, at the same instant and by the same means, to you.

You are virtually in two places at once.

Though this service is in a class by itself, the Bell telephone has no fight with the other public utilities. Its usefulness is dove-tailed into *all other utilities*. Each of the others is unquestionably made more effective by the Bell telephone.

A telegram is delivered from receiving office to house by *telephone*. The more people telegraph, the more they *telephone*. The more people travel, the more they *telephone*. The more energetically a man pursues business of *any* kind, the more he needs and uses the *telephone*.

The universal Bell telephone gives every other utility an added usefulness. It provides the Nation with its Sixth Sense.

A business man has one important arm of his business paralyzed if he does not have a Long Distance Telephone at his elbow. It extends his personality to its fullest limitations—applies the multiplication table to his business possibilities. It keeps things moving.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

Every Bell Telephone Is a Long Distance Station

Read These

Rare Letters!

Revealing How Pompeian Face Cream Makes People Good-Looking

Women and men (and there are several million) who do use Pompeian Massage Cream are certainly enthusiastic about it. Read and see for yourself.

Note: These unusual endorsements were sent to the "Good Housekeeping" Magazine, a publication noted for its discriminating class of readers. From the many letters received we reproduce a few (exactly as written except the underscorings). Obviously, we are not at liberty to publish the names of the writers of these unusual endorsements. But upon request we will give names and addresses.

What Women Say:

Pompeian Massage Cream has marvelous cleansing qualities. I have seen a woman go to her room *looking haggard, worry and worn*, and issue therefrom a short time after looking *as if she had discovered the bloom of youth*, the skin was so rosy, and the tired lines so much less observable.
Mrs. ——, Detroit, Mich.

Because I like to be *clean "cell deep"* I like Pompeian Massage Cream. The first time I used it I was as startled as at my first Turkish bath. Mrs. ——, Everett, Mass.

Pompeian Massage Cream certainly works wonders for one who uses it perseveringly. I have fairly scoured my skin with soap and water, then after using Pompeian Cream was able to rub off what looked like dirt. It *gives one a sense of freshness and cleanliness* unequalled by anything I have ever used.
Mrs. ——, Bristol, R. I.

I have used Pompeian Massage Cream with gratifying results. I know it will remove all facial blemishes, smooth out all lines and wrinkles, and *it is an absolutely necessary article on the toilet table of any refined woman.*
Mrs. ——, Columbia, Tenn.

I went out with my sister one morning and saw one whole side of a front window of a drug store decorated with nothing but Pompeian Massage Cream. We purchased a supply. She writes to know if I am still growing young, which, of course, I am. *It is one of the luxuries of my life.* It goes so far as to make me feel at peace with all the world.
Mrs. ——, Orwell, N. Y.

I have *used Pompeian Massage Cream for three or four years* and could write volumes on its excellent qualities—space, however, forbids. Miss ——, Detroit, Mich.

Pompeian Massage Cream *leaves the skin soft, cool and velvety. My husband uses it always after shaving.* We began its use through advertisements in Good Housekeeping.
Mrs. ——, Cincinnati, Ohio

Pompeian Massage Cream is *excellent for the skin, giving it a soft, healthy look.* Miss ——, Masonville, Canada

We have used and like Pompeian Massage Cream. It is an excellent article and *does not need the use of powder after its use.* Mrs. ——, Omaha, Neb.

What the Men Say:

We have used Pompeian Massage Cream in our family for some time, and all are equally pleased with its beneficial effects. My son who is just beginning to shave, was greatly troubled with his face until some friend *recommended him to try Pompeian Massage Cream after shaving*, and the trouble disappeared entirely after its use and has not returned. My young daughter has been troubled with freckles for some time, but since using the cream they are hardly to be noticed.
Mr. ——, Denver, Col.

The skin feels *delightfully refreshed after the use of Pompeian Massage Cream*, and *looks clean and healthy*. A 50c jar lasts a long time. Mr. ——, Denver, Col.

I am approaching forty-eight years of age, and it is a difficult matter to convince any of my customers or friends who do not know my age that I am that old. They guess my age at not more than thirty-five. And I attribute my youthful appearance to the use of "Pompeian Massage," and one massage a week does the business, and the massage treatment enables me to shave once a day, whereas, before I began using the massage, three shaves a week was all my face would stand for. If this unsolicited testimonial of the merits of Pompeian Massage will avail you anything for publication I authorize you to use it.
W. H. Hoffman, Cincinnati, O.

I find your cream to be *very good after a shave.* It makes the face feel better and *does away with the stinging, sticky feeling.* I have procured a couple of bottles.
W. A. McNeil, Richmond, Va.

I state with pleasure that *I have been using your massage cream a very long time*, and heartily recommend it to all, as I think it is the best made and the best ever will be made. I think a *gentleman's cabinet is not complete without it.* It is very refreshing and healing, *especially when a man shaves.* It instantly relieves that sore and itchy feeling. I am more than pleased with it.
Chas. J. Hrusatka, 928 Perry St., Allegheny, Pa.

Note: Last 3 endorsements taken from the hundreds of unsolicited ones on file in our office.

Pompeian Massage Cream

"Don't *Envy* a good Complexion. Use Pompeian and *have* one"

Pompeian Massage Cream is the largest-selling face cream in the world, 10,000 jars being made and sold daily. 50c, 75c or $1 a jar, sent postpaid to any part of the world on receipt of price if dealer hasn't it. 50,000 dealers sell Pompeian. 40,000 barber shops use it.

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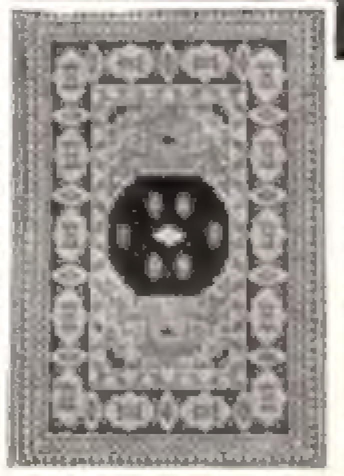

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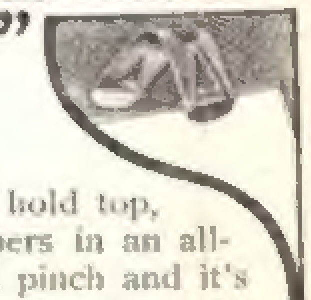

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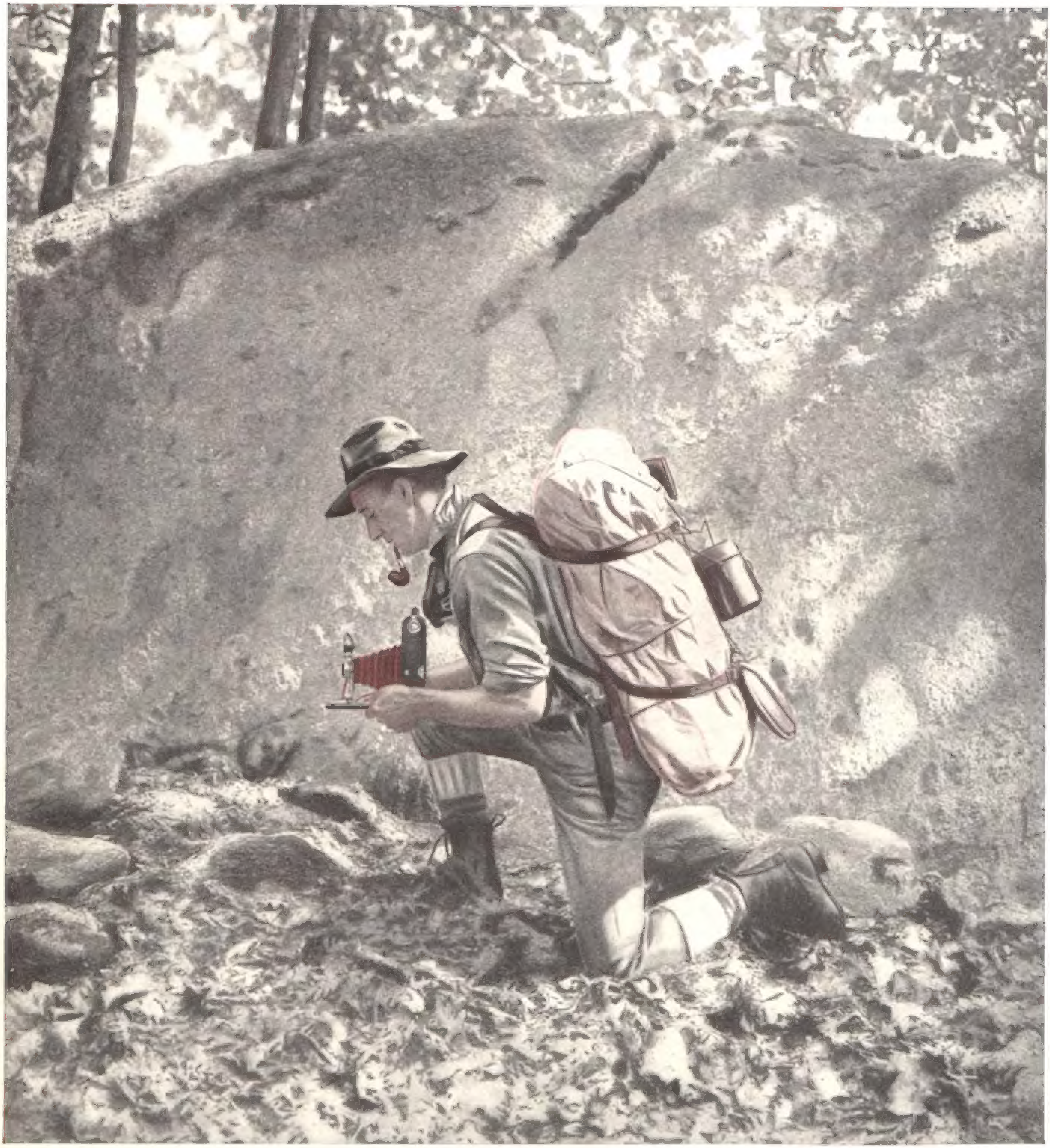

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